WEEK ENDING JAN. 28, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy

In this Issue

KIPLING, WEBSTER, ROCHE, McEVOY, SPRINGS

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Long-life is a matter of substantial building

It is easy to build for a day. It is difficult to build a thing that will withstand hard usage for unnumbered years. But it is not only because of its *durability* that the pen with the little white dot has had its outranking success. It is a real achievement in art. It is a faithful performer, instantly responding to the lightest touch, yet capable of making several carbon copies. With its brilliant radite barrel and its Sheafferized nib, it is built for a lifetime of hard service and the enduring enjoyment that comes from real beauty.

Onyx or Italian Marble Lifetime Desk Fountain Pen Set, $11

"Lifetime°" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25. Others lower

At better dealers everywhere

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°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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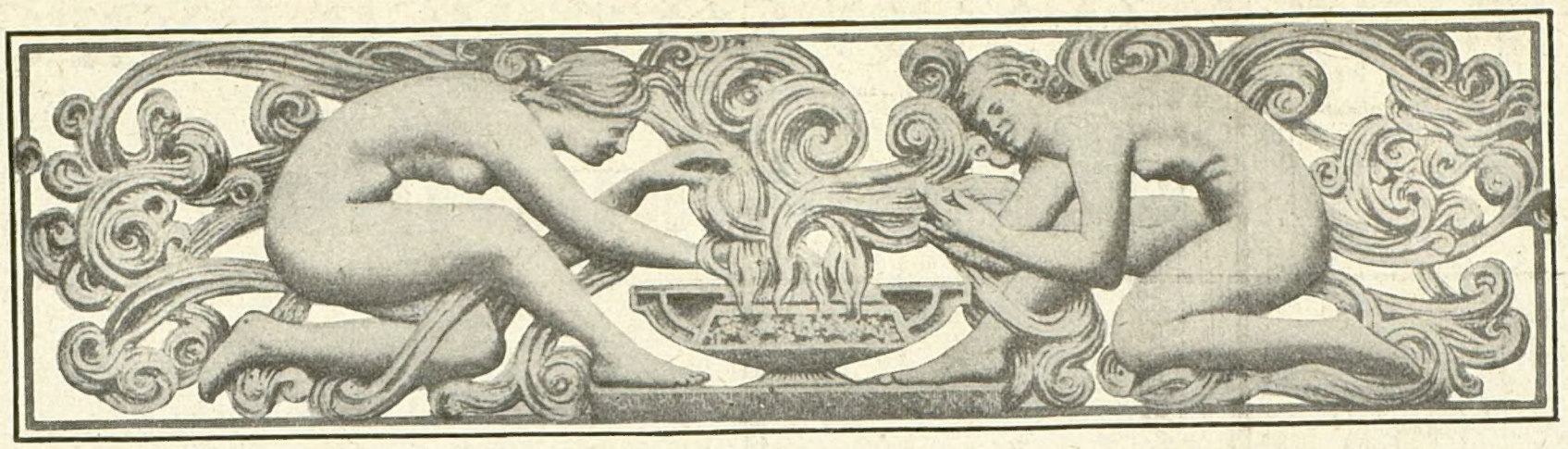
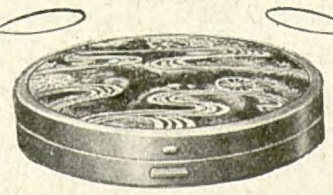


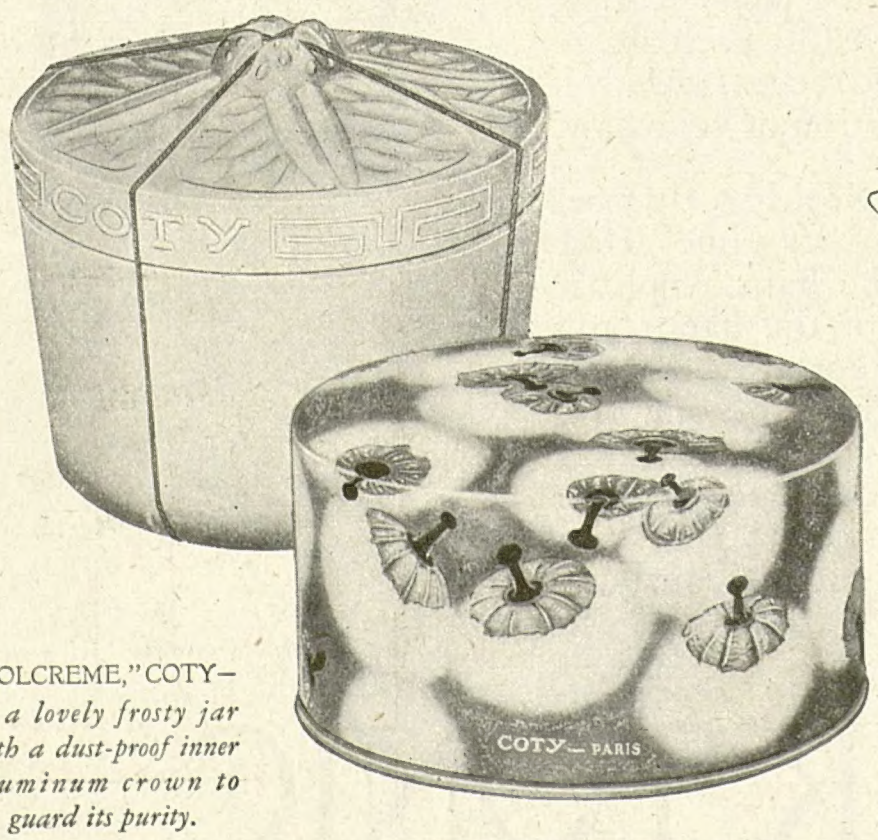
BEAUTY CREATIONS
COTY

THREE-FOLD LOVELINESS

Beauty achieved — and glorified! from fresh youthful exquisiteness of the skin itself, to its artistic idealization with the subtle magic of Powder *and* Rouge. "Colcreme„ COTY — *cleansing, nourishing, beautifying.* COTY Face Powders — *with true individuality of flesh shades and luxurious fragrance.* COTY Rouges, *giving the glowing radiance of colour. They are the trinity of loveliness, supreme in their purity and perfection.*



ROUGES
IN THE NEW EAST INDIAN BOX
FIVE GLORIFYING TONES
BRIGHT - LIGHT - MEDIUM
INVISIBLE
DARK
[*Refills Obtainable*]



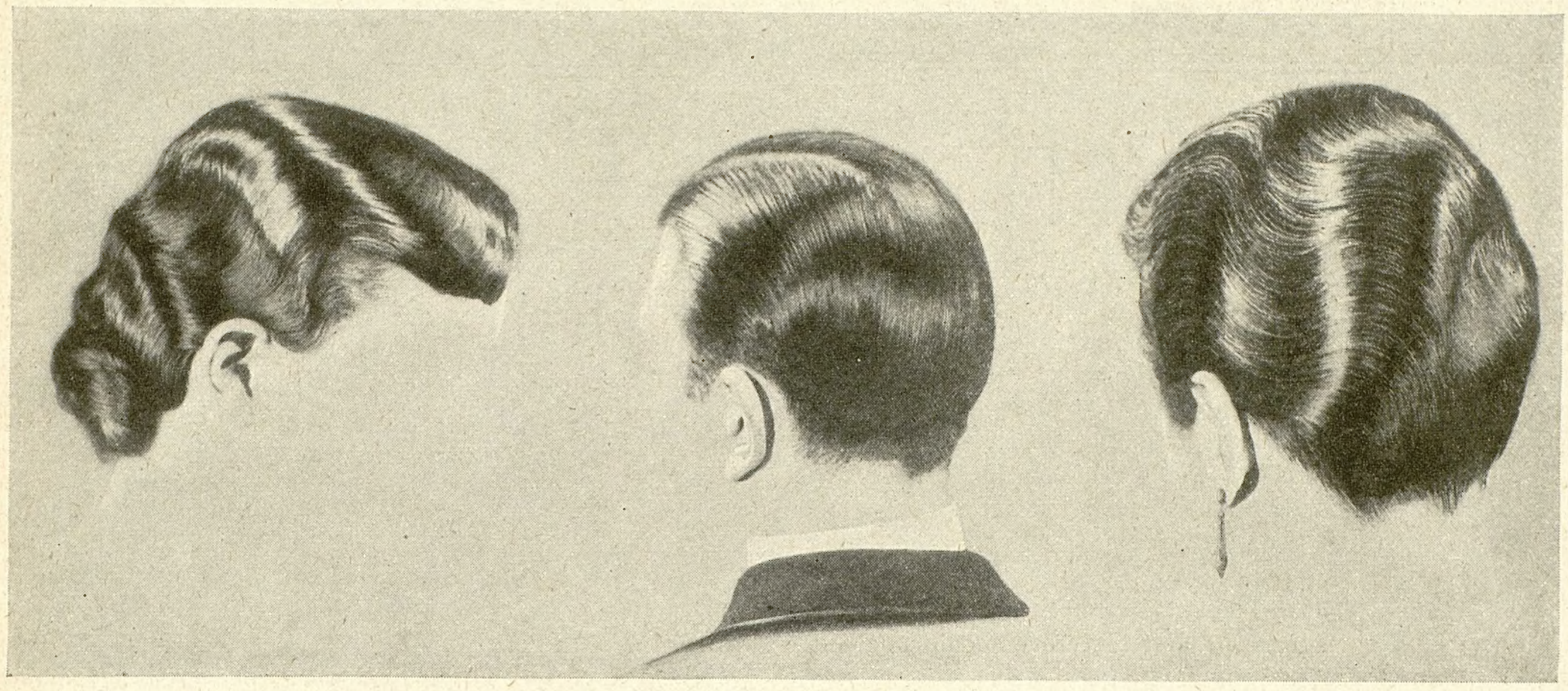
"COLCREME," COTY— *in a lovely frosty jar with a dust-proof inner aluminum crown to guard its purity.*

IN NINE TRUE SHADES
TWO SIZES — POPULAR AND DOUBLE

"PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU"
For guidance in choosing the correct Face Powder *shade and expressive perfume odeur to intensify individuality*

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

Other people see so much more of your hair than you do



IT isn't enough to fix your hair becomingly in the front, because such a lot of people can see all sides of your hair. Hair is such a vital part of one's appearance. And fashion's decrees are so fickle. The girls nowadays want that artfully natural look. But the men are wearing theirs smooth and sleek.

For both men and women, however, the hair problem is made easy by the use of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. For this famous hair preparation can do two things for you at once. Used for scalp massage, it promotes hair health by stimulating the circulation and keeping the pores free and open (the scalp has pores just like the rest of the skin). Here is the correct way to give yourself a thorough scalp massage. Part the hair, lock by lock, and apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to each parting. Then massage with the finger tips, moving the scalp gently back and forth till it feels alive and tingly. Let the tonic stay on the scalp for a few hours and follow with your regular shampoo.

One such massage is not enough, however. You need to keep up the good work and give yourself these scalp treatments before each shampoo, if you want to see real improvement in the condition of your hair.

In between these weekly scalp massages, use a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to dress the hair. Apply it with the palms of the hands and brush the hair vigorously. If your hair is stubborn and wiry, or curly, dampen a brush with warm water, then pour a little of the tonic in the palm of the hand, rub the brush in it, and brush the hair vigorously.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is on sale at all good stores. In bottles—with a special small opening to make it easy and economical to use. Just try it!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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JAN. 28, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 4

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

MAD DOGS

A young man out West confessed recently that he had kidnaped and murdered a little girl. It was the most shocking crime of its kind within memory. When he confronted a judge in Los Angeles, insanity was alleged as his defense.

George Remus, lawyer and bootlegger, went out with a gun one day and killed his wife. He did it in a Cincinnati park, without the slightest attempt at concealment. When he was tried, insanity was alleged as his defense.

Harry Thaw, years ago, shot Stanford White. There was no mystery or question about it; it happened in a crowded New York roof garden. When he was tried, insanity was alleged as his defense.

The outcome, for Remus and Thaw, is known. What will happen to young Hickman at this writing remains to be seen.

The theory offered in behalf of such offenders is that they are not responsible for their acts and therefore should not be punished for them.

Although it is a doctrine not accepted by many, it has seemed to us that there is more reason to remove from life people who are homicidally insane than to do away with murderers who are in their right minds.

An insane murderer frequently makes an apparent recovery and obtains his freedom. This happening, he is apt either to repeat his crime or commit another or at least to reproduce his kind, which may be the most serious social offense of all.

We think such people can be compared to mad dogs—which, of course, are simply insane dogs.

If your best friend among dogs contracts rabies and goes around biting people, you know yourself that the only thing to do is to put him to death. Yet this may not be necessary in the case of a dog that bites through anger or fear.

In a world that is becoming so crowded, in which contacts are so constant and unavoidable, the mentally sick are always a possible peril to their kind.

We think it is reasonable to say that the much-discussed idea of euthanasia is applicable here—that putting to death mental defectives who have proved themselves killers is better than keeping them on, a burden to the state, a menace to their friends, and enemies to themselves.

The murderer turned loose on society is more than an individual danger. His success suggests that what has been done once may be done again.

Harry Thaw making the rounds of the night clubs does, individually, no particular harm. But the time and money spent on obtaining his freedom, and his caperings ever since, do not much advance the cause of human safety.

The most suspicious possible defense is that of a murderer who says he was temporarily insane and has since recovered. He has killed, and demands that he be set free. Yet they get away even with that.

If insanity along those lines were ruled out as a legal defense it might keep a lot of people from going insane along those lines.

If there is a reason for capital punishment, there is a better reason for this. It is not vengeance or retribution—simply an antiseptic measure for society.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

LIBERTY begins a series of unbiased intimate studies of potential Presidential candidates by the well known political writer, JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT. The Vice President is the first subject and his portrait is cleverly drawn in PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES—DAWES.

Possibly you have read that a woman was hanged as a conspirator in the assassination of President Lincoln. But the story of the man whose testimony convicted her has long since been forgotten. Now, in "THIS IS TO CERTIFY—," one of the strangest episodes of post-Civil War days, LLOYD LEWIS tells a historic incident stranger than fiction.

MAGNIFICENT POSE, by CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE, is a thoroughly different short story that will grip your heart with the recital of the price paid by a man to his respect for the gentleman's code.

If you were a woman who had told a terrible untruth in a moment of anger at your husband, and had invented a name to make it plausible, and then the owner of the name had appeared . . . Well, you'd be in the same predicament as the heroine of HUBERT ST. ALBANS, a short story by WALLACE IRWIN.

January 28, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 4
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(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

An Open Letter Announcing

A U B

By E. L. Cord

This is an open letter, addressed primarily to the 60,000 owners of Auburn cars, announcing three new Auburn chassis and many new bodies.

Our first obligation is to them, because they have made possible Auburn's rapid growth and tremendous success. To continue to enjoy THEIR patronage and widen our circle of owners, we must prove worthy of their allegiance.

To that end we have built what we believe to be THE BEST COMPLETE LINE OF NEW CARS ON THE MARKET.

Because the above is a strong and sweeping statement, we are making it as a signed statement by the president.

Like other automobile manufacturers we had announcement advertisements prepared. But after reading them, while they told the truth, yet they were so startling and unqualified in their claims that we feared the public would consider them exaggerations.

For example these advertisements made the following point blank claims for the new Auburn cars:

"The most powerful car in America . . . 115 h.p."

"The strongest frame of any car in the world."

"Finest chassis lubrication system, used only on Rolls Royce and one other high priced American car."

"Smoother performance than any other car ever built."

"Finest hydraulic shock absorbers."

"The very best and safest hydraulic 4-wheel internal expanding brakes."

"The most rigid and comfortable body ever built."

"Steers easier and handles with less effort than any other car regardless of size or price."

and—

"Several miles an hour faster than any other strictly stock car."

Stronger assertions were never made for any car than those.

Suppose we had let them appear in our advertisement, would you have believed them?

Since we want your confidence above all else, we will tell you about these new cars without adjectives or superlatives and without any effort to "sell" them. We built our record breaking sales by letting the Auburn car sell itself. We will continue this policy.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

The frames under all the new Auburn cars, in our honest belief, are the strongest frames ever put under any automobile at any price. They are shimmy-proof, because they are stronger, deeper, wider, and re-enforced by more cross members and double side members from the front to behind motor supports. Therefore no wobbling. The radiator remains steady at all speeds on all roads. Incidentally, this eliminates much wear and tear as well as adding great comfort and safety.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

To our knowledge, our new Model 115 is the most powerful American production car . . . one hundred and fifteen honest horsepower!

We knew certain competitors would announce cars of increased power. Since we wanted Auburn owners to have the utmost advantages over others, it was necessary for Auburn to design and build a new car with power that exceeded others.

We obtained this super-power through improved manifolding, carburetion and combustion chamber design. Design that enables Auburn to pack a greater charge of gases into the cylinders, with our dual manifold, dual carburetor and improved head and port design.

By the use of longer pistons and an additional piston ring and without raising compression to the point that special high priced fuels are necessary we have increased the horsepower from 90 to 115. At the same time have so distributed the motor heat as to reduce both water and oil temperatures 20 degrees which is certain guarantee of even longer life because of even better lubrication.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

We DO believe the new Auburn cars are the smoothest running car on the market.

Our high speed, flexible and smooth running are obtained by the use of Bohnalite steel-strut pistons and Duralumin connecting rods, perfectly balanced, which are incorporated in all of our new Six and Straight Eight models. And by the latest engineering improvement in gas distribution.

The New 115 Horsepower

AUBURN

Thermostatic heat control on all motors.

All three new models are equipped with Lycoming motors which, in our judgment, are unequaled in horsepower output by any stock motors ever built of comparable size.

We are safe in saying there are no better motors on the market for power, flexibility, smoothness, quietness, and durability—and are ready to prove it, if challenged.

The steering gear ratio has been changed to produce easier handling, and transmission, clutch, universal joints and axles have all been improved in design and quality to take care of the increased torque.

We have tried to simply pour quality into every part of these new models; to meet all requirements and then add more than required for factors of safety and endurance.

It is true that our chassis lubrication system is used only on Rolls Royce and one other very high priced American car. Anything less perfect and reliable would not measure up to Auburn's high and uncompromising standards.

Brakes on all models are of the Hydraulic internal expanding Lockheed type which, based on our long experiments and study, offer the following outstanding advantages: ease of operation, greatest safety; all four brakes take a hold together with equal force, preventing the car from being forced sidewise; requires less attention to keep them in perfect operating condition. Our experimental cars have travelled as high as 20,000 miles without an adjustment.

New lever type emergency control.

The wood wheels are of a completely new design, with very much larger spokes (only ten) than have ever been used on cars of similar weight, with large hub flange diameters. Wire wheels are the new Dayton, demountable by simply removing caps—the choice of the majority of race drivers because so quick and easy to change.

The running boards on all models are of steel, affording the greatest protection against damage and an absolute guarantee against warpage.

Bodies throughout the entire line are brand new, although retaining in principle the distinguished Auburn lines that have established an exclusive style criterion. The curved lines on the Auburn hood are without doubt the most "knocked" and the most envied design in the entire automobile world.

Radiators changed to give a narrower and higher appearance. Improved cores giving greater cooling efficiency.

New and larger head lamps, new cowl lamps, trunk racks, and wheel carriers.

New instrument panel with all the various controls embodied in this smart new design, including new electrolock; carburetor control; windshield wiper control; and starter switch.

New type steering wheel with special designed control levers to match interior hardware.

New upholstery style, improved cushions, greater head room and leg room; new and exclusive designed hammered silver hardware fittings.

Bodies include new Sedans, new Sport Sedans, new Cabriolets and two striking new additions to the Auburn line never before obtainable in a production automobile. Heretofore these two new types were available only on special order from custom coachbuilders. They are a new two-passenger speedster a brand new revelation in open roadster design. And a new Phaeton Sedan which we believe will be one of America's most popular types in the future.

Auburn continues long wheelbase and low bodies of which we were pioneers.

Auburn dealers will soon have these new models ready for you to drive and see for yourself how well Auburn has kept faith with its growing army of admirers. Let the car ITSELF prove to you that Auburn leads today in the most advanced design and improvements; greater power and endurance! If it does not, you will not be asked to buy.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

1768 IMPORTANT

160th Anniversary ENCYCLOPAEDIA at a NEW

Congratulations!

From all over America, telegrams of appreciation are pouring in every day. Here are a few of them:

From CHARLES EVANS HUGHES
Former Secretary of State:
I heartily congratulate you on the Anniversary of the founding of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, an event of high significance and great public benefit in the systematic diffusion of knowledge.

From ANDREW W. MELLON
Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.:
Please accept my congratulations on the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. This publication has exerted a most profound and far reaching influence on education throughout the world and has performed a service of inestimable value in making readily available such an accurate and comprehensive body of knowledge.

From SIR ROBERT BORDEN
Ex-Premier of Canada:
Upon the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, pray accept my congratulations and my best wishes for a fitting and inspiring celebration. It is indeed an event of marked significance having regard to the service of this great publication in the cause of education and culture.

From DR. S. PARKES CADMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.:
The Encyclopaedia Britannica is by common consent the first work of its kind in the world. It has contributed in manifold and permanent ways to the culture of all English-speaking nations, as well as to other civilized lands. I congratulate you upon its perennial youth and vigor. It reaches its one hundred and sixtieth anniversary with a wider range of information than ever before during its long and illustrious career.

From CHARLES M. SCHWAB
New York:
Let me add my congratulations to those which you are no doubt receiving from many others on the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and wish you continuing success in the development and expansion of this important work.

From JOHN GRIER HIBBEN
President, Princeton University:
My hearty felicitations upon the 160th Anniversary of the founding of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. This great work has placed the intellectual world under a debt of deep gratitude. The Encyclopaedia Britannica's record of advancing knowledge forms a complete library within itself.

YOU can now realize your lifelong wish to own the Encyclopaedia Britannica—the *genuine* Britannica, recognized the world over as the greatest library of knowledge in the world! For this great work is now available at a NEW LOW PRICE, and upon Easy Terms of Payment that *anyone* can afford. To those who have put off ordering a set, this 160th ANNIVERSARY SALE offers an opportunity to save many dollars on the very latest Britannica.

An Epoch-Making Event

The Britannica's 160th Anniversary is an event of tremendous importance from the standpoint of culture and education. And, in order to make this great event mean something tangible to the general public, the publishers of the Britannica have arranged for a special printing of the latest 13th Edition, to be sold at a price so low that *no one* need now be without this indispensable work.

Far in advance of this great sale, orders were placed for all the necessary materials. More than a million pounds of Britannica Opacity paper—inks and cloth and leather in correspondingly large quantities—have been purchased from the manufacturers at prices which only the Britannica could secure, owing to the immense volume of its business which is world-wide.

Complete and Authentic

The Encyclopaedia Britannica now, as always, stands head and shoulders above every other work of reference ever published. Its commanding position has never been successfully challenged.

That is why one of the publications of the American Library Association calls it "the most famous encyclopaedia in English."

That is why more sets of the Britannica have been sold than of all other encyclopaedias *combined*.

Today nearly 500,000 sets of the Britannica are owned by thinking ambitious people. They cherish this great work as the very foundation of their libraries.

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More famous Americans have written for the Britannica than for any other American work of reference; and every other civilized country in the world is also represented in the Britannica by the writings of more authorities of that country than you will find in any similar publication in *any* language.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica was founded in 1768. Since then numerous editions have

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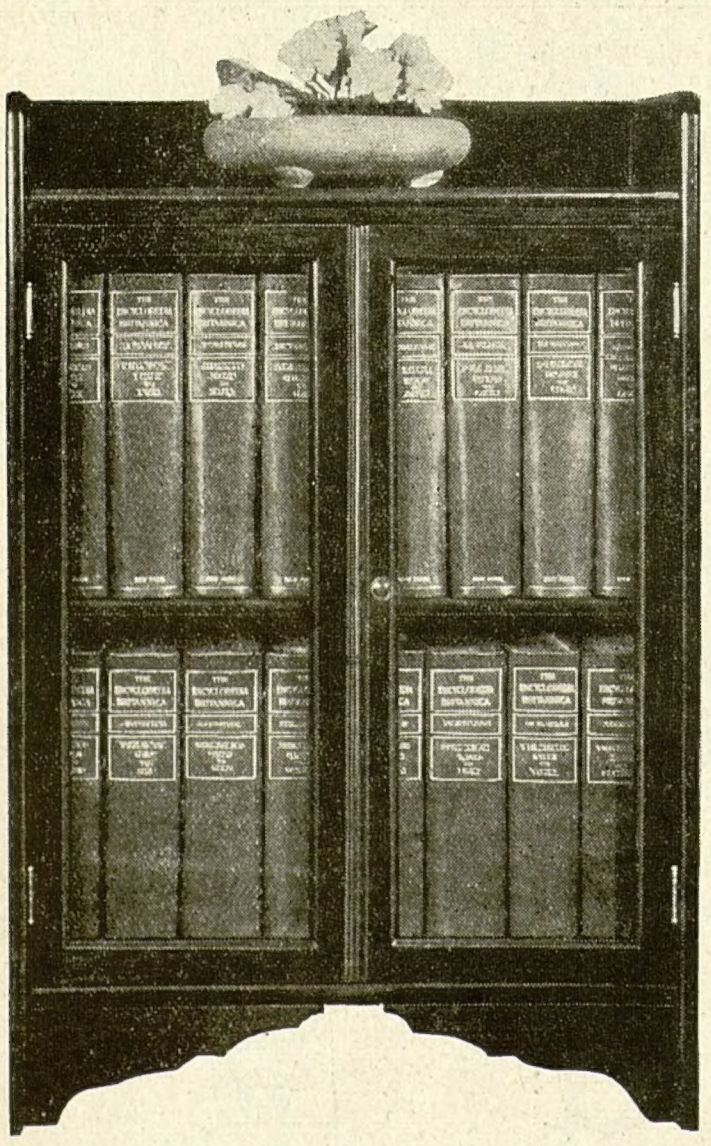
appeared, until today the latest, the 13th Edition, stands in a class of its own, unequaled and unrivaled. From time to time, other publishers have tried to make cheap imitations of it, in a dozen different languages, but these have died out after one or two editions because none of them could stand comparison with the Britannica.

There has always been something in the spirit of this great work, handed down from one generation of editors to another—some splendid spirit of foresight and thoroughness and impartiality and nobility of purpose—that imitators could never copy.



A Wonderful Work that Cannot Be Imitated

The Britannica is not the work of hack compilers, but of the world's greatest authorities—more than 2,500 of them—chosen from *all* countries for their first-hand knowledge of the subjects upon which they have been invited to write. Their articles are *signed*—thus, when you own the Britannica, you get your knowledge first-hand, from the men and women who know their subjects best.

A Marvelous Index Volume

The Encyclopaedia Britannica is the *only* work of reference that has an entire volume devoted to an *Index*—an index which cost more than $150,000 to produce. This remarkable Index volume, with its 600,000 references, gives you complete command of all the rich resources of this comprehensive work. It is like a huge magnifying glass which enables you to pick out, in a moment's time, the vital knowledge that you must have. A reference work without an index is often absolutely useless. The information *may* be there, but you can't find it. That is never true of the Britannica, which places all the knowledge in the world at your command for *instant* use.

While this Offer Lasts Here is What You Get

The complete 13th Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, comprising the 28 volumes of the latest standard edition, 3 supplementary volumes and an enlarged Index—32 volumes in all!

You get it in the large-page, large-type NEW FORM (32 volumes bound as 16) containing 33,000 pages; 50,000,000 words; 15,000 illustrations, including 550 full page plates (many in color) and 640 maps, on which more than 150,000 separate places are indexed and shown.

And you get all this at a NEW LOW PRICE—an actual saving of many dollars—*If You Act QUICKLY!*

Prove It To Yourself

Before you risk a dollar of your good money, you can prove to yourself that this is an opportunity you cannot afford to miss.

You have probably always wanted the Britannica, but you have never *needed* it half so much as you do today. To prepare yourself to meet the challenge of tomorrow—to plan and organize your life—to help your children find their life interests—you *must* have the FACTS which *only* the Britannica can give you. Nothing else can take the place of the Britannica in this respect. Its value cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It is the *one* work you and your family cannot afford to do without. You owe it to yourself to get full particulars of this great work; also details of this great 160th Anniversary Sale Price, which brings this indispensable work within reach of *every* home.

New Illustrated Booklet FREE

Write for it now—TODAY. Avoid delay. Tear out and fill in the coupon below. It will bring you full particulars of this epoch-making sale, together with handsome illustrated Booklet which tells all about the latest Britannica, and explains the Easy Terms of Payment. Tear out this Coupon NOW—before you turn this page. And drop it in your nearest mail box before the last collection to-night.

Mail Coupon TODAY →

The ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc.
342 Madison Avenue, New York City Lib. 8-B1

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your FREE booklet; also particulars of your NEW LOW PRICE Offer and full details of your Easy Payment Plan.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Here is the greatest advance in radio since the beginning of broadcasting

The simplified socket-power Radiola that electrical engineers dreamed of has now been achieved

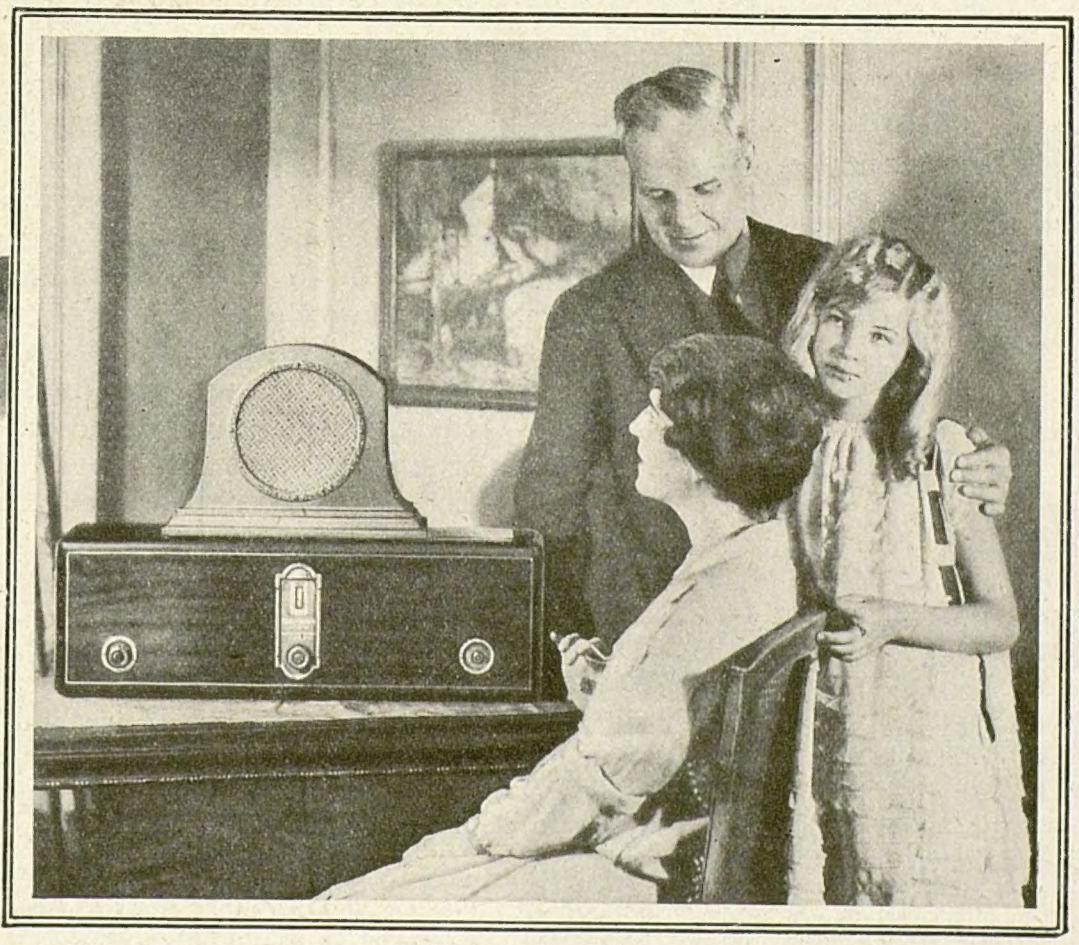
The new Radiola 17—from the laboratories of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse—has rightly been called a "wonder box."

By means of the remarkable new alternating current Radiotrons, it takes all its power from your electric light circuit. No batteries or liquid-containing devices. Just plug it in and turn the single knob to select your programs.

So simple that a child can operate it in a dark room—but so finely designed and constructed that it reproduces with amazing fidelity the fine programs from the broadcasting stations.

Radiola 17 is the culmination of years of research by the great corps of electrical and acoustical engineers, in the service of the Radio Corporation of America, who are making the "impossibles" of yesterday the common-places of tomorrow.

The new Radiola 17, shown in the photograph below, is $157.50 with Radiotrons. The RCA Loudspeaker (Model 100A) is $35.



A Radiola instantaneously reproduces in your home—direct from the stage, concert hall or studio—the voices of famous singers and the music of great orchestras—and with amazing realism.

RCA HOUR

Every Saturday night throughout the following stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company:

8 to 9 p. m.
Eastern Time

WJZ WRC
WEEI WBAL
WTIC WHAM
WJAR KDKA
WTAG WLW
WCSH WJR

7 to 8 p. m.
Central Time

KYW WOW
KSD WHAS
WCCO WSM
WOC WMC
WHO WSB
WDAF

8 to 9 p. m.
Pacific Time

KPO KGW
KGO KFOA-KOMO
KFI KHQ

RCA Radiola

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

Authorized Dealer RCA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

GIVE Them What They Want

In Which a Wife Learns An Old Love Lesson

A Short Story by

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Pictures by WILL PERRIN

WITH an engaging clumsiness Darwin groped for her, found her, and—ask dad, he knows.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 40 seconds.)

ANY man can win a girl, but mighty few can hold one. You see, they're won with what you give, but they're held by what they want. And to find out what they want, you must be lucky. Yes, this is a story of luck.

And luck should begin with charm, eh? Well, here it is.

Now, please understand me. I'm all for the girl who hides a noble character behind a sallow skin; I know that a scrawny body can hold a shapely soul; I'm aware of the fact that handsome is as handsome does, kind deeds are more than coronets, and a nice disposition is more enduring than a pink-and-white complexion.

But, while it lasts, give me that complexion.

And, speaking of complexions, look who's here. Miss America, will you please sit down, because the audience is about to see something. Gentlemanly ushers, will you please pass through the aisles and assure the men that it's no use emitting those heartrending sobs of strong men in suffering, because the lady is not for them.

Annabelle Merton, men, and if you look too long at her eyes you may miss her ankles; and if you look too long at her ankles you may miss—but this is no course in anatomy. Let it go that north and south, east and west, the cartographer who designed Annabelle loved his work.

There may be a prettier girl than Annabelle Merton, but Mr. Ziegfeld hasn't found her yet. And if you don't believe me, all I can say is that the interest Methuselah would have taken in her wouldn't have been a bit fatherly.

That sort of glinty hair, somewhere between brown and red, with touches of gold; eyes that change in the light; lashes that never need mascaro; a straight nose; curving lips and curving throat and curving—beginning to see her?

A dimple in her chin, and a dimple in her elbow, and a dimple in her knee—the picture getting plainer?

Height, five feet four; weight, one-sixteen; voltage, lethal.

You have her? Good; let's go.

"I SOMETIMES think, Annabelle," said Darwin Peters, "that you don't love me."

"Listen to the cunnin' little man," gurgled Annabelle. "He *sometimes* thinks! Where's your chivalry, Man-Engaged-to-Marry-Me? You ought to be thinking, most all the time, that you couldn't possibly be lucky enough to make this chicken want to spread her wings and fly away with you."

Young Peters grinned reluctantly. Attractive young chap, girls. That Lindbergh air of not being sure that the applause is for him, you know. Modest, good-looking, square-shooting, and clever.

"I know how lucky I am, Annabelle," he replied. "Times I wake up in the middle of the night, thinking about you, dreaming maybe I'm going to lose you, and those are the times I go over every last little word you've said to me, and—and—"

"Take this last little word to bed with you tonight," smiled Annabelle. "Dearest!"

Peters colored bashfully. With an engaging clumsiness he groped for her, found her, and—ask dad, he knows.

"There," said Annabelle, as she finally released herself. "Convinced that I love you?"

Darwin looked at her, worship, bewilderment, incredulity, and a happiness that transfigured him in his eyes. But, also, there was hopelessness. Annabelle, reading the first four, was arch. Translating the fifth, she became slightly petulant.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT]
Continued from Page Eleven

"A minute ago," she accused, "I wanted you modest. Now I think I'd like to see a little triumph in your eyes. Darwin dear," she went on earnestly, "of *course* I love you. Haven't we become engaged? Aren't we going to be married soon?"

"We should have been married a year ago," said Darwin moodily. "I wanted to marry you then. You—you loved me then, didn't you?"

"I never told you so," she laughed.

"But you did, didn't you?" he insisted.

She nodded. "If it makes you happier, Boy, hear it from these lips: I loved you the minute I saw you."

He didn't smile gayly at the thrilling confession. "I'd have been lots happier if you'd told me."

Something motherly crept into her expression. "But, don't you see, Darwin, you—you weren't in any position to marry. Why—why enter upon an engagement that might run along for years?"

"Why not?" he demanded. "It would have helped me in my work—knowing that you were going to belong to me some day—"

"Would it have brought the day any nearer?" she countered. "A year ago you were a clerk, getting thirty-five dollars a week. You had a job and—an idea. Now that idea has turned into a patent; the patent has turned into a corporation; your thirty-five dollars a week has become two hundred and fifty, plus a royalty, plus twenty per cent of the stock in the company.

"Suppose you'd persuaded me to marry you, or even to become engaged to you? Would you have worked so hard, would you have succeeded so soon? You might have been happier for a while, but real happiness, the happiness of achievement—"

"The only real happiness is in knowing someone loves you," said Darwin.

"Well, you have that," she told him.

"I wish I'd had it sooner," he retorted.

"Are you quarreling, Darwin?" she asked.

HE was instantly contrite. "Don't think that, Annabelle. I just—it would have been so fine if—if we'd been married through my year of worry, of struggle, of hoping that my patent would be granted, that I'd be able to sell it—"

"And what about me, Boy?" she gently interposed. "Would it have made you happy to have seen me struggling to keep house decently on your salary, doing all my own housework—"

"My mother did," he said.

Her eyes flashed. "That's just it. My mother did, too. Let's get right down to cases, Boy. My father was a brilliant man. My mother was the loveliest thing that ever breathed. Dad was a clerk, just like you. Six months after their marriage he was offered a far better position out West. But the doctor said mother ought not to travel. You—you see—there was going to be—me—soon.

"Father wouldn't leave her. He lost his chance. And he ran so into debt that year and the next—well, mother loved him. But—she realized that if they'd waited, been patient, postponed their marriage, life might have been something entirely different for them—and for me.

"It isn't"—and she blushed—"as though two people, madly in love with each other, can afford to consider only themselves. There are—families, Darwin. You and I—we could struggle along. But if there were more than us— You think, maybe, I'm a bit sordid about it.

"Perhaps I am. I'm glad of it. I tell you, though I loved you more than I do—and I don't know how that would be possible—I'd never marry you if you were poor. Or even become engaged to you. I've got to be honest, haven't I, Boy?"

"Bless your darling heart," he answered. "You—of course you have. And you were right, too. Of course you were. I—I've been selfish."

And then, this being the first serious talk they'd ever had with each other, they—ask ma, she also knows.

THEY were married quietly. Anson B. Chandler, however, the multimillionaire backer of Darwin's invention, graced the ceremony with his portly presence, and that was sufficient to make the newspapers mention the affair.

It was thrilling, if you had been nobody at all, to read the New York papers, and learn that Darwin Peters, noted inventor of textile machinery, had been married to Annabelle Merton at St. Thomas's Church, and that among the guests had been Anson B. Chandler.

Then, when the rapturous honeymoon had ended, it was pleasant to read that the Darwin

Peterses—Mr. Peters was the inventor and a heavy stockholder in the Chandler-Peters Company—were in town, stopping at the Wellington.

And, a week later, accidentally to run across your name in the Sunday papers as having been a guest at a dinner given by Anson B. Chandler was exhilarating.

"You young people ought to get around more," chided Mr. Chandler. "I'm sort of an old fogy myself, but my daughter—"

You'd read all about people who were fashionable, and gathered that they were upstage, unapproachable. Instead, you found that they were just like ordinary folks, some amiable, some not, some well bred, some vulgar.

They didn't ask you any questions. If they liked you, they invited you to various affairs. What a gorgeous thing life was! And how more than kind was Anson Chandler.

"But I just can't go out again in that dress," said Annabelle one morning.

At the breakfast table she was opening her mail. She tossed an envelope to Darwin.

Darwin looked absently at her. "What dress?" he asked.

"We've been married three months," pouted Annabelle, "and we've been out on parties of one kind or another exactly nine times, and I've worn the same dress each evening."

"The yellow one? I think it's lovely," said Darwin.

"I'm positively dowdy in it!" exclaimed Annabelle. "And even if it were becoming, I can't always wear the same thing."

Darwin's lips pursed. "You know, dear, we're paying four thousand a year for this apartment. I—we're living up to every cent of my two-fifty a week. I wish—do we *have* to go to this dinner?"

"It isn't dinner! Not that alone. It's the opera afterward. *Monday* night. In the Carrington box. And your dinner coat won't do. You'll need full dress. Oh, I want to cry! Mrs. Carrington has been *so* sweet. Just as nice as her father, Mr. Chandler. Asking us to the opera on the fashionable night—in their box! We *must* go!"

"But a frock for you and full dress for me—it would cost several hundred dollars," protested Darwin.

"A couple of thousand," corrected Annabelle. "I'd need a wrap, too, and shoes—oh, everything."

Her husband grinned at her. "Over our heads, eh, honey?"

"I don't see why," she surprisingly retorted.

"You're a heavy stockholder in the company. Royalties will soon be due you—can't you borrow?"

Darwin frowned. "Borrow? From whom?"

"Mr. Chandler," said Annabelle.

"I wouldn't like to do that," said her husband slowly.

"You'd rather have me unhappy?" demanded Annabelle.

He stared at her in surprise. Her perfectly fashioned lips were trembling.

"Why, Annabelle darling," he cried, "if—if it's important—"

"Important? Monday night at the opera—with the Carringtons? If that isn't important, what is?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Only—Annabelle, the way we're living doesn't seem—right."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, the people we know. The Chandlers, the Carringtons, the Swazeys—"

"The best people in New York—in America," she said.

He shrugged. "They're nice, Annabelle. But—they're millionaires."

"Well, so will you be in another few years."

"But I'm not now," he reminded her.

"But doesn't Mr. Chandler say that you'll make a fortune? Aren't you convinced of it yourself?"

"That's all right," he replied. "Just the same, to anticipate fortune before it arrives—"

"I have a chance that is given to one woman in a thousand," declared Annabelle. "Darwin, you don't seem to understand at all. We've been taken up by the most prominent people in New York. Your invention—"

"And your beauty and charm," he interrupted.

"Thank you, Mr. Man-I-Married," she laughed. "Anyway, we've become friends with the best people in America. Surely you're not going to jeopardize our standing by a silly economy."

"A few months ago I was earning thirty-five dollars a week," he reminded her.

"A few months ago you weren't married to a fashionable young matron, and weren't a potential millionaire," she countered.

"I'll ask Chandler for the money," he promised.

I WONDER if great generals or great statesmen realize the magnitude of a triumph or of a defeat at the moment of its happening. Years later, when autobiographies are written, it is easy to look back and see that this or that was the turning point in a career, the evident marking of destiny. But at the time, when one's vision is obscured by petty details—I wonder.

Certainly, Darwin Peters did not know that in yielding to Annabelle he had met a major reverse, nor was Annabelle—I am less sure about this; women fool me, thank Heaven—aware that she had won a great victory.

BUT from that moment the Peters' life changed. Annabelle was not a snob. But she had come from unassuming, middle-class stock, as all the rest of us Americans have come, and there is something thrilling in intimate contact with the great.

Whether these great have attained their stature through achievement or through mere money doesn't seem to matter. Maybe money is in itself an achievement, so many millions seem to think so.

Anson B. Chandler was perfectly willing to advance money, in almost any amount, to his protégé.

"Five thousand dollars? Don't be silly, my boy. Take fifty."

Darwin Peters, who a year ago had hardly been able to imagine a sum as great as $5,000, walked out of Chandler's office with a check for ten times that amount. True, he deposited some share of Chandler-Peters stock as security for the loan, but—dividends and royalties would soon accrue and the stock be redeemed.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"YOU mean you wouldn't take his wife and his money too, eh?" asked Annabelle.

[GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT
Continued from Page Thirteen]

And why relate the obvious? The $4,000 apartment in which you couldn't give a dinner for more than eight people, it gave way to a $12,000 duplex. The cook and maid who were well enough for plain living departed before the arrival of a chef, a kitchen helper, a butler, a pantry boy, and two parlor maids.

The bus gave way to the limousine; the planned-for two weeks in the country stepped aside in favor of the trip to Paris.

Man's adaptability is never shown more conclusively than in his acceptance of luxury. Darwin, in moments when he felt the shadow of the future chillingly upon him, told himself that he liked good things even more than Annabelle did.

Of course, it was extravagant having one's shirts made to order, being fitted to one's shoes, having half a dozen suits of clothes where one had done yeoman service a year ago, but—how satisfactory it all was. What a joy to watch Annabelle unfolding, growing more beautiful every day—every hour, it seemed.

Oh, her delight was well worth whatever occasional worries possessed him.

"But I don't like your going to Southampton without me," he protested one day.

She kissed him and ruffled his hair. "Is Annabelle's Darwin jealous?" she demanded.

"Don't be silly," he laughed. "Of course I'm not. Only—"

"The Blaneys asked you too," she reminded him.

"Of course. But there's an important meeting—men coming over from Boston—we'll have to work all through Sunday—"

"So you wouldn't be able to spend any time with me anyway," she charged.

"No-o," he reluctantly admitted.

"And you don't want me to have a good time?" she accused.

"Annabelle — *darling!*" He was hurt, and you kiss a hurt to make it well, don't you? Again—ask ma, she knows.

ANOTHER victory and another defeat. For when a young couple find that they can have good times apart from each other, then they know that *all* good times do not occur merely because they are together. A minor matter, perhaps—and perhaps not.

Behold the Darwin Peterses, then, three years after their wedding. Exquisitely gowned, more beautiful than in her honeymoon, popular, even fashionable, is Annabelle. She knows people whom she considers the most important in America.

She has been invited to a Scotch moor for the August shooting. She may even be presented, in June, at the Court of St. James's. Her dinners are concededly the choicest little affairs given in New York. Even the women like her. While the men—if you can't guess how they feel about Annabelle, then go back to the opening pages of this story.

As for Darwin, he's grown better-looking; even Annabelle, most critical in these matters, now admits that he wears clothes well, that he dances beautifully, that he is an attractive dinner companion. Only—he's so interested in his work.

Not that his work isn't important. She never forgets that, after all, not her beauty and charm, but Darwin's work, has placed them where they are. Only—why spend so many hours each day in a mussy old workroom, in overalls like any common laborer, in a testing room where machinery whirred and oil spattered on you?

"I don't want to interfere with you in any way, Annabelle," said Darwin one evening, "but do you realize that you've lunched with Kernochan four times this week?"

"I'd have lunched with you had you been able to take me out," said Annabelle.

"The point is that I can't take you out. I'm working," said Darwin.

"The point also is that Jim Kernochan isn't working and *can* take me out," said Annabelle.

"It's got to stop," stated Darwin.

"It won't," said Annabelle.

DARWIN stared at her. An incredulous light crept into his eyes.

"Annabelle. are you in love with Kernochan?"

"He wants to marry me," she returned.

"He's told you so? Told you, a married woman, that—"

"Don't be old-fashioned," she interrupted. "Why shouldn't he tell me so?"

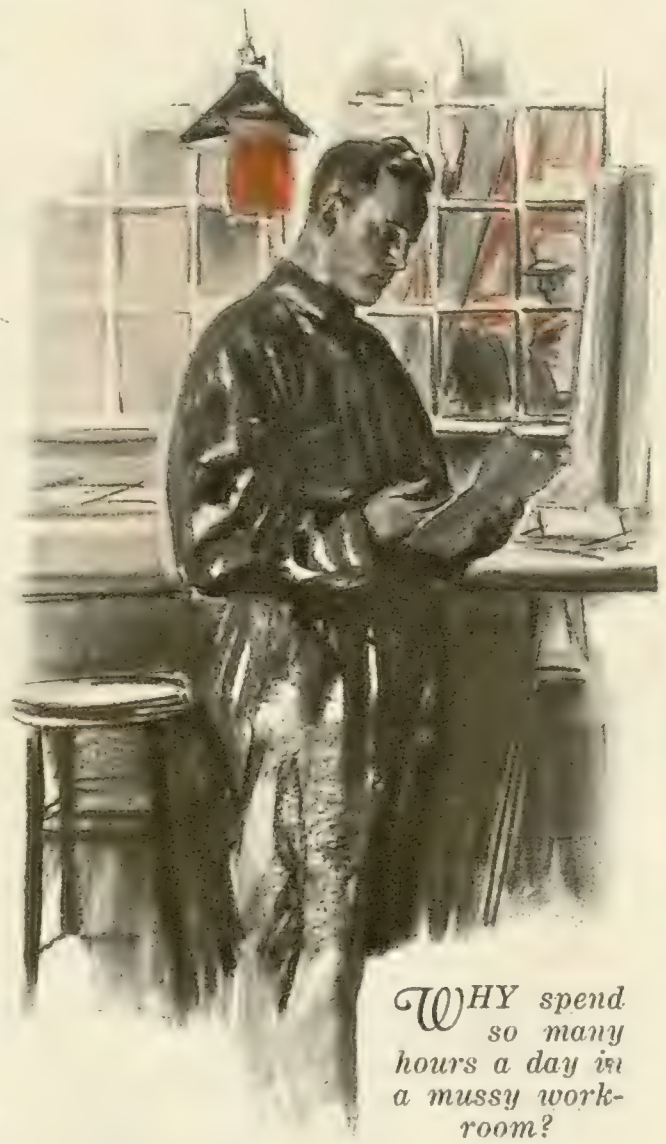
"He'd only say it because he knew you wanted to hear it said," said Darwin.

"Well?"

Darwin rose from his chair and paced the floor.

"But, Annabelle—you and I—I love you—you can't mean—"

But he knew that she did mean— Into his mind came recollection of her frankness when they were engaged: she'd marry him only because he was an assured success. The success she wanted then had been momentary.



WHY spend so many hours a day in a mussy workroom?

Now there were other things, things that Kernochan possessed but that Darwin Peters could never have: name, position, clubs, entrée to certain circles — unimportant, silly matters, unless you happened to think them important and serious.

There was a murmur of surprise when Annabelle Peters went to Reno. Such a nice young couple; they'd seemed so devoted. Of course, Jim Kernochan . . .

Darwin acted like the man he was. Though she went from his arms to the arms of another, she would not make that journey ill equipped. He borrowed from Anson B. Chandler. He pledged his stock and his future royalties. He gave Annabelle $300,000—all that he had in the world.

And then, three months after the divorce, and—if rumor spoke truly—only a week before Annabelle's marriage to Jim Kernochan, Anson B. Chandler demanded return of all the moneys Darwin had borrowed from him.

A deal was in the air. The textile trust wanted to acquire the Chandler-Peters Company. Stock in the latter company would double in value within a month. If Chandler could make an extra million by squeezing young Peters—why not squeeze him?

And Darwin was so unhappy, so miserable, so bewildered, that he didn't even bother to consult an attorney, didn't fight back. He went home, one afternoon, to the lonesome apartment on Park Avenue, face to face with the fact that he was facing ruin.

"Thank God," he said to himself, "that Annabelle doesn't have to face it with me."

Which shows, I think, what sort of man young Peters was.

He took stock of the situation. Of course, he had a reputation as an inventor, even though the world would soon know that he was a mighty poor business man.

But even a successful inventor has difficulty getting backing.

He was broke. He'd have to move out of his apartment—too big, anyway, for a single man—get himself a job . . .

Jim Kernochan was a gentleman. Even villains can be that, you know, sometimes, and Jim was no villain; he happened to have fallen in love with another man's wife, but he couldn't help that.

"I understand, Annabelle," he said, "that—that—awkward sort of thing to mention, but—Darwin, you know—"

Annabelle looked at him. She had enjoyed the luncheon at Pierre's before this talk. The restaurant had been crowded with her friends and Jim's, and they'd all stopped for a congratulatory word. Most of them would attend the wedding in a fortnight.

"What about him?" she asked coldly.

"Don't know the details," said Kernochan; "but I hear that Chandler put the screws on—pretty hard. Called his loans and—Peters is broke. I—er—you told me the settlement Peters made on you—I—seems to me—I'd feel better if—you came to me without—what I mean to say is that it isn't sporting to—"

"Take his wife and his money too, eh? That what you mean?" asked Annabelle.

Kernochan blushed. "Well, what do you think?" he asked.

"I think, Jim," she said slowly, "that you're the second-finest man I ever knew."

She rose as she spoke.

"Meaning?" asked Kernochan.

"Meaning just that," she replied.

She held out her hand. He rose also. Into his eyes crept agony.

"I—I knew it was too good to be true, Annabelle," he said gently.

HALF an hour later Darwin Peters heard the front door open. He looked up from the big chair into which he had slumped, to meet the eyes of Annabelle.

"Kept my latchkey, you see," she said breezily.

He didn't speak as she sat down and drew off her gloves.

"Understand that Chandler did everything to you that the law permits," she said.

"He began where Kernochan left off," said Darwin sardonically.

"That's ended," she told him.

"Kernochan?" he asked.

"He just told me—about Chandler. Darwin, I've the money you gave me—with that—"

He smiled sadly. "It seems that I still owe Chandler a quarter of a million. I wouldn't take yours—"

"We'll pay Chandler off," she declared.

"Chandler says I guaranteed certain improvements—that they wouldn't cost more than a certain amount, and so I owe—"

"Never mind it. We've enough to pay him. Honest or not—he doesn't count."

"But I won't lose your money," he protested.

"And I won't lose you!" she cried.

Then she was in the same chair with him.

* * *

Lucky? Well, didn't he lose his fortune and regain his love? I'll say that he was lucky. You see, what Annabelle wanted was a man struggling, not a man winning. Unwittingly, Darwin gave her what she wanted, and so she came back to him.

That's all you have to do, boy, to hold them: give them what they want.

But if you don't know what they want, and they don't know what they want, what then, you ask?

Say, let's play that game called Ask Me Another.

THE END

Light and POWER

A Visit to the "Hooded Devil" Who Dwells Above San Paulo

An Article by

RUDYARD KIPLING

Song of the Dynamo

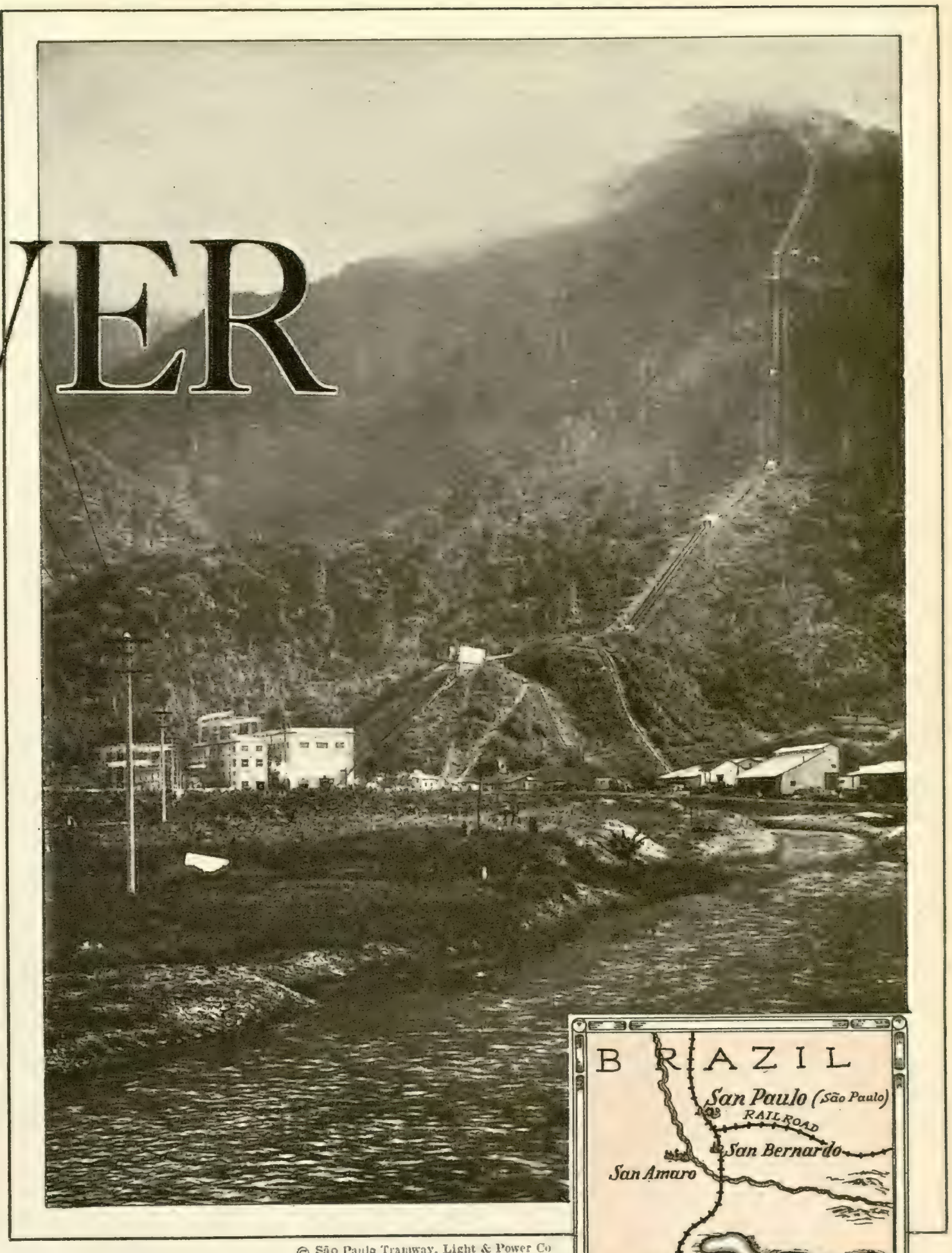
How do I know what Order brings
Me into being?
I only know, if you do certain things,
I must become your Hearing and your Seeing;
Also your Strength, to make great wheels go round,
And save your sons from toil, while I am bound!

What do I care how you dispose
The Powers that move me?
I only know that I am one with those
True Powers which rend the firmament above me,
And, harrying earth, would save me at the last—
But that your coward foresight holds me fast!

(Copyright, 1927, by Rudyard Kipling, in the U. S. A.)

(Reading time: 10 minutes 10 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third of a series of Brazilian Sketches in which Mr. Kipling describes his experiences in South America.]



© São Paulo Tramway, Light & Power Co

The power house, home of the Hooded Devil, near Santos.

SUCH as are desirous to pass between Rio and San Paulo by sea, repair to the foot of the main Avenida and hail a steamer, because steamers there are plentiful as 'buses.

We took ours one evening when the City had lit up. The wonder of her lights began as we worked out through the harbour and before the main town. It swept back in jewelled loops along the scalloped sea fronts and the diamond-dusted heights behind them; broke for a few minutes like a snapped necklace, while we thumped round an intercepting headland, and caught the breath in the triple glories of Copacabana beach, with a monstrous square of white light from a high ivory building for central gem. It ended, far along the coast under the nearer mountains, while these themselves were outlined against liquid hazes that hung above hidden sections of the tiaraed city.

When, at last, the revelation closed, it was as though one had watched Balkis herself draw the curtains after viewing the treasures of King Solomon.

A weak moon handed us over to the coastal lights all down the velvet-soft, milky-warm dark, with now and then some small, palm-crowned islet sprawling in the moon-glade.

We reached Santos, port of San Paulo, beneath the brassy glare of a West African sky; loafed up a Dutch-like river that twisted through too-green flats; and tied at a wharf where all the world's steamers were unloading goods of luxury, mechanism, and apparel, or taking in coffee-bags that slid along furlongs of moving floors, and decanted themselves, like headless Gadarene swine, into their proper holds.

Stacks of unripe bananas came downstream in barges and added to the arsenic-green deck-loads of cream-coloured steamers with black and scarlet funnels. The atmosphere was that of Southern India, but the men only wore straw hats, for sunstroke is not.

In the old days, ships could lose their crews twice over here from yellow fever; and the bankers and merchants of the port fled every evening to the hills a dozen miles inland, that they might live till next day. At the worst of things, when the port lay immobilised, and someone up-country wanted a consignment badly enough to risk sending for it, it was custom that he might snatch whatever first came to his hand in the silent, unmanned warehouses, and settle the bill with the executors. "Believe *me*, we didn't waste time looking for private marks on packages."

Later, they drained the marshes, and fought out the fever, and lorries took the place of mules, and everything is now clean. But the ancient fierce city, with its light-coloured houses and choking coffee go-downs, still seems

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

POWER production in bygone Brazil.

[LIGHT AND POWER Cont'd from Page 15]

to talk, under its breath, of the slave barracoons and the sickness. People use the place now as a sort of Brighton, and come down for the day from San Paulo, fifty miles away, and race about the hard sand beaches in varnished cars.

We headed out of it by a red road beside a two-track railway — chaired, not spiked — and ran across a country of planted bananas towards a range of cloud-capped mountains which wall in the back of Santos, as they do Rio, and, indeed, all the coast from Bahia down.

One spur showed a pinkish chafe divided by a vertical black line. "That's the new Power Station where we are going. The train will be hauled up the range by cable. So will you, but not in the train. 'Pity those clouds are so low. They'll spoil the view."

THE car swerved into a side-road like the foothills of the Himalayas, though the climate was more than ever Madras. One smelt construction - works in the banks and cutting under the purple flowering scrub of the hills, and the raw drains alongside ran red and busy.

We halted in a red basin at the foot of enormous downward-plunging pipes that came out of a flat-floored cloud-ceiling two thousand feet above. Tile and concrete bungalows were going up on all sides — proof that this would be some permanent headquarters; but there were also wood and tin buildings—one of them an unmistakable, and grateful, mess-shed—which suggested Canada, but did not account for cranes that leaned over a little, astonished river who was obviously carrying far more water than she had been made for.

The mix-up of countries and associations was sorted out at mess, as the talk distributed itself among men who had been hanging on to the face of the wooded cliff above them for the past two years. They had suffered most things —the treachery of the soil, which resembles Roquefort cheese; the forces of wet and dry; the failure of stuff to arrive, and when, at last, it did, the humouring and coaxing of it into place; the heart-breaking devilries of side-issues developed in an instant, and met by stick-and-string devices—possibly in the dark with the mud up to the knees. (Those ripped and gashed rain-gullies looked as if they could be made in a very few minutes.)

But now the ringed pipes had come all the way from Silesia, and had been got into position on their five-thousand ton concrete blocks that dive sixty feet into the dirt; the valves had been tested and the rebel waters let in; and the men had wiped the wet out of their eyes and were already looking for something fresh to curse.

It was a soul-expanding lunch in the Engineer's shack, and all the while the pipes said nothing but climbed up, parallel as old-fashioned twelve bores, into the flat clouds, while small red-dyed men tinkered beneath the five-foot bellies.

We moved over to the new Power House where some few gallons of the floods impounded above are being used. The terrific mile-length of water dives two thousand feet on to wheels armed at their tips with split buckets, set edge-on to six and a half inch jets. The whole contraption—it is called a Pelton Wheel—then goes round rather quickly.

Two such wheels give life to a Hooded Devil—Abu Bijl'—the Father of Lightnings—who must be approached bareheaded, or the mere intake of his breath will snatch your hat from off your head. He is known to his servants as a Dynamo (of many thousand horse-power) and he spins upon the largest bearings in the world.

Out of his enforced agonies is born "power," which everyone, of course, can explain, but which no one knows anything about, except that it will bear watching. And when, because of the Pelton Wheels (for whom he is not responsible) Abu Bijl' develops power to his normal capacity, it is —that it may go further at cheaper rates —damned and devilled up from six thousand volts to eighty-eight thousand by means of "transformers" which are skeletons of Chinese Pagodas with porcelain teetotum tops.

THESE are placed outside the buildings; so, if the overwrought "power" flares up, the scandal is confined between discreet wing-walls of concrete, and the oil which is necessary to the transformation (as corn and wine produce strange results elsewhere) can be run off at once. The whole process is Christianly called "stepping up."

The rest of Abu Bijl's tale is as simple as Adam's own. Having created this power, most of Man's time and energy are turned to keeping it within bounds. Heaven's waters from the high hills cannot help making the wheels go round; Abu Bijl' cannot help making the "power"; and, in that very act, he is forced to develop a conscience.

There is a quiet floor in this building where the thunders of the released waters from the wheels are scarcely heard. Here lights change colour; numbers drop as on a hotel-board, but cannot be pushed back again; figures climb to certain heights and there register their ineffaceable maxima; governors report what licence they have given to the governed, and what advantage has been taken of it; and the grosser forms of electric sin clock in silently and go away.

All this to the end that no single thing in the whole installation may for one instant presume to break away from the need of the load, the accident or the moment without saying so, and—this is the Hell of it—without waiting for the Superior Mind to put it right! They call that Science!

Yet now and again, the generous tropical thunderstorm shows what "power production" really means. Even so, men have devised "lightning arresters," which, like the transformers, live outside the premises. But I had noticed, on the wall of another building, blue smudges of the same pattern as the lightning once printed on a house of my own. So I hope that Abu Bijl' is sometimes cheered by the bright faces of companions glancing in.

He was playing with his work while I watched him, and his masters' telephones told him what more or less power was needed as the trams and

Pictures by J. E. ALLEN

trains came on and off in distant cities, and a pen on a drum wrote down what he was giving. In which humble posture I left him, "eyeless at Gaza." Very soon more brothers will be bolted down alongside him, and more after that if needed; for the Power House has been designed to expand like a patent book-case over the little astonished river.

Then we went to look at the waters above the firmament which hung so low overhead. They hauled us up the face of the mountain in a packing-case cable-car beside the pipe-way, and all the vivid landscape, dropping out like the bottom of a box, lay beneath us till we saw right into hot Santos and her tiny ships two thousand feet below. They had had, they told us, some bother with this hillside after deforesting it for the pipes, and were now planting millions of eucalyptus to hold the soil together. But the local ant liked that wood, too, and they thought of gassing him out. They said that when you once began interfering with Nature you had to go on.

Then our trolley was drawn up into the cloud, and all the known world vanished. We stepped off the cable-way into white nothingness on the edge of a cement road that swung round a corner out of and into space. An unseen motor bellowed beneath us, and tore past—some gentleman of leisure on his way to San Paulo.

Our own car followed, and raced us uphill into dense invisibility of thicker cloud. On our right was the shadow of tall forests. On our left ran a sinister white glare that suggested very long drops. The Engineer was a little annoyed at this, because he had wanted us to see his chain of lakes. But how could it be otherwise? The mountain-range stops and milks every cloud from the sea, and draws twelve foot of wet annually. If it didn't, there would have been no dam; and, so far as we were concerned, there wasn't — any more than in a working laundry. The Gods were after much finer effects.

THE shadow of a thirty-foot cement-mixer—which might have been the brute syenite for a statue of Rameses—hove out of the thickness, and almost at the same instant earth opened in a deep violet red trench which men far down were still deepening. This was a flank of the dam. They were digging back on to firm stuff for a concrete wing of it.

We caught the sputter and chuckle of waters falling from a height as though to back the statement. That was the Dam not fifty yards off. When completed, they said, she would stand over a hundred feet high on the face, and would hold back—they gave us the figures in cubic metres or kilometres. The Dam, unmoved by their flatteries, chuckled again, but showed nothing of herself, except one second's glimpse of leaden waters withdrawn like a skirt whisking round a door.

We tried another angle. Here the world went down like a wall. From the statue of Rameses projected an enormous boom whose block and tackle depended into the abyss and were lost. They served a construction-line below, but how far below we could by no means guess. So there we stood blindfolded. One could hear men and tools at work all round; the very lap of the ripples on stone, but of the Dam which was the heart of all not a hint or a trace came through —just the low laugh of invisible waters escaping into freedom!

So the Engineer was annoyed. But his work till then had been too ridiculously easy. The plateau at the top of the dripping range slopes away from the coast in little crumpled hills, which are not much good as farming land. All he had had to do was to plug up the necks of certain valleys with concrete, and wait till the year's twelve-foot rainfall drowned them at leisure. While thus employed, he came across a river and its system which was following its prehistoric courses southward towards Buenos Ayres. Happening to notice that its watershed was nothing to write home about, he dredged it a little and dammed it a little, and coaxed it to turn its unwanted flood-waters (for it was a temperamental stream) into his dams and through his Pelton wheels, at the foot of the range, and so across the flats into Santos—eastward instead of south.

I think a tunnel or two was involved; but, at any rate, he has now a system of inland lakes and seas, connected by his sorts of plumbing, and capable of indefinite expansion if he plugs up more valleys. The requirements are always expanding, as San Paulo discovers that she can make more things for herself, or another railway or two goes in for electrification that they may be shut of English coal-strikes; and it is the simplest of jobs to put up extra Abu Bijl's in the concrete prisons.

They say now that they could deliver half a million more horse-power from this place alone; and this is but one of the several places that stand round San Paulo and sell more power to its elbow.

BUT they forget that, a few years hence, the Mystery that now fights its way up and down the wires will be on the air for sea-work, and the shipping industry will be represented by experts at switchboards doling out, on directional beams, the Power that various steamer lines have contracted for. Then the storms of the oceans will translate themselves into peaks and valleys on the indicators, as the far-off, wet sea-captains haul in and slack off on their supplies just as their winches to-day deal with their mooring-ropes. At that epoch (which will be heralded by the harakiri of the Oil Barons) Brazil, sitting with her back to illimitable electric power, will sell it between twenty-five North and sixty South on both sides of her Continent—westerly to the 180th meridian, and easterly to somewhere on the far side of dry Africa.

All of which I explained to the Engineer in words of one syllable. But he, having spent his whole life doing inconceivable things, said I was "visionary," and went on talking about his paltry half-million supplementary ponies.

(Copyright, 1927, by Rudyard Kipling, in the U. S. A.)

In an early issue, Rudyard Kipling will take us back to Santos on one of the world's most miraculous railroads. Watch for A Drop in Traffic.

BRAZILIAN power production today.

SHOW Girl

Loves and Adventures of Dixie Dugan— The Dramatic End of a 3 A. M. Party

A Comedy by J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by JOHN H. STRIEBEL

I HAVE been afraid to look at the papers this morning—and mother isn't speaking to me at all.

(Reading time: 13 minutes 31 seconds.)

[Who's Who, and Why: Dixie Dugan is a dancer in the Jollity Night Club. She has a sister, Nita, in Paris, and a girl friend, Sunshine, in a musical show. She also has a boy friend, Denny Kerrigan. He is on the road, selling greeting cards and mottoes, with the hope that some day he'll sell enough to make Dixie his wife. Into her life, however, enters Alvarez Romano, the tango sheik at the night club. You won't have any trouble now in getting the drift of the story if you'll read the following letter from Dixie to sister Nita.]

HE shook me off, and then the two men went to it, and I passed right out cold.

PART TWO

439 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., May 22.

DEAR NITA:

Well, well, big girl, you should see my handsome Alvarez, you should! Big, brown eyes the boy has, like a St. Bernard, but he uses them like a vibrator. All over me—zoop! Sotch goose flesh! And when he kisses—well, the kid goes sorta faint, and dreamy, and don't care-ish, and can barely get through the front door and slam it shut. Nothing like this ever happened to the baby sister before. So this is love! Stop it, I love it!

He isn't a Spaniard at all. He's an Argentine, and when he tangoes the floor smokes and they have to throw water on the orchestra. His partner—Raquel Argentina, she calls herself—is a wet smack. He just carries her along. If she's a dancer, then Lon Chaney is America's Sweetheart.

Alvarez promised me last night to let me dance with him soon. That'll knock Raquel into a coma. Raquel! I bet her real name is Bessie Glutz and all her Argentine relatives live in South Bend. Her tango is a glass crash. Means well, poor kid, but no starch in her spine and her wiggles lack authority. And her kicks! Some kind friend oughta take her out and have her knees lifted.

What do you think has happened to my other ga-ga? Denny, no less? First he burned up the wires telling me what I could and could not do. "I won't have you dancing in a night club," he telegraphs straight message, and I wires him, "Hooey," collect. Then he day-letters me: "Are you going to do what I say or not? Answer at once. Important. Rush." So I send a post card saying, "Walk your horses."

And then he calls me long distance, from one of those Indiana towns the Century throws dust on, and he feeds me a lot of static about how I'm breaking his heart, and he has heard all about this rum hole I'm working in. "You'll have to get out of the Jollity," says he. "It's full of crime and corruption, or sin and seduction," or something like that, and I says, "Aren't we all?" "There's another man in your life," he says. "But I love you, and I'll not see you go to perdition in this way."

And I says, "I don't get this perdition gag. Do you mean, maybe, I'm going to hell or something?" And he says, "All right, then; I'll say it. You're going to hell in a hand basket, and it's time some man took you in hand." And I says, "Well, that's sweet of you, but you'll have

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Mock Turtle Soup

You'll like its unusual flavor

21 soups
12 cents a can

SOUP

Ask yourself these helpful questions:

1. Why the "mock" in Mock Turtle Soup?

Because the calves' head meat used in this soup bears a close resemblance to turtle meat and the entire soup partakes of the characteristics of the much more expensive green turtle soup.

2. What famous soup of quaint old Colonial Philadelphia is now available in canned condensed form?

Pepper Pot. A real Philadelphia delicacy that was early vended by picturesque cooks through the streets of Philadelphia in Colonial days. It is now becoming a national favorite.

3. What is the difference between Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup and Campbell's Vegetable Soup?

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup is for people who like solid pieces of meat in their vegetable soup. Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains beef broth but in place of the solid pieces of meat are additional tempting vegetables.

4. What soup is called the Chicken Soup of the Orient? Why?

Mulligatawny Soup. Because chicken and rice are the base of this oriental soup. With these ingredients are blended East India chutney, citron, cocoanut, apples, curry powder and other delicious ingredients.

5. How many different ingredients are there in Campbell's Vegetable Soup? How many different vegetables?

Thirty-two ingredients of which fifteen are fine garden vegetables.

6. How many different kinds of Campbell's Soups are now available? Are these listed on every Campbell's Soup label?

21 kinds. Yes, they are listed on every Campbell's Soup label.

7. Name the four clear soups made in Campbell's famous kitchens. When is it especially appropriate to serve them?

Consomme, Printanier, Julienne, Bouillon. Especially appropriate when a formal or heavy dinner is to follow.

8. Name the four purely vegetable soups made by Campbell's.

Campbell's Tomato Soup, Pea Soup, Celery Soup and Asparagus Soup.

9. What Campbell's Soup is also widely used as a sauce?

Campbell's Tomato Soup.

10. What is a cream soup? Which Campbell's Soups can be served as cream soups?

A soup prepared with cream or milk. Campbell's Tomato Soup, Pea Soup, Celery Soup and Asparagus Soup are especially delicious when served as cream soups, according to simple directions on the label.

11. How many ounces of soup are in one can of Campbell's Soup? How much soup in ounces does this make when ready for serving?

Ten and one-half ounces, making double the quantity of soup, or twenty-one ounces for your table.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Approved for purity!

HOME-TESTED AND APPROVED PRISCILLA PURE FOOD PLAN SERIES NO. 5081

AMAZINGLY GOOD!

When you're hungering for "honest-to-goodness" candy, eat a Baby Ruth.

You'll like the tempting fragrance of imported chocolate . . . the toasted crispness of meaty peanuts . . . the chewy flavor of just-enough caramel . . . and then, best of all, you'll bite into that delicious center of creamy fudge.

You'll say it is amazingly good! A refreshing enjoyment that tickles your sweet tooth with happy tastes long after the last good bite. And there's all you want, for only a nickel.

Baby Ruth is waiting for you on over a million candy counters. Treat yourself today!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

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Candy Makers to the American Nation

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Cocoanut Grove - Milk Nut Loaf - Ostrich Egg - Peter Pan - Kandy Kake
Fritzi - Nickaloaf - Bama - Carlton - Big Bite - I Scream Sandwich

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

to get in line. You can't just step up to the head of the class like that. You'll have to work your way up to show you're worthy of this great honor.

"Applications will be acted upon as received. Write name and address plainly. Block letters, please. Last name first, first name last, and inclose certificate of good conduct from your parish priest. A few gold stars from your Sunday-school teacher won't hurt. And meanwhile, here is a kiss from my last batch. They're getting better. Youth isn't everything. Experience is now entering my life."

And then poor Denny sorta moaned, and since I just can't stand suffering, I hung up. So I guess I'll hear from him again pretty soon.

Your loving sister,
DIXIE.

P. S. Jack is going over on the Leviathan and will look you up. Will you take him in hand some day and sell him the idea of surprising me with some wicked perfume? No high-pressure stuff. The dear boy loves finesse as much as if he really had a brain —God forbid!

Terre Haute, Ind., May 25.

SWEET THING!

After that long-distance talk with you the other night, I decided I'd scratch you right off the list; but then I thought it over and decided you're so young you don't know what it's all about; and you're kinda dizzy with your first job; and you don't know anything about men; and you need a smart guy like me to steer you right. So you go right ahead giving me the air, if you get a kick out of it; but I'm going to hang on just the same.

Try to lose me—that is, unless you get too fresh; because if I ever do get off you I can forget you so completely I'd have to be introduced all over again.

Now I've got some real news for you. We're getting out a new line of wall mottoes on velvet, stamped in gold and stencil-printed in nine colors, with a choice of gold frames or passe partout, to retail $2.50 or fifty off to the trade, in gross lots of twelve titles assorted. Doesn't that sound like a wow! Oh, boy! And the sentiments! There's one I love because I always think of you when I read it to the trade. It's No. 40XY10 and goes:

'S queer the way I miss you,
'S funny how I sigh.
When you ain't near I can't be glad,
No matter how I try.
'S fierce to like you so darned much,
'S awful, sure enough. . . .
Wherever I go I miss you so;
'S terrible—'s tough!

Last night was another one of those outings that drive good-looking salesmen into monasteries. Leola Fitzgibbons, card buyer for Swartzenheimer's, gave me a big repeat order on boxed Xmas assortments, so it was up to me to take her out and give the Terre Haute night life a look. The picture wasn't so bad—John Barrymore is something romantic with tights —which gave little Leola a chance to freeze on to my hands and look swoonful; and after that one of those talking pictures which sound like the first phonographs when they used to have big tin horns and start every piece with an announcement: "Colum-bi-yuh REC-corrrd."

Well, after that spree we went over to a chop suey and had chicken chow mein and a bunch of dances. The band was hot, and Leola switches a mean skirt, so that part of it wasn't the washout it might have been. But I was wishing it was you I was cutting corners with.

Leola says I'm a sweet dancer; but then, all the lady buyers find that out sooner or later.

What are you doing now this minute while I'm sitting up here in this lonesome hotel room thinking of you? Hoofing for a lot of plastered goofs in that bum night club.

I wish I could forget you, but I'm awful glad I can't. Say, that wouldn't make a bad motto! I'll have to send that hunch in to the office. And a heluva lot of attention they'll pay to it, or to any of my hunches. They think they know it all, the big stiffs!

Love, DENNY.

Jealous? Wow! The other night I was sitting at a table with a couple of Harvard boys and Alvarez was just boiling over.

439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., May 27.

SUNSHINE, DARLING:

You missed it when you left this menagerie for the Scandals. You should have stuck around, if only for what happened last night. But I don't blame you for doing chorine police at fifty bucks, with lots of spare time at home, instead of this night-club racket, where you don't get out till 3 A. M. and then have to fight your way home.

But last night was the cat's. The club filled up early with a lot of customers who looked as though they came from the annual outing and fish fry of the Old Soaks' Home. All the tables were having a contest to see who could get the most bottles underfoot.

By two in the morning the air was so thick you could have bottled it, the floor was jammed, the band was trying to drown out the drummer, and who should come in but Aimée Semple MacPherson herself, and a bunch of newspaper reporters.

You know, dear, she's that Los Angeles evangelist who was found by radio or something, and she's been around taking big-city night life apart to see what makes it click.

Well, when Jimmy Durant tells me who she is you could have knocked me over with an elephant. And my turn next to go out there in shorts and sing Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong. Well, I wangled through it, and was hot-footing it back to the dressing room, when Larry—you know Short-Change Larry?— headed me off and said Miss MacPherson would like me to come to her table. Feature that!

She was sitting there very calm, and shook hands with me and introduced me around to the lady reporters, who were bombarding her with questions. Well, I sits there with my ears nicely adjusted, but saying nothing and taking it all in. Finally she says, "I'm surprised to see so little drinking"; and I looks at her to see her laugh. But no, not a smile.

And I says, "What do you suppose those things are under the tables?" And she takes a good look and says, "Why, they're bottles." And I says, "What did you think they were—ducks?"

And just then a lady at the next table sings out to her gentleman friend that she'll be a such-and-such if any so-and-so can steal her drink while she's dancing, and if she wasn't a lady she'd knock his you-know block off.

And Aimée took my hand and says softly, "They're all little children in here tonight. Little children looking for the light." And I couldn't help saying, "They're not looking for any light—they're all lit." But she didn't seem to understand.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Loveliness for the Girl with Long Hair

LONG HAIR is lovely only when it is beautifully combed and then, it is said, no bobbed head need compete. Combing doesn't mean just arrangement—it means conscientious care every morning with a large (9 inch) Ace Dressing Comb to straighten out all tangles and carefully place the wave. Then an Ace Pocket Comb conveniently carried in the purse, for those frequent "fixings". And before retiring an Ace Dry Shampoo Comb to keep the scalp clean and the long strands gloriously bright. The smooth sanitary rounded teeth of Ace hard rubber Combs safeguard the hair and scalp.

ACE COMBS

A GENUINE Ace Bobbed Hair Comb, for example, may be purchased at toilet goods and notion counters everywhere, or if you are not able to obtain it send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "LOVELY HAIR, ITS CARE AND COMBING".

{Tear Off Here}

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. L1, 11 Mercer St., New York, N.Y.

Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for book, "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing," and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above. Please send them to

Name.....

Address.....

The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere.

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

Just then Jimmy Durant got out on the floor and sang If I Didn't Know Your Husband and You Didn't Know My Wife, which has some pretty swift ones in it—and what do you suppose Aimée says? "A hungry heart," she says, looking at Jimmy, who has been in the night-club racket since he was three years old down in the Bowery. "A hungry heart seekink God," says she. Tie that one!

Meanwhile, what you told me about my Argentine ga-ga is all coming true. He's getting harder to handle all the time, and jealous! Wow! The other night I was sitting at a table with a couple of Harvard boys—sweet kids, both of them—just college boys—not an ounce of harm in a ton of them—and Alvarez was just boiling over. When I went back to change, he started to pop, and the place was full of strange Spanish sounds there for a while before I could cool him off.

After that he was so sweet and sorry and affectionate, it made me feel just terrible. I tell you, Sunshine, that boy makes me dizzy, the way he's raising the devil one minute and the next all sweet words and soft caresses. I don't know whether I'm afoot or horseback. He's got me all worn out just saying No-no-no-no-no-no.

I didn't know what an easy time I had with a goof like Denny, who sat right up and snapped sugar off his nose if I said "Boo." These Argentines think all they have to do is make a chest at a woman and she'll swoon mitt scrims frum delight.

Toodle-oo,

DIXIE.

439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., June 1.

DEAR NITA:

Well, sis, I guess now it can be told, and you're the only one I can tell it to. If Ma ever heard the half of it I wouldn't have any more home than a banshee. But I hardly know how to start—the whole thing is such a mad blur. If I had only known what I was yessing myself into!

But how can a girl tell these days? Almost all parties look alike at the take-off—a few highballs, a few dances, and the boys getting merry and making preliminary passes to sort of get their bearings generally. But this one turned out differently. And how!

To begin with, Jack Milton showed up at the Club with a birthday. He has already had more birthdays than Methuselah, and every one is an excuse for a party. But this time he had a bunch of his tired Wall Street friends with him—all of them fifty or thereabouts and crawling with money.

They've been to the Club any number of times since I've been working there, and the boss told me before that Jack liked me, which meant nothing in my life, but this time he said Jack wouldn't be happy unless I came to his birthday party. I asked the boss, "'Where?" and the boss says, "Up to Milton's house"; and I says, "Nix; I'm too young to be going to rich bachelors' houses at 3 A. M. on parties."

Oh, if I ever get out of this mess I'll never let myself into another as long as I live.

And the boss says, "You're not going alone. Don't be silly. Some of the other girls are invited too, and anyway Jack is A No. 1 and his friends are all as reliable as U. S. Steel." So, you see, he talked me into it.

Well, the men waited for us until we were dressed, and then we all piled into a couple of limousines and off we went. I wish you could have seen this house of Milton's—four or five stories high, rugs knee-deep, antique furniture all over the place, one of those private elevators that you get into and push buttons and it takes you everywhere, a real cellar with all the kinds of liquor that ever was invented, and popping out from behind every door Japanese spies with trays full of cocktails.

There were four other girls and myself, and mine host and his four substantial friends from downtown. They seemed to be nice enough eggs—more like a bunch of schoolboys playing hooky than big financial wizards, or whatever they are in their working hours.

Well, the party jumped right off the dock and lit running. I never said yes to so many different kinds of cocktails and highballs in my life. After an hour of this I vaguely remember quantities of food appeared magically, and then Jack began to pop out of the cellar at pleasant intervals, toting real champagne which nobody had the heart to turn down.

By this time we had all told all the stories we knew and were pretty well acquainted. The usual amount of dancing and petting, but nothing to call out the reserves for, so the baby sister was feeling all set up about everything.

Jack was making all kinds of fuss over me, telling me how sweet and young and pretty I was, and could I learn to care for him, that he was crazy about me, and would do anything for me if I could learn to love him just a little, and me telling him not to be silly and keep his hands to himself. This must have been going on for some time 'cause when I looked around everybody had skipped into other parts of the house, and there I was alone with this little prairie flower who was growing wilder every minute.

Well, I thought I had learned something about maidenly jujitsu battling with Alvarez, but this Jack Milton was something brand new. He was so ruthless, and yet kept on talking so sweet to me all the time, he had me panicked. I tried to get out of the room several times, but he headed me off, and finally I began to scream. And then what do you think this big bruiser did? He clapped his hand over my mouth, carried me to the elevator, slammed the door, and whisked us up to the next floor.

Paying as little attention to me as if I were a rag doll, he carried me into the library and dropped me on the divan, still holding his hand over my mouth. Then he started to talk; but by this time I was so hysterical with real fear I didn't hear half of it. All I got was that he was sorry, but he couldn't have me screaming, because the police would come in and there'd be a scandal, and he didn't want to hurt me, and he loved me and would do anything for me, and he was awfully sorry if he frightened me, and would I give him just one kiss and be friends?

And a lot more out of the same basket. And I thought, I can't get anywhere fighting this big gorilla, so I better try yessing him a little, or anything to get me out of this mess. So I relaxed a little, and when he took his big paw off my mouth I sat up and started to cry. And then he apologized and let me go, you think? Well, think again!

That seemed to start him all over again. He grabbed me and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

The Beautiful Henriette

The King of Belgium's Sister

"A special enchantment emanates from the woman whose complexion sparkles with youth!" declares this royal princess of Belgium, who as the DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME *maintains one of the most brilliant salons in Europe.*

TO have been born a royal princess and a golden haired beauty of statuesque mold has never been enough for the Duchesse de Vendôme. Patroness of the Arts, she has likewise kept her vivid mind abreast of the important political movements of her time.

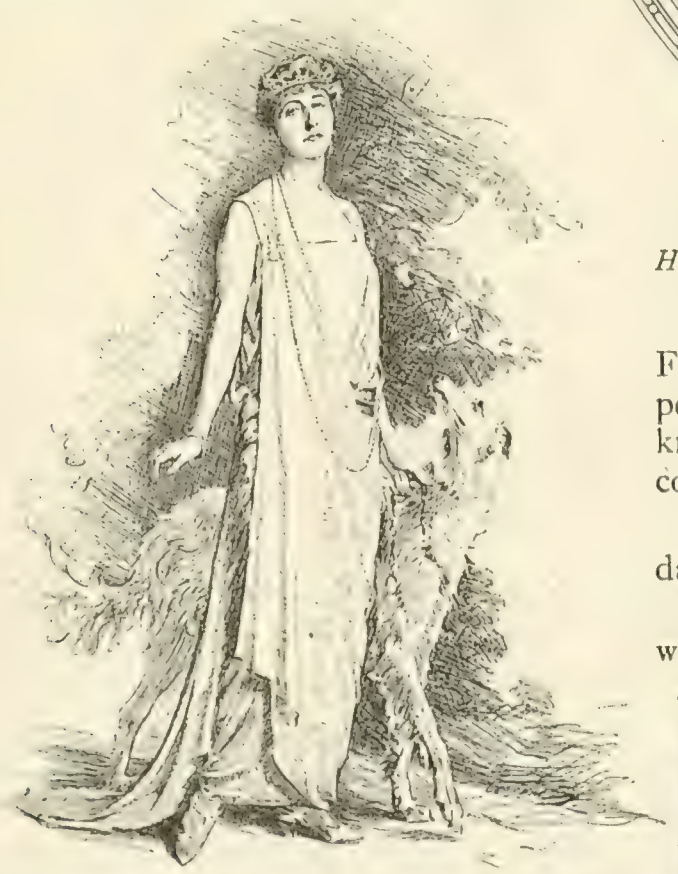
Her salon is one of the most influential in Europe. Here artists and writers, aristocrats and rulers discuss the questions of the hour. Generals, statesmen, ambassadors bring the brilliance of uniforms and decorations. And the presence of beautiful women casts a special glamour over all.

Such association has only intensified the Duchesse de Vendôme's conviction—that beauty and refinement play a high role in the drama of modern life.

The Glamour that Every Gathering Gains

SHE says: "A special enchantment emanates from the woman whose complexion sparkles with youth, is kept fresh with the dew of exquisite care.

Her Royal Highness, THE DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME, *born Princess Henriette of Belgium*



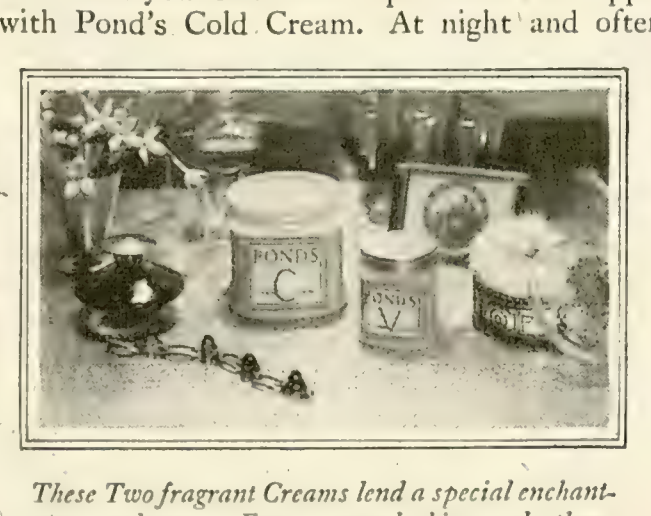
THE DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME, *sister of the King of the Belgians, is a royal princess by birth and wife of a Prince of the famous Maison de France. The illustration above is taken from a portrait of Her Highness which hangs in the dining hall of her Riviera home, Chateau de St. Michel at Cannes. The portrait photograph (center) reflects the wide apart blue eyes, fair skin and hair characteristic of her family, the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.*

Fortunate are we," she adds, voicing the experience of women the world over, "who know Pond's Two Creams, and their accomplishments in achieving a perfect skin."

For your own skin apply these Creams daily as follows:

Cleanse your skin and keep it fresh and supple with Pond's Cold Cream. At night and often during the day apply this light cleansing cream. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine, pure oils penetrate the pores, remove all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. If your skin is dry, leave some of the Cream on after the bedtime cleansing.

Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream, lightly, after every daytime cleansing, always before you powder, and before going out, especially for the evening. This delicate cream adds a glowing finish to your skin, takes your powder naturally, and gives unfailing protection from cold, winds, dust and soot.



These Two fragrant Creams lend a special enchantment to beauty. Every normal skin needs them.

Two Delightful New Preparations by Pond's

AND now two delightful new preparations by Pond's are offered you! Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Cleansing Tissues for perfect skin care. The Freshener, delicate, fragrant, brings the tingle of new life to your skin, refreshes, tones and firms it. It has a special ingredient, too, which heals and removes all danger of harshening. See how it wakens your skin in the morning, brings your whole face to life! And after cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, it removes every lingering trace of oil and dirt the Cream has brought to the surface.

Of the five imposing homes maintained by the Duchesse de Vendôme, the Chateau de Tourronde on Lake Geneva is unique in its surroundings and terraced gardens.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues—also new—are softer than fine old linen. They remove cold cream with indescribable gentleness—will not roll into ineffectual balls, but absorb every trace of oil and moisture.

New! 14¢ Offer: Mail this coupon with fourteen cents (14¢) for tubes of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream and enough of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. A, 119 Hudson St., New York

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

It's really amazingly simple

THIS simplified General Electric Refrigerator works automatically, economically. It needs no attention—not even oiling. Inside the hermetically sealed casing there is a permanent supply of oil.

The all-in-one icing unit is merely lowered into the top of the specially designed cabinet. There is no assembling, no plumbing to be done. There are no pipes, drains, fans or belts. The unit is intact. It just has to be plugged into any electric outlet. Instantly it starts.

And quietly, economically, it gives you scientific refrigeration. Cuts down your marketing problems, your cooking tasks. It was for this that the skilled engineers of General Electric worked—over a period of fifteen years—worked to produce the simplest of all refrigerators.

You will want to know more about this new-day refrigerator. You will want to see the various models. Write us today for booklet 1-L which is interesting and completely descriptive.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT of GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND, OHIO

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Twenty-two]

began to kiss me, and I went right after him, teeth and finger nails, and there we were going for each other like a couple of Kilkenny cats, when who should burst in but *Alvarez!* This wasn't the first time this crazy Argentine had trailed me, but this time I nearly passed out.

His face was as white as a sheet, and his hair, usually plastered down slick, was standing on end. He just let out one scream and dived for Jack. And then I saw he had a long knife in his hand. Well, I never thought so fast in my life. I just had time to grab his arm, or he would have plunged the knife into Jack's back. He shook me off, and then the two men went to it, and I passed right out cold.

WHEN I came to, I was down in the living room and they were forcing whisky down my throat. The place was full of cops, most of them holding Alvarez and Jack, both of them covered with blood, and Alvarez screaming with rage. The girls were crying and the men were trying to quiet them and get the police to take Alvarez out and let everybody go home.

Finally one of the men—Wilkins his name was, a big politician I found out later—got the cops off to one corner and gave them some kind of a song and dance, after which they dragged Alvarez out, still yelling, and the party was officially over. Or at least I thought so—but the worst was yet to come.

Hardly had the cops gone when Jack, who hadn't been saying anything through all this, but was just propped up against the wall, getting whiter — well, Jack just folds up and falls down in the corner, dead to the world. Everybody rushed to pick him up, and then I heard one of the men yell, "Get a doctor, quick! He's bleeding to death." Well, all the panic before was nothing to this.

A couple of the men herded us girls into our coats and hats, telling us we had to duck because it looked like a real scandal this time, and they couldn't afford to get involved in the papers with a bunch of night-club girls—that they were responsible citizens—and I couldn't help telling 'em I was a responsible citizen too and I couldn't afford to get involved in the papers with any roustabout playboys either.

Well, the doctor came in just as we were leaving, and I don't know yet what happened. I have been afraid to look at the papers this morning—and mother isn't speaking to me at all; it was after 5 o'clock when I got home.

Oh, if I ever get out of this mess I'll never let myself into another as long as I live! Suppose Jack should be seriously injured and there's an investigation—or suppose he were to die—and we'd all be dragged into it? I'm just sick—and you not home to help me, either. Would you rush back if I had to cable you?

Scared-to-death!

DIXIE.

FROM the New York *Globe*—June 3:

WILD PARTY ENDS WITH BROKER DYING

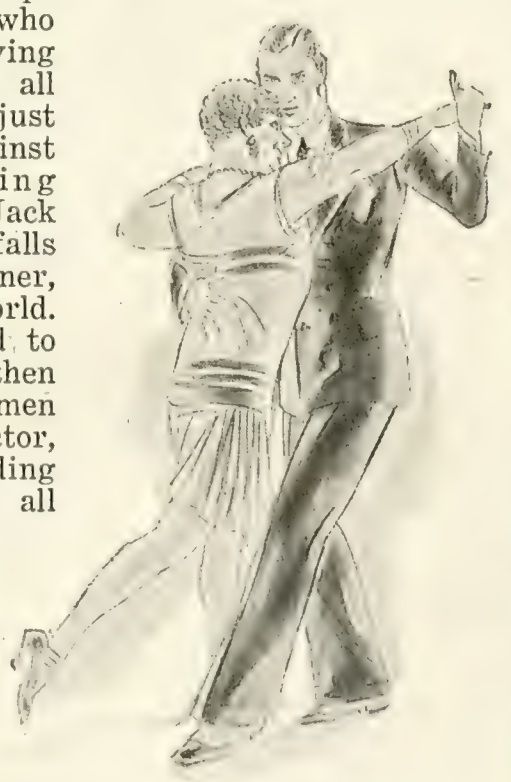
"Jack" Milton, Wealthy Man-About-Town, in Bellevue Hospital After Mysterious Stabbing

NIGHT-CLUB GIRLS HELD

Big Social and Financial Names Involved in Scandal

Although every effort was made to hush up the affair, the police learned early this morning that "Jack" Milton, millionaire broker and clubman, is in Bellevue Hospital, dying of knife wounds received during a wild party in his apartments early Tuesday morning. A scandal is promised that will rock New York's social and financial circles.

While the police are keeping a strict censorship, apparently from instructions "higher up," it was learned that Alvarez Romano, Argentine tango dancer in the Jollity Night Club, was being held, as well as a number of the Night Club girls who were in the party, which started at 3 o'clock last Tuesday morning and wound up with the stabbing at dawn.



The band was hot, and Leola switches a mean skirt.

The names of the girls are being kept secret by the police, as well as the names of the other men who were in the party in Milton's luxurious apartments. It is known, however, that all of the men are of social and financial importance and that every effort is being made by them to keep their names out of the investigation.

170 R LR NY 13 3
LCO NITA DUGAN AMERICAN EXPRESS PARIS

IN TERRIBLE SCANDAL FOR GODS SAKE COME HOME AT ONCE AND HELP ME

DIXIE

Does Nita come? Does Jack die and Alvarez burn? And what does Denny think and do? And as for Dixie—does she do her stuff? And how! Watch for the next installment, soon to appear.

How I Made A Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at Home, in your spare time—Use my successful System—Free book shows how.

"IT'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

But with that "fool" idea I made more than one hundred thousand dollars net profit in less than five years.

No matter who you are, where you are, or what your sex or present occupation, if you want to do what I did—if you want to get out of the $25-a-week crowd and build up a high-class, money-making business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—send at once for my free book which opens wide the door of the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of in your whole life.

Use My Successful System

When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.

A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making $1,000—$5,000—$10,000—on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start without capital or experience—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

A well-known cartoonist's conception of my idea

Read These Records

Here are just a few brief extracts from the many letters received from happy users of my money-making real estate system:

"Made $5,500 on first deal after getting your system."—Mrs. Evalynn Balster, Chicago. (*Former School Teacher.*) "Sold a lot by your methods in less than one hour and my commission was $800."—J. A. Furguson, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (*Former Dry Cleaner.*) "Sold over $100,000 worth of property my first year with your methods."—H. D. Van Houten, Passaic, N. J. (*Former Grocery Clerk.*) "Have sold thousands of dollars worth of property your way. Have deals that will go beyond the $300,000 mark."—Carrie Marshall, Ocean Springs, Miss. (*Former Housekeeper.*) "My first day's work in real estate netted me $435. I recommend your system to anyone wishing to get into a pleasant and profitable business."—F. B. Bennett, San Diego, Cal. (*Former Planing Mill Man.*) "Have sold one $5,000 lot and 3 houses so far, with your system."—Mrs. B. H. Morehouse, Brooklyn, N. Y. (*Former Housewife.*)

These are just a few samples of success that you will read about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

Get Free Book Now

My big, new, illustrated book is filled with fascinating facts about my kind of a real estate business—what I did—what others are doing—what you can do.

Mail coupon right now and get this valuable, money-making information free. It doesn't cost you a nickel to find out what this book can do for you. So, act at once. You will never forgive yourself if you turn your back on this unusual chance to win big, business success. Address PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 66-1, 18 East 18 St., New York.

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American Business Builders, Inc.
(Authorized Capital, $500,000.00)
Dept. 66-1, 18 East 18 St., New York, N.Y.

Mail me your free book telling how you made $100,000 in a new kind of real estate business—how others are making big money—and how I can do the same.

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Please print or write plainly

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City.....State.....

The Wrecking Crew

or

What Happened to Tolstoy's Gloomy Masterpiece in the Sunlight of Hollywood

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 2 minutes 50 seconds.)

LOVE, the newest clinchfest of Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert, is an interesting example of a first-class Hollywood effort at sexiness. Love is credited as based upon Count Leo Tolstoy's superb novel, Anna Karénina. Actually, nothing remains but the names of two or three Tolstoy characters.

The novel has been scuttled and sunk by the film freebooters.

The result is just an attempt by the Metro-Goldwyn overlords to duplicate the hot scenes of Flesh and the Devil. Here the fleshly stuff seems rather tepid, but the tug at the box office of the highly personable Garbo and Gilbert is tremendous.

Possibly Love will be a hit. That is beside the point. I contend that Tolstoy wrote a lot better than the present screen adapter, Frances Marion, and that Anna Karénina, done with fidelity, would be vastly more moving and gripping than the expanse of celluloid now called Love.

Tolstoy wrote himself into Anna Karénina. He painted modern society, with its tinsel, its vanity, and its hollowness of ambition, against the calm of those who live close to the soil. Thus the glittering *Count Vronsky* and the simple *Kostia Levin* become symbols of his own dual self.

The illicit love of *Vronsky* and *Anna* was but a part of the huge tapestry of human joys and agonies. Tolstoy here pointed out that passion, gratified at the expense of honor, brought its inevitable penalty.

First of all, the studio adapters pared down Tolstoy's huge cast. Of course, this may be conceded for the sake of dramatic film effect. Even *Levin*, the other protagonist of Tolstoy's novel, goes.

In their place come two strange Hollywood composite products, a *Grand Duke* and a *Grand Duchess*, no less.

Miss Marion drops the Tolstoy panorama of human emotions into the film grinder. Out comes the good old cinema triangle: the busy, tired-with-business husband, the lonely wife aching for love, and the other man, called *Vronsky*. The wife runs away with *Vronsky*, but, realizing that she is ruining his career, kills herself.

The screen takes exception to *Anna's* illegitimate child. So the child goes. The film morals, as exemplified by Will Hays, are firm but strange, for *Vronsky* makes all sorts of unscrupulous efforts to win *Anna*.

This, however, comes under the head of hot—but permissible—stuff out where the prologues begin.

Why the screen cannot create its own stories without wrecking a fine piece of literature is inconceivable.

Here Miss Garbo is just repeating herself as the tempted wife of Flesh and the Devil. She overacts badly, too. Mr. Gilbert is a sequel to the prince of The Merry Widow, but the charm is gone.

The whole proceeding is badly directed by Edmund Goulding, who used to be a scenario writer. The tremendous moment, for instance, when *Anna* returns to see her *Serozha*, her child by her husband—is pitifully messed. The director has had utter disregard for costuming of the period, for Tolstoy wrote Anna Karénina in 1875. And geography has gone by the board. Witness the lofty mountain passes just outside St. Petersburg.

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, in Love, a film version of Tolstoy's superb novel, Anna Karénina.

A scene from the movie of Sorrell and Son, showing Mary Nolan and Nils Asther.

If you have read Tolstoy, take my warning. If you must have your Garbo and your Gilbert on a straight sex ticket, go ahead. Love is as foreign to Tolstoy as a Hollywood bathing pool is to a Russian muzhik.

Turn to another newly filmed novel, Sorrell and Son, the British father-love tale by Warwick Deeping. True, this tale of the sobby genteel provided fewer pitfalls than the Tolstoy pageant, but it has been done into celluloid by Herbert Brenon with a lot more care, sympathy, and expense.

Possibly you read this story of a returned English army captain who could not find a place for himself after the war and slipped to the bottom in his efforts to care for his little son.

Here is a tear-getter, working on all cylinders. The film version seems too long to me; I doubt the American appeal of *Stephen Sorrell* in quest of a job in a silk topper and sadly swinging a cane; and I question if there is sympathy or understanding over here for *Sorrell, Esq.*, when he becomes a hotel porter—and likes it.

There is considerable miscasting in Sorrell and Son, but you will like little Mickey McBan as the younger *Kit*. And Alice Joyce is appealing as the sympathetic housekeeper.

Sorrell and Son is rather tedious and it lays on the pathos with a heavy hand. Still, it *is* faithful to its author.

Do you know that—

Alan Hale is going to do *Moon Mullins* in the films? . . . Lon Chaney is to play a hard-boiled police sergeant in a Chinatown thriller? . . . Dolores Del Rio is to do a South American jungle belle in The Gateway to the Moon? . . . Cecil De Mille has selected George Duryea, twenty-two-year-old film beginner, for the lead in The Godless Girl opposite Lina Basquette?

Used Cars and the Cadillac Dealer

THE Cadillac-LaSalle dealer has a good name to uphold. Unless he deals fairly in selling used cars, this good name will suffer.

Cadillac dealers sell millions of dollars' worth of used cars of all makes every year.

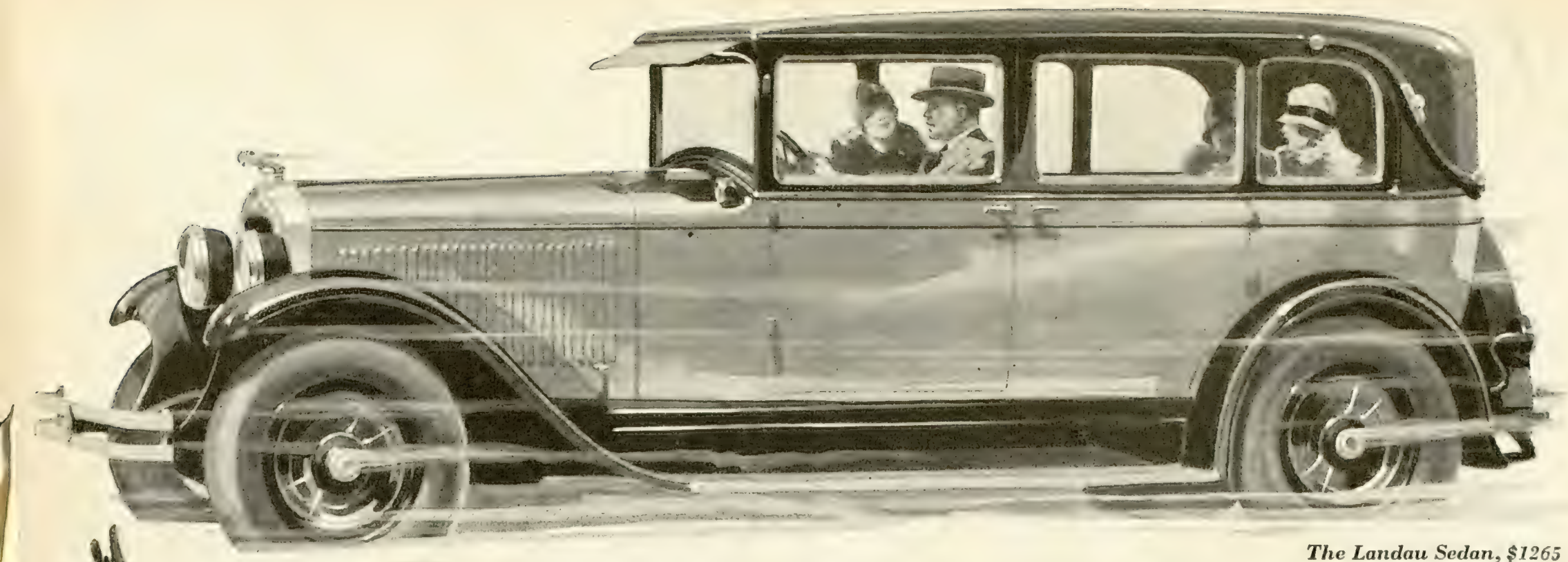
A good used car is a sound purchase and represents extreme value for every dollar invested if bought from a reliable merchant.

Used cars sold by a Cadillac-LaSalle dealer represent more than a purchase in car value—they must be so sold as to protect a good name and to build good will.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Division of General Motors Corporation
DETROIT MICHIGAN

You will find some interesting facts in the booklet "What a Good Used Car Can Give You." Requesting a copy does not obligate you in any way.

CONVENIENT TERMS ARE ALWAYS AVAILABLE



The Landau Sedan, $1265
Body by Fisher

The Spirit of our Breathless Age expressed in a Motor Car

Step on the starter—let in the clutch—and you somehow know you're in a car that's different.

* *

Different in its silence, its smoothness and its snap. Different in the change of pace that sends you darting out through traffic. Different in the atmosphere of smartness which pervades its Fisher body.

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Different, yes . . . and something more. Color, youthfulness and personality. Speed, drive and action. The spirit of our breathless age expressed in a motor car.

* * *

Expressed in All-American engineering—in a car of today for Americans of today—with everything that everybody wants!

* * *

The power, drive and stamina of a 212 cu. in. engine—the endurance of a longer, stauncher chassis, oversize in vital parts—the luxury of notable new features of design.

* * *

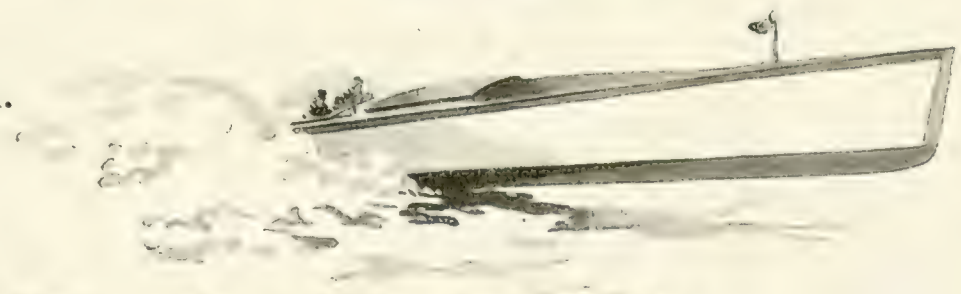
Ask an Oakland dealer to let you drive it . . . sit at the wheel yourself for an hour . . . and you'll know why all America is saying, "That's the car!"

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

PRICES

2-Door Sedan	$1045	4-Door Sedan	$1145
Landau Coupe	$1045	Cabriolet	$1155
Sport Roadster	$1075	Landau Sedan	$1265

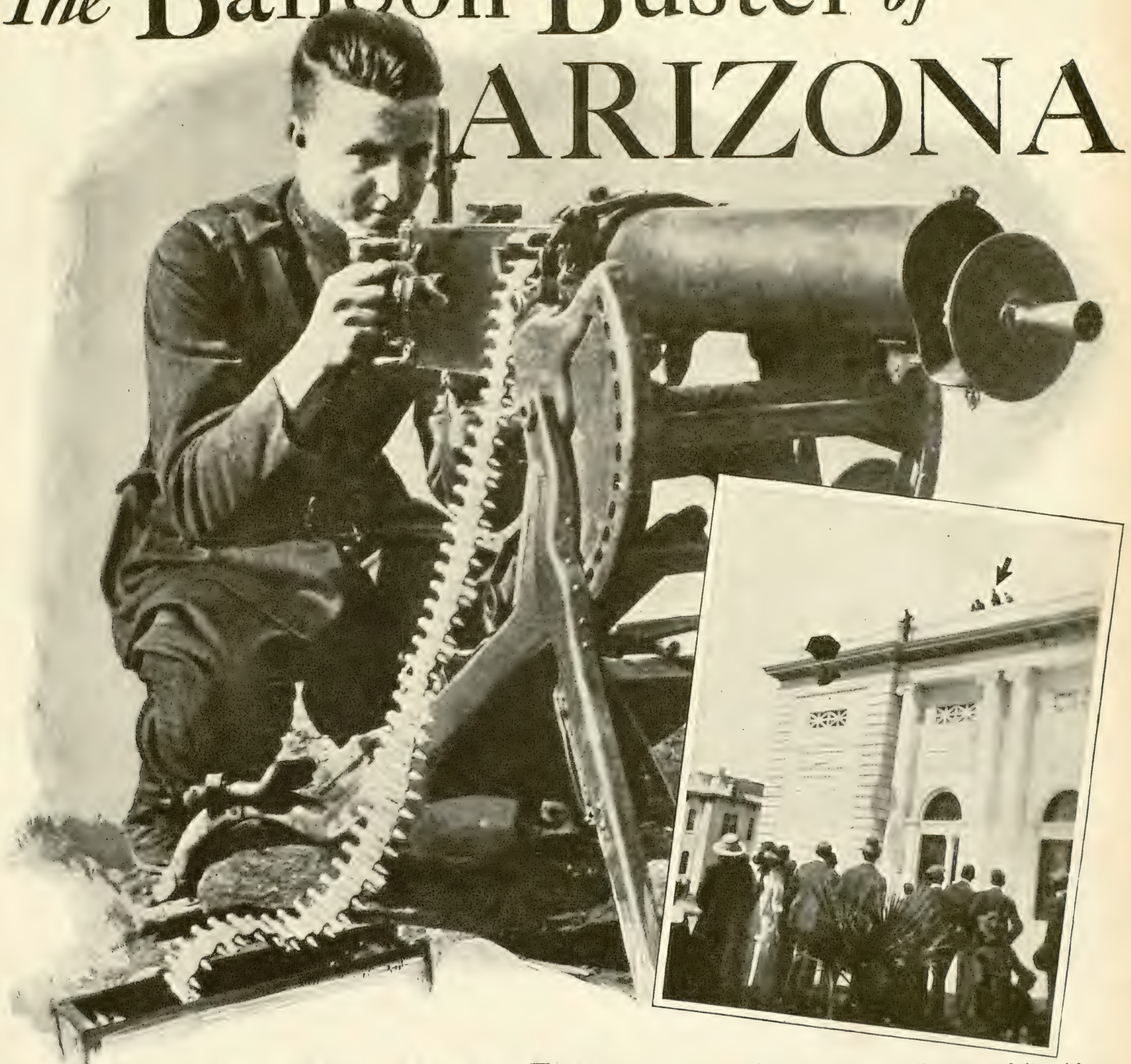
New Series Pontiac Six, 2-Door Sedan, $745. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.



OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The Balloon Buster of ARIZONA



The famous Balloon Buster, at left, with a captured German machine gun. The insert pictures his boyhood ambition to leap from the roof of the Phœnix High School with an umbrella as parachute. The authorities intervened, however, and a bundle of clothes may be seen here doubling for him. The arrow indicates the disappointed young Luke.

Frank Luke Wins Another Fight and Battling Haney Loses His Reputation

By NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 14 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Laughing, daring, seeking and finding adventure—Frank Luke, Jr., passed into young manhood and high school. Academic routine and discipline irritated him. Summer was the time to live and to enjoy living! With Bill Elder he trekked miles across the Arizona desert; hunted and camped and thrilled to life in the Arizona hills. War and flying and death in France were unthought of then. Another year, he worked side by side with hard-fisted copper miners at Ajo; fought the best man of them and beat him. This week Mr. Hall continues the amazing life story of the "brave, mad flier of Arizona," and tells how Luke knocked out a professional bruiser in one round, and maintained his fighting prestige.]

PART THREE

WHEN the adolescent male becomes concerned with the crease in his trousers, when a soft if slightly frayed collar no longer is preferable to a stiff new one, when he does not have to be reminded that his hair needs trimming, *cherchez la femme!*

This—like a changing voice, the down before the first shave, and an Adam's apple out of drawing—is a very necessary stage in attaining man's estate, and, to those who must suffer through with the victim, is quite as painful and embarrassing as any of the latter.

It requires the addition of a new nail file to the household toilet equipment, increases

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Now! an

ILLUSTRATING A FEW OF GARDNER'S

Included in the three is the world's

Three New Gardner Eights-in-line—the 75, 85 and 95—are now on display at the Chicago Automobile Show and in special salon displays at the headquarters of Gardner dealers throughout America.

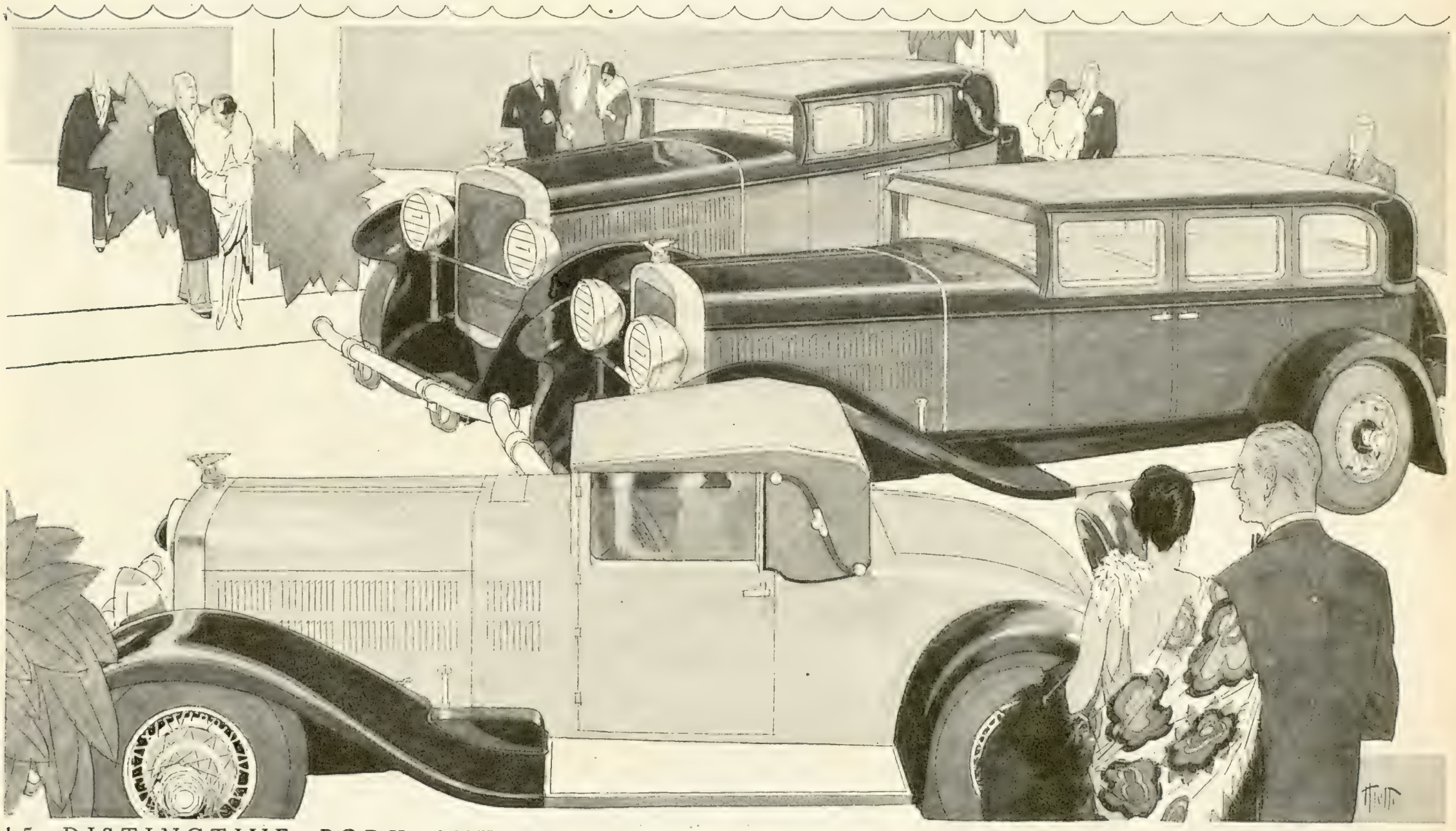
Imagine! A real man-size Eight-in-line of 122-inch wheelbase—Gardner quality from the ground up—beautifully appointed—with all the smoothness, power, speed and snap of the Eight-in-line for LESS than the price of many Sixes. ¶ This new Gardner series is the inevitable result of Gardner's pioneering of the Eight-in-line field and the constantly mounting sales of the Gardner Eight-in-line. It is the world's lowest-priced Eight—and worthy to bear the same name as the celebrated Gardner 85 and 95.

GARDNER

THAT DISTINCTIVELY

Eight for $1195!

-with closed models at $1295



15 DISTINCTIVE BODY STYLES. THREE EIGHT-IN-LINE SERIES—75, 85 AND 95

new series of Gardner Eights-in-line for 1928 lowest-priced 8-cylinder car-the New Gardner 75!

For it has the appearance, the finish, the equipment and the ability to perform that have made the Gardner Eight-in-line famous—and it includes among its many advancements such modern developments as a new-type safety chassis with double-drop frame and low center of gravity, enclosed 4-wheel brakes, vibration dampener, colorful, custom-designed bodies, Chase mohair upholstery, Butler silver-finished hardware, snubbers, bumpers, thermostatic heat control, Fedco Theft-proof Numbering System with Loss-of-Use insurance and many other proved features.

One of Three Complete Series

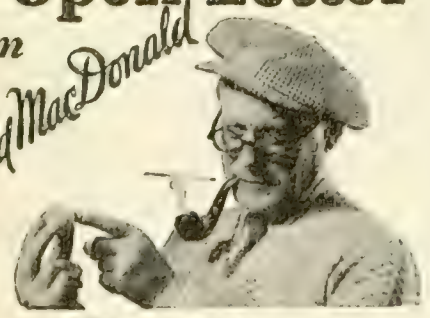
The development of the New 75 completely rounds out the Gardner line and enables Gardner to offer prospective Eight-in-line owners choice of three complete series of Eights-in-line—the New 75, 85 and 95—and fifteen custom-designed body styles at prices ranging from $1195 to $2495, f. o. b. factory.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., Inc., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Eight-in-Line

DIFFERENT MOTOR CAR

An Open Letter from Donald MacDonald for Golf Professionals Only



Brother Pro's:

In our next announcement we tell our story to the duffers as well as to those who break ninety. But this is private stuff for you.

As you know, I built golf balls in England for twenty-three years. Then I made a discovery that is going to vitally affect golf in America. The secret has been put into a new ball. This amazing ball will drive further—fly straighter—pitch deader—and putt in a straighter line than any ball I ever saw. This is not opinion. I make these statements after mechanical tests with accurate machines.

The whole secret lies in the discovery of an astonishing new kind of core material—meets all specifications—and a new method of winding. After twenty-three years we've found out how to get real resiliency into a core and still wind in such a way as to completely prevent distortion and "out of balance."

Then we found a better way of putting on covers and our chemists perfected a cover that will stand more abuse than an elephant's hide.

This is not an old ball with a new name. It is a *new* ball; a *new* principle; a *new* manufacturer; a *new* plant; and NEW RESULTS in your game.

We can't ask you to accept such unusual statements blindly, so we ask that you write on your own stationery or send the coupon for complete information. We'll promise to show you things that will astonish you. No charge for the test.

For the players and others who have read this announcement in spite of our solemn warning we have a plan. The coupon below should be filled in and mailed. Enclose a dollar bill and we'll send you three THRILLS—three of the greatest balls you ever played and collect the balance of $1.25 when your mailman delivers the balls. Try them, play them, subject them to any test you like, cut one up if you wish. Then if you're not satisfied that you've bought the BALL of all Balls, return the pieces and we'll refund your money.

But you're going to get a new THRILL—a real surprise. Mail the coupon today.

Donald MacDonald

The BON-DEE GOLF BALL CO.

Dept. 5-A
Detroit, Mich.

***Never Before Such a* Golf Ball**

The THRILL at 75c and the TRUSTY at 50c employ the same principle of construction.

Pro's and Dealers should write immediately for full details.

BON-DEE GOLF BALL CO., Dept. 5-A, Detroit, Mich.

Coupon for Players

Mr. Donald MacDonald,
BON-DEE GOLF BALL CO.,
Dept. 5-A, Detroit, Mich.

Here's my dollar. Send me three THRILLS. I'll pay my mailman the balance of $1.25 and you'll refund $2.25 if I'm not satisfied after playing the balls. (For a dozen send $9.00.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

My Club is.....*Pro's Name*.....

.....

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA] Continued from Page Twenty-nine

the consumption of face powder—heretofore regarded with mild disdain as a weakness of mere woman—and usually brings to the face of the sufferer a calf-eyed expression of moonlike simplicity for which the sane members of the family would cheerfully boot him.

He begins to be misunderstood, life is hard, and—some day—he will go away and Forget!

In the majority of cases it attains its most virulent stage about the sophomore year in high school, and Frank Luke, Jr., was no exception. Heretofore Frank had regarded all girls with tolerant superiority. He liked having sisters—a fellow could borrow a dollar occasionally—and he knew that some of the bunch had a lot of fun with the girls at school, but he—Well, he was a man's man.

What a bubble that was!

I am not in a position to record here the name of the girl who pricked it, but it is remembered that some fair Arizonian was sufficiently rash to remark that she thought Frank Luke was actually handsome and that she was "cra-a-zy" about the way he looked in football clothes.

The symptoms recounted in the foregoing paragraphs of this chapter became apparent immediately after that bit of information reached Luke's ears.

He was good looking, and the tales of his football prowess, Bill Elder's rescue, and his victorious clash with Breen did him no harm in feminine eyes.

Frank soon became as competent in a parlor scrimmage as he was on the enemy's ten-yard line with three minutes to play. He became the catch of the season and saw to it that he frequently was caught. He was an excellent dancer and, during the ensuing school vacation, used this knowledge to advantage.

WITH Floyd Craver he returned to Ajo and his work in the New Cornelia mine, but found it less profitable than he desired. On borrowed money, Luke and Craver opened a dance hall, where Frank further improved the financial situation by giving dancing lessons to ore-footed miners.

In moments of stress he doubled as his own bouncer, and not a few boisterous mine hands learned that he possessed a pair of hard fists as nimble as his feet. The Breen story had spread and it was not long before he and Craver were conducting the most orderly place of entertainment in Ajo.

Arrived, then, Battling Haney of Frisco.

The Battler's advent at Ajo was one result of a visit paid the mining town by a third-rate fight promoter, who saw in the thriving settlement a profitable field for his activities. In the privacy of his favorite back room he explained the situation to Haney somewhat in this manner:

"It's velvet, Bat. Even a mug like you can walk away with a lot of them pick-swingin' monkeys' dough. We'll go down there an' offer to match you with the local punch t'rowers an' clean up."

Haney wrinkled a match-wide forehead in what passed for thought.

"Yeah," he said dubiously. "But suppose one of them guys is good?"

The promoter sneered: "Ya can take it, can't cha?"

THE Battler nodded. Indeed, his claim to fistic fame was based solely on his ability to "take it."

There were permanent ridges along the Haney jaws raised by having the Haney head repeatedly wedged between the foot rail and the bar; but Mr. Haney was remarkable in that he always extricated the head in time to drop his antagonist with a deftly placed "sucker's shot" driven from behind.

In the ring he was more careful. He regarded any blow below the knees as foul, no matter who hit it.

Upon the arrival of Mr. Haney and his manager, Ajo went into executive session to decide upon a fitting opponent. There was a Polack who ran a hoist in B shaft who was pretty good, but a rigger had whipped him, and Breen had slapped the rigger into a pensive mood.

Frank Luke — "the toughest line plunger in Arizona."

Breen, it was recalled, had been punched out of shape by that blond kid from Phœnix; the smiling young chap who ran the dance hall. A delegation waited upon Frank.

Would he meet Battling Haney of Frisco in a six-round bout?

Frank demurred, citing his lack of ring experience; but when he was informed that the fair name of Ajo would be forever smirched if Mr. Haney returned to the Coast without having encountered an opponent, he smilingly agreed to do whatever the boys wanted. Then he promptly forgot the engagement.

The night of the fight he was patiently saying, "One, two, three, step; one, two, three, slide," to a pair of animated violin cases on the ends of a miner's legs when Floyd Craver rushed in.

"They're waiting for you, Frank," he panted. "The hall is full and Haney's ready to go into the ring."

"Be with you in a minute," Luke replied. "Just as soon as I change my dancing shoes."

With this message Craver sped to the scene of the fight, repeating it to the waiting Haney and his manager.

"Wot ta hell?" queried the latter. "Who is this guy?"

"He gives dancing lessons," a hanger-on informed him.

A slow grin spread over the manager's face, a satisfied smirk that was mirrored on Haney's battered countenance. A dancing teacher? Geez! Were these tunnel rats goofy to give Battling Haney a set-up like that? A dancing teacher! Geez!

Haney entered the ring first, a professional scowl clouding his swart features as he scanned the packed, eager audience. There was nothing new in all this to him. Strange faces about him and a new arrangement of lights, that was all.

He had gazed upon the same thing countless times before in Wyoming and Nevada cow towns, in Colorado and New Mexico mining camps, in border come-on settlements, flaunting their exaggerated vice for wide-eyed tourists. Suckers all. He liked suckers. They bet their money and he dropped their favorite. A sweet system.

Applause and spoken encouragement mildly rippling along one aisle marked Luke's progress toward the ring where Haney, his eyes screwed into a calculating squint, waited. The Frisco boxer had had Ajo's defender pointed out to him, but this was his first close glimpse.

HE regarded the white skin, the carefully combed blond hair, the good-natured grin—then angled five words out of the corner of his mouth to his manager:

"Watch me take this baby!"

Luke gave serious attention while the referee instructed them, but he was smiling again when the gong sounded and he stepped out quickly to meet Haney.

It was fast enough—on one side—for even a mining-camp fight audience. Scarcely had the gloves touched when Luke was drenched with a rain of punches. The driven leather smacked on his eyes, his cheeks, his mouth, and painted red blotches on his white body.

The crowd roared its mingled glee and blood lust in a raucous, pride-humbling guffaw: a guffaw that cost Haney his easy Ajo money.

For a fleeting instant Luke saw himself as the crowd saw him—inept, inferior, easily bested by a third-rate gin-mill pugilist. Frank Luke, who ever prided himself on being as good or better than the other fellow at anything he elected to do, going down to inglorious defeat in the first round while the crowd laughed!

And on a day not long gone by he had thrashed the best one of them—Breen!

Why, they pointed him out on the street! Spoke of him as "That kid Luke, a bad boy to stir up," and were proud of him! He had a place here, had earned it, and this mauler

from the Coast was making him a laughingstock, a clown, in the eyes of men who, a few minutes before, had respected him! What had he to be proud of now?

This!

This one straight driving right to Haney's chin that, for the space of a heartbeat, stood clearly etched through the blur of gloves!

The blow went home and the smashing impact of it stilled the crowd. Haney swayed, a gray film grew over his eyes, and he sprawled to the canvas.

Not until the referee's arm had fallen in the final count and he was reaching for Luke's right hand to hold it aloft was the silence broken.

The first sound, a wail, came from Haney's corner in the voice of a man who realizes that the impossible has overtaken him:

"Godelmighty! The Battler's *out!*"

Followed a rafter-shaking roar of approval that heated Luke's cheeks. His pride was well bolstered now!

NOT long after Luke's one-round victory, Floyd Craver was killed in a truck accident, a tragedy that had a sobering effect on Frank. Loyalty to friends was one of Luke's strong characteristics and he had been particularly fond of Floyd. The latter's end marked the first time death had interfered with his plans, and this dulled the edge of things for many months.

Later he was to experience again that sense of loss, poignantly, bitterly, when Lieutenant Joe Wehner—at the time almost his only intimate in the squadron—did not return from a dog fight. There was another, Lieutenant Roberts. But much remains to be told before I write of them.

In the fall Luke closed the Ajo dance hall to return to his studies in the Phœnix High School and his place in the back field of the football team. To him the gridiron was, by far, the most important feature of the curriculum. He trained for it, too.

Frank's sister Tilla once commented on the fact that, unlike most of his classmates, he did not smoke.

"I'll tell you, Tilla," he explained. "I like to do things, and to do things you gotta be in good shape. Smoking might spoil my wind or something, so I don't smoke."

A touch of the Spartan there. Frank Luke wanted the pinnacles, but he was willing to climb for them and he didn't grouse if the going was rough.

He was all for the team, too; willing to work for the privilege of playing, and whenever there was any advertising to be done Luke took a leading part.

His favorite stunt was to masquerade as a girl, which he did with remarkable ability, and, accompanied by several teammates, to clown about the streets of Phœnix, thereby starting an informal parade that ended at the playing field.

Tiring of this method of exploitation, Frank turned to bigger and better things. To Bill Elder, Pidge Pinney, Perry Casey, and a few other cronies he confided his scheme. A parachute jump! At noon, after his aides had engaged in the proper ballyhoo, Frank would jump from the top of the new high school building with a large wagon umbrella for a parachute.

There were mild protests, but Frank waved them aside. Were the protestants going to heel on him, or would they be regular eggs and promote the proposition? All voted the regular-egg ticket.

The first farmer encountered who wore his wagon umbrella unbolted to the wagon body contributed the parachute and Luke's aides spread the news:

"Be at the high school at noon tomorrow!"

THE resultant crowd was all that even the promoter of the stunt could have asked. But he forgot to consider school officials and certain other sane citizens who had reason to believe that such a leap might do more than advertise a coming football contest.

Accompanied by admiring friends, Frank ascended to the roof of the high school building, and was making ready for his spectacular jump when a self-appointed vigilance committee arrived and almost forcibly terminated the exhibition.

As a compromise, the wagon umbrella was permitted to float ungainly to earth, carrying with it a burden of old clothes. But, until the day Frank Luke actually took the air as a war bird, he declared that he had been cheated of a new and thrilling experience.

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

One driving right to Haney's chin, for the space of a heartbeat, stood clearly etched through the blur of gloves!

Frank's next public appearance was at the Junior-Senior class pennant rush, during which he collected a nickname, innumerable bruises, and the whole-souled wrath of every peace officer in Phœnix.

The pennant rush—still a feature of Phœnix high-school life—is a good, old-fashioned head-socking, eye-gouging contest which has for its object the hoisting of a class pennant to the top of the school flagpole. It's fun. So is an Irish riot!

It was a Roman holiday for Luke. In the early stages of the brawl he was clawed so free of clothing as to be thereafter spoken of as "B. V. D." Luke. The bruises came as the clothing went. The wrath of the peace officers did not materialize until the gloaming.

That year the Seniors won. That is, they succeeded in hoisting their pennant to the flagpole's top.

LATE that day, armed with a Colt .45 and aided by the dusk, Frank crept to the foot of the pole, took careful aim, and shattered the brass ball atop the slender shaft, as well as the twilight peace of Phœnix, with six rapid shots.

Six-shooters that hadn't been drawn in months flashed from holsters, as police, deputy sheriffs, and marshals converged toward the scene of the shooting, each running peace upholder dreading to be the first to stumble over the bodies.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pointers on Patents

He *lost* .. *his head over* "Patents"

KING Charles I of England became separated from his head principally because of his attempts to grant too many "monopolies"—the early forerunners of Patents. In those days it was the king's privilege to sell these monopolies, or exclusive rights to various trades . . . the making of glass and coke, for example. Prices to the public had to be high to cover the fees the king demanded, so in 1623 the English Parliament abolished the king's right to grant them.

Then came the Patent system. In 1876 the Hon. Elisha Foote declared: "Since the operation of the Patent Laws there has been more advance in the practical arts of life than was made in all the preceding ages of the world taken together." Of the more than 1,600,000 U. S. Patents granted to date, more than half have been issued during the past twenty-five years. In 1926 alone over 45,000 new Patents were issued.

Why a Patent Attorney's Services are Needed

As the Patent system has developed, and as innumerable court decisions have variously interpreted Patent Law, it has become increasingly impracticable for the average inventor or manufacturer—and the average lawyer as well—to fully comply with and benefit by the rulings of the Patent Office. The specializing Patent Attorney, versed in these many points of practice, is recognized as an economic—and economical—necessity.

Those interested in Patents, Trademarks or Copyrights are cordially welcome to the booklet "Patent and Trademark Protection"; it tells each step of procedure required by the Patent Office and answers your questions — and also to my Record of Invention form. My several thousand clients, in every State in the Union, have found them helpfully worth having. Mail the coupon TODAY; they will be sent to you immediately.

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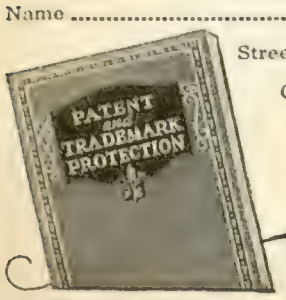


[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA]
Continued from Page Thirty-three

The shooter was gone. The pennant wasn't. Muttering words all policemen seem to know, the officers returned to the places from whence the fusillade had drawn them and arranged their corns in comfortable positions. But not for long.

What Frank Luke couldn't accomplish with a .45 he could with a beloved twenty-gauge shotgun he possessed. His quitting the flagpole was in no way occasioned by reluctance to meet the law. It was because he recognized in the shotgun a superior weapon and had sprinted home to obtain it.

Two reports—in the evening quiet they sounded like a battery of seventy-fives getting under way—again filled the streets with the pound of heavy feet. Surely, thought the charging badge wearers, there must be a Mexican rebel army around that flagpole this time!

THERE wasn't. Just a blond Junior critically examining the remnants of a Senior pennant lying at his feet.

What did they do? Well, what would you have done?

When Frank became a Senior it occurred to him that the lives of freshmen were much too placid for such hapless creatures, and he took immediate steps to remedy the situation.

"Bring me," he instructed his cohorts, "some freshmen."

Several first-year men, bleating mildly and struggling mightily, were led before the Master Mind, temporarily ensconced behind a signboard at a prominent street corner.

After a preparatory cuff or two, the hair of the sacrifices was clipped and their heads shaved. Following brief instruction in the deference due a Senior, the freshmen were released.

A harmless prank, were it not for the fact that several of the boys whose heads had been shaved were, in the idiom of Mr. Ade, Prominent People.

From their parents came a protest loud and sustained, which resulted in the expulsion from school of Luke, Bill Elder, Perry Casey, and one or two others involved in the hazing.

But Luke also was Prominent People.

Even then Phœnix was proud of him. He regarded life with a friendly grin that usually evoked a similar response; but when it scowled in return, he reached out and hit on the button—hard!

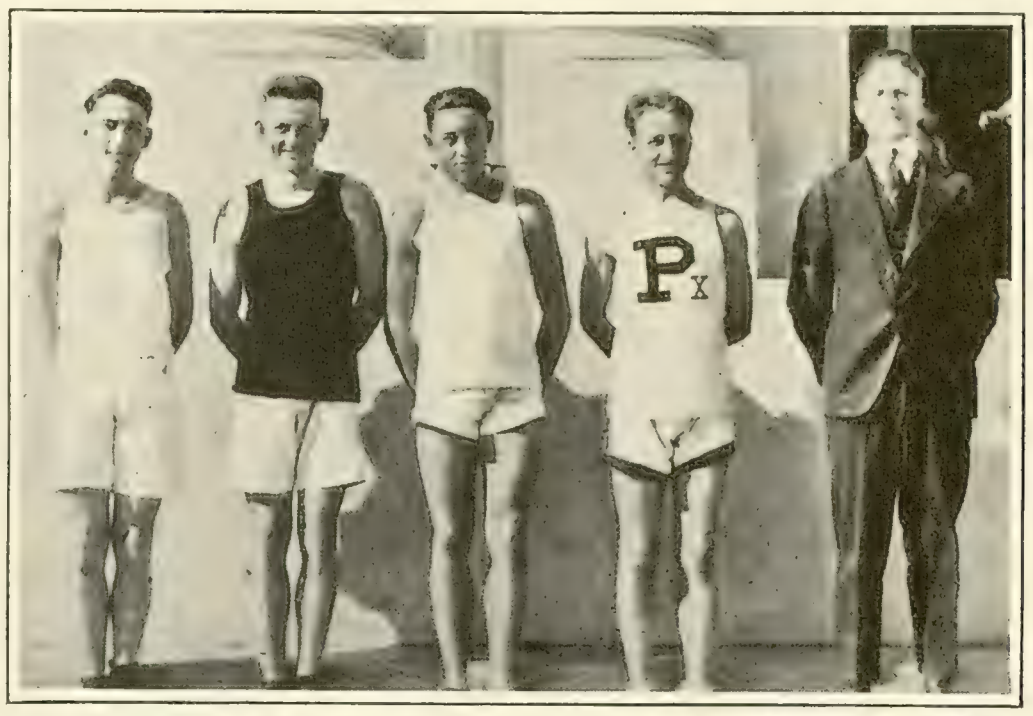
In him resided aggressive courage and good-natured contempt for authority.

Dobe might crumble to make way for modern office buildings, flivvers might park at curbs where paint horses once dozed at hitching racks, but so long as there were Frank Lukes the old Southwest still lived.

Arizonians smile encouragingly on such men.

Overnight Frank's escapade—no one even thought of attributing the leadership to any other member of the group—was the principal topic of conversation.

Almost without exception the action of the school authorities was condemned in terms sometimes indelicate and always emphatic. Frank Luke a menace to discipline and respect for authority? Nonsense! A malicious mischief-maker? Tosh and twaddle! Just a grinning young hellion. An easy-going buckaroo of whom great things would come one day.



THE Balloon Buster (in civilian clothes) and the championship relay team of the Phœnix High School of which he was captain in 1917. Other members of the team, left to right, are Grebe, Irvine, McKee, and Cummings.

That day then was speeding to its wrath-red dawning.

A day when all America turned to its easy-going buckaroos, its grinning young hellions, and asked their all.

They gave it—dear, just God, *how* they gave in a thousand stinking, corpse-strewn dugouts; in forgotten towns; in lousy, blood-wet trenches foul with the very odor of death; in wood and wheat field, farm and fen.

Hellions? Look up at the roof over your head and give thanks because they *were* hellions! And one of the best, Frank Luke, a grinning hellion until that last, mad, flame-swept moment beside his battered plane!

SO strong was public sentiment in favor of Frank and his friends that Dean Scarlett of the Trinity Episcopal Cathedral in Phœnix and Dwight B. Heard, publisher of the *Arizona Republican* and one of the State's wealthiest men, personally waited upon the school authorities and had the expulsion order withdrawn.

Luke expressed his gratitude as only he could.

In the next football game, against Flagstaff, he sustained a broken collar bone in the first period, refused to leave the field, and, with one throbbing arm dangling uselessly, slammed his way through a tough defense for a touchdown.

If you could only have a Frank Luke with you when a jam started!

For a game or two Luke played brilliant football. Pidge Pinney was in at quarter and Perry Casey was playing end. Being cronies, they delighted in making plays together, and, when all else failed, Pidge would whip the ball to Frank for a muscle-tearing line plunge and gains.

It didn't last long, however. Frank broke training and was temporarily suspended from the team.

This gave him more leisure than he was accustomed to—a situation that could have resulted in almost anything. It did bring about another clash with the authorities.

FRANK suddenly became aware of the great number of red lanterns nightly displayed about building operations, deciding forthwith that a collection of these warning beacons would be interesting.

With two companions, he set out to assemble the lanterns in one spot, and so enthusiastically had he discussed the project that the three vied with each other for the record bag of lights.

Soon after the hunt began the sheriff's office temporarily abandoned all other activity in Phœnix and turned to the apprehension of the lantern thieves. The law triumphed and the lantern collectors were provided with a cell each in the Phœnix lockup.

Believing that an hour or two of confinement was sufficient punishment to discourage any future sorties of like nature, the sheriff released them.

Frank's companions faded quickly from the scene, but Frank was detained in the sheriff's office by his older brother Edwin, then serving as a deputy.

Ed was a little fed up with Frank's escapades and spoke forcefully.

"Dad will skin you," he said, "and mother will worry her head off if you keep this up."

There was more, much more, in similar vein until Ed, believing Frank entirely chastened, paused to let him speak.

"Aw, listen, Ed," said Frank plaintively. "What're you hollering about? Why, you ought to be proud of me. Didn't I get the most lanterns?"

How the war came to Arizona and Frank Luke, Jr., went to war; the story of his first wild solo flight and how he trained for battle by licking six knife-wielding Mexicans—these are some of the thrilling incidents in next week's installment of this great story.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

TURKEY'S GREAT MISTAKE, or the dreadful results of President-Director Mustapha Kemal Pasha's modernization of the mysterious East. Our travelogue represents a Turkish lady before and after obeying Kemal's order to unveil.

SENATOR NOKE leaving Capitol after introducing his bill making it illegal for Public Servants to start running for re-election until ten days after taking office.

COUNCIL BLUFFS MAN'S BRILLIANT INVENTION which solves once for all the grave problem of parking, the great evil of metropolitan traffic. Arrived at the office, the bothersome motor car is completely effaced with a few deft dabs of Henderson's Little Giant Vanishing Cream.

COURTROOM PHOTO of plagiarism expert and client who are suing Hendrik Willem Van Loon for having stolen the story of Washington at Valley Forge from client's History of America.

ELEPHANTIS

A Tale of Short Love, Long Memory, and Revenge on Wings

By
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 14 minutes 6 seconds.)

JOE GISH and I decided that it was high time we went to the circus again and indulged ourselves in three rings and peanuts. So we betook ourselves one evening to the big canvas-covered lot. We were in the animal tent, feeding the elephants with all the enthusiasm of small boys and drug-store gin, when one large bull that Joe was feeding gave a snort and blew forth a goober from his trunk.

Elliott White Springs

"Better watch out," I cautioned Joe. "Don't ever give an elephant a bad peanut. They never forget it."

"Well, an elephant's got nothing on me," Joe boasted as he backed away carefully.

"What do you mean, an elephant's got nothing on you?" I demanded. "I know you're thick-skinned all right."

We passed on into the main tent.

"I'll back my money against an elephant's any time," Joe told me. "And when it comes to waiting for my time to get even—for a rotten peanut—well, I'm some pachyderm myself."

"How's that?"

"Well, I'll tell you—" he began. I knew I was in for a long-winded story, so settled back and made myself comfortable. Joe was wound up and unfolded me this tale:

One large bull that Joe was feeding gave a snort and blew forth a goober from his trunk.

THIS war you've heard so much about got started in April of 1917 by act of Congress with the approval of bondholders. I was young and foolish in those days and you couldn't have kept me from fighting with a mandamus. I wanted to fight so bad that I rushed out without waiting for my diploma and joined the aviation corps for fear the infantry wouldn't get over in time to do any fighting.

The government condescended to accept my application and told me to blow into the little tank and read the bottom line and cough. Then they told me to raise my right hand and swear that I was a private, first class, for three months, and then I would be either equipped with silver handles or commissioned as a first lieutenant.

Being young and innocent, I was much pleased with this high honor, and sat down and wrote paterfamilias that I was now in the army, and could die for my country, and was entitled to a full military funeral and a standard-size lot at Arlington. There wasn't much glory in being killed accidentally as a civilian. I impressed upon him that I was a private temporarily, so he might just as well continue my allowance, but in the fullness of time either I would get a silver bar or he could wear a gold star.

The old man didn't share my enthusiasm, as high buildings always made him dizzy and the mountains made his nose bleed, but he was reconciled to making the best of it and resolved to do his bit by giving his son for the Democrats.

He was a friend of Daniels and I knew how to row and he remembered how cute I used to look in sailor suits as a kid, so he thought I ought to go in the navy and do my fighting out in Omaha. But after I enlisted he sent me a wrist watch and a pocket compass and passed the tidings on to the editor of the *Weekly Astonisher* for him to give the family a boost.

It didn't look very good to say that I was a private when the situation was temporary, so the editor used his imagination and informed his startled readers that I was now a real lieutenant, and then he gave a lengthy summary of my career at high school and college, told at full length of the old man's business and political achievements, and gave a list of all the firms whose directors' meetings he attended, and called attention to the fact that he was chairman of the board of public works, had once shaken hands with Grover Cleveland, and was a professional contributor to charity.

Then he rounded out the story by tracing my love for slaughter back to my grandfather and his five brothers, who bled from Fort Sumter to Appomattox; and my great-great-grandfathers, who had all been shot or hanged by the British. The editor prophesied that the Germans would yet regret that their atrocities had caused my fighting blood to boil.

The old man wisely omitted to send this number of the paper to me and I remained in ignorance of my national prominence. Time passed, and I was sent to a ground school and heard so many bum lectures on the theory of flight that I got the idea that the Wright brothers were wrong. I agreed with the General Staff that aerial navigation was impossible. And I could demonstrate on paper why a rotary motor couldn't revolve. I got so much of that theoretical suicide that every time I'd hear an airplane engine, I'd run and hide.

Finally I was sent to a field to learn to fly.

One afternoon, when I came skidding back to the field from a voyage to New York, everybody came up and congratulated me and asked about my grandfather's health and saluted me and generally made asses of themselves.

I knew I had a hang-over, but I didn't know it was as bad as that. That was in the days of stingers and suissesses, though, and you couldn't be sure. I tried a cup of coffee, but it didn't make things look any better. Then I went into the office and saw the cause of all the commotion. Tacked up on the bulletin board was the aforementioned article.

I tore it down and grabbed a pipe wrench and dared the dirty coward that stuck it up there to step forward like a man and get his harp. Nobody obliged me, so I had to stack arms and wait my time. After that, I was always called by a high title, and everyone inquired solicitously after my ancestors every morning.

It was some time before I found out who was the villain in the piece. It was my roommate, an Irishman named Raft, who had a funny face and an inflamed sense of humor. By that time I had abandoned my earlier cravings for assault and battery with intent to delete, but I didn't forget that Georgia potato no more than an elephant would.

I had two things in those days that were dear to my heart—a car and a girl. My car was fast, had a custom-built body, and was bright red. There was only one thing wrong with the design: the cooling system was insufficient, and it was hot all the time. I took good care of it and never let anybody handle it.

There were plenty of girls around the flying field, but my Irish roommate thought that mine suited him best. I noticed that he was hanging around unnecessarily and I took great pains to see that it didn't do him any good.

My girl used to come out to the field nearly every afternoon and sit in the car and watch the flying. We used to crack up a couple of planes every afternoon, and it was good sport to watch. Raft used to keep his eye on us, but the only time he could get within range was when it was my turn to fly. Then he'd entertain her till I got down.

ONE afternoon I was up flying around ten or fifteen miles from the field and my engine conked. I lit in a meadow with most of the motor in my lap, but, outside of a few minor fractures, I was no worse off than I was before.

When I got back to the field my girl was gone. So was my car.

I inquired around and found out that after I had been gone two hours, my girl began to get worried and Raft decided it was up to him to comfort her. Somebody said he had suggested that they hunt for me, and they had driven off—little red car, little redhead, and everything.

After a couple of hours it was my time to worry. There wasn't much I could do but worry.

About 10 o'clock the police telephoned to say if I could come over to the station I could have my car. I went over and looked at the wreck and put a wreath on it and notified the insurance company. The police told me the two occupants were in a hospital.

I went over to the hospital to see if there was enough left of Raft to take a licking. To my great disappointment, I found that he only had a broken shoulder blade and a hang-over.

But my girl! She sobbed on my shoulder through a couple of inches of bandages until I proclaimed her a Delilah, and left.

It developed that Raft's idea of the proper place to look for a missing aviator was at a roadhouse at Long Beach. I was pretty sore at the time, but now that the years have gone by, I can't say that I blame her for entering into the spirit of the thing. But she should have known that no Irishman can mix stingers and red-headed women.

About three weeks later I got a letter from the girl, asking for forgiveness and begging me to come to see her again.

I debated with myself a long time and decided that it was liable to be a long war and I'd better not overlook any of the spoils. I knew that girl would never have bothered with me if it hadn't been for my uniform, and I'd wasted a lot of gasoline on her, and—oh, well, you know how it is. We all make mistakes.

So I put on my new uniform and went to see her.

Hallelujah and a highball, didn't I get a shock when I pushed her face off my chest and got a look at it! Her nose was now camel-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY]

THE POLICY of PROGRESS

A STATEMENT BY GENERAL MOTORS

IN the past thirty days General Motors has introduced three new automobiles—the new Pontiac, the new Oldsmobile, the new Chevrolet. In the past twelve months the new Buick has appeared, as well as the new Oakland and the new Cadillac; while the LaSalle, a wholly new creation, has taken its place in the General Motors line.

Such a year's record, accomplished with no interruption in production, furnishes a fitting occasion for re-affirming General Motors' fundamental policy—*leadership in quality through continuous improvement.*

In working out this policy, which involves passing on to the public the benefits of advanced engineering as soon as perfected, General Motors has

expanded its activities until it has become an important factor in the prosperity of the entire nation.

In the north and south it logs and mills its lumber. In the east it makes its ball bearings and radiators. In the middle west it produces its plate glass. All over the country its plants are busy, for manufacturing operations are carried on in 33 cities.

From almost 5,000 suppliers, each one a specialist, its materials are obtained—steel by hundreds of thousands of tons—wire by tens of thousands of miles—upholstery by the acre—nuts, bolts and washers by the millions. The sale and service of its products take place through 33,000 dealers. More than 275,000 families look directly to General Motors for their livelihood—almost a million and a half men, women and children, in every walk of life, in every community in the land.

Meaning so much to so many people, General Motors has felt a supreme obligation to look ahead with an open mind.

Are there methods by which General Motors cars can be better built to better serve?

Are there new ideas which can increase the utility and pleasure and safety of motoring?

Are there new materials which can add to owner satisfaction?

Such are the questions that all General Motors engineers have always asked. The answers have made it possible, year after year, to offer an increasing measure of beauty in design, modern performance, riding comfort and distinct style. Thus in every price class, from Cadillac to Chevrolet, purchasers of automobiles are constantly benefiting from the General Motors policy of progress.

GENERAL MOTORS

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CHEVROLET ✓ PONTIAC ✓ OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND ✓ BUICK ✓ LaSALLE
CADILLAC ✓ *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS and COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator
DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plant

[ELEPHANTIS
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

backed. I took one look at it and started laughing. I couldn't help it—she had the funniest face I'd seen since Fritz Goodrich fought Ratner.

I tried to stop, but every time I'd peep through my fingers at it I'd get hysterics again. And the madder she got the funnier she looked. She tried to turn up her new nose at me and I exploded. She broke two Ming jardinières over my head and I left.

Next morning I applied for service overseas, and in two weeks I went over to England. Death had done stung me.

I was up at Stamford in Lincolnshire around Christmastime, worrying myself sick because there wasn't any Santa Claus. I'd finished my primary flying and was waiting for my commission. The American headquarters told me to try and get it, and the British gave me a Sam Browne and a pair of wings and told me to forget it. Our economical government decided that it was cheaper to keep me as a private at thirty-five dollars a month rather than commission me and overpay me by $200.

We were having an open season for instructors up at Stamford. Our two best ones collided in a fog at 2,000 feet, and a careless pupil landed on top of another one. The rest of them were afraid they'd get that dread disease, the woofits, that comes from overeating and underdrinking, and a couple of football matches increased the total casualties.

ONE day the Major got tired of seeing my face in the mirror across the bar, so he decided that he'd make me an instructor and save some of his good lads for the Huns to shoot at.

That was perfectly agreeable to me until I found out that I couldn't draw any flying pay and was entitled by rank to all the crippled planes. So I became a ferry pilot and took up traveling. But I did a little instructing first.

We had D. H. 6s up at Stamford, commonly known as the "clutching hand." I can't describe a Six, so I won't even try. If you'd tie a box kite on to a peanut stand, you'd have about the same thing, but not so noisy. I used to take a magazine up with me to read while my pupils skidded about the sky. The Sixes wouldn't stall and they wouldn't spin and they had a high speed around fifty-five. After my pupils saw that I wasn't going to help them, they'd brace up like a first soloist and teach themselves to fly.

A new bunch of Americans arrived about that time and two of them were assigned to me as pupils. And one of them was my old roommate, Raft.

His memory wasn't as good as mine or he'd have made other arrangements. He came up and shook hands with me like an old friend, and seemed to think he was right fortunate to have me for an instructor. The shoulder had kept him off flying ever since he wrecked my car and my girl, and he was back in the beginner class. He knew just enough to know what to be scared of.

I led him out on the field and showed him a Six gradually so that the shock wouldn't injure him, and outlined all the points of interest. But there was one thing which I failed to explain to him. There was a clutch between the two sets of controls so the instructor could disconnect his pupil in the front seat at any time, in case he froze to the controls or fainted.

I put Raft in the front seat and took off. He could fly pretty well, so I let him have the controls, and he flew it up to about 2,500 feet. Then, without disturbing his concentration, I slipped the clutch and disconnected him. He didn't notice anything at first as I followed his stick with mine.

I proclaimed her a Delilah, and left.

Then I gradually put him into a tight spiral, which was as near a spin as a Six would get. He tried to aileron it out, but nothing happened. Then he shook his controls and saw they were loose. He looked at the ailerons and then glanced back at me with a sickly grin on his face like the kind you wear to welcome a call from the undertaker. I held my controls with my knees and held up both hands.

"My God," he shouted back to me; "the controls have busted! What'll we do?"

"Die like men!" I shouted back. I cut the motor off and that Six twisted like a cork floating down Niagara. It was the tightest spiral I ever saw a Six do, and I put in some little fancy steps with the rudder. Then I stalled and did a falling leaf for a few minutes to give Raft his money's worth, and slipped back into the spiral after a couple of tail slides. And that was something a Six could do!

Raft got both feet up against the dash and wrapped his arms around the struts. He was going to sell his life dearly! We were right over the airdrome, and we came down all the way with Raft gritting his teeth like a nutmeg grater. Just before we were due to dig into terra inferno, I pulled it out of the spiral and landed.

Raft was overjoyed, and as soon as he got his breath and recovered his pulse, he demanded to know how I had managed it. I told him modestly that I had done it with the rudder and the motor. He congratulated me warmly and shook my hand heartily and almost kissed me.

THAT was enough aviating for him for that day and he hurried back to town, convinced that he was the hero of a marvelous escape. He told the boys all about it and began applying the oil can liberally. He told the barmaid at the Crown the full story with footnotes and glossary, and then went over to the Royal George to pass the good word along.

He took in Cade's and Barton's, and by that time he was well lubricated and had made a good story of it. When he finally polished off the rough edges of the narrative, it was he who had discovered and perfected the rudder trick and had saved both our lives after I had crawled out and worked the flippers by hand.

He was having a real good time until he ran into two regular instructors. They made him tell the story over a couple of times. They finally saw the point and got to laughing. Raft told them that they shouldn't laugh at death; it was sacrilegious. Then they told him about the clutch and tried to put a lily in his hand, but it was all cluttered up with glasses.

So after that when he'd call me Colonel, I'd call him Elijah and inquire how the ravens were.

Now, you know an elephant couldn't have done any better!

I LAUGHED. "So that's why you're not envious of an elephant, eh? Whatever happened to your redhead? Did you ever hear from her again?"

He smiled. "Did you ever see this funny girl in the movies who does a Ben Turpin all the time?" he asked me. "The girl with the funny nose? That's her! Funny as she can be, they say. But I can't laugh at her. I still remember how she looked when she matched that little red car of mine."

THE END

The Traffic TANGLE

P. & A. photo

WACKER DRIVE, the new double-decked thoroughfare in Chicago. It afforded relief for one of the most hopelessly congested districts in the United States.

Big Cities' Biggest Problem and What About It

An Article by

WILLIAM F. STURM

(Reading time: 12 minutes 43 seconds.)

PART ONE

THE saturation point in the matter of traffic congestion has just about been reached in the larger cities of the United States, particularly in their downtown or congested business sections, and the smaller cities are heading directly toward the same condition.

For years the public and the motor-car manufacturer have been worrying over the saturation point in the manufacture and sale of automobiles, when, as a matter of actual fact, this type of saturation is so far off that it can't be seen with a sixty-inch telescope.

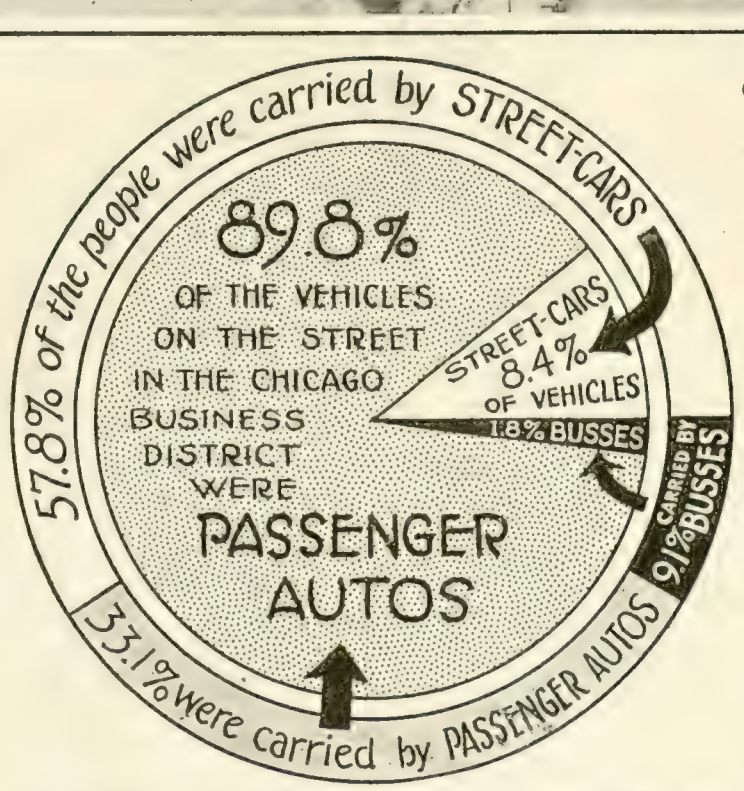


CHART showing comparison between the number of street cars, busses, and passenger automobiles in Chicago and their relative carrying capacity.

There are more than twenty-two million automotive vehicles in the United States, according to statistics compiled by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Yet there is no saturation in the manufacture and sale. There might be if each family in America were limited to one car. But one car to the family has become old-fashioned and two are becoming the accepted thing. No doubt, when two become common, three will not seem out of place.

But the very factor that prevents saturation in manufacture and sale makes for saturation in traffic. And while there is no particular desire to pick on the automobile, the world knows that it is the greatest factor in traffic congestion.

Such problems generally are considered the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To his relief he learned that Gastrogen Tablets correct indigestion without raising of gas

"For years I have been bothered occasionally by acid stomach and indigestion," writes Mr. Robert Andrews of 128 West 72nd St., New York, *"but until I tried Gastrogen Tablets I had found no effective way to get relief without the hiccups and raising of gas that seem to follow the use of preparations containing soda. Now I no longer suffer any such annoyances. Gastrogen Tablets are just what I was looking for and I not only use them myself, but recommend them to my friends who have any trouble with indigestion."*

Everyone who has taken remedies for indigestion containing soda bicarbonate knows all too well that nine times out of ten gas and hiccups follow.

The trouble is that soda leaves an alkaline residue in the stomach, which interferes with normal digestion, bringing on the gas and hiccups that make one so conspicuously miserable.

Gastrogen Tablets contain no soda. They are compounded of alkalines that cannot act except in the presence of acid. So, after neutralizing the acidity of the stomach, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes from the system harmlessly and unchanged. You get quick relief—you get effective relief (for Gastrogen does not retard normal digestion)—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation, the medical term for the social error of belching.

Gastrogen Tablets work so quickly that they drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in from 10 to 15 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today—try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort—you'll be delighted with their spicy, aromatic taste and surprised at the quick and comfortable relief they bring.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 Tablets for 20c and in cabinet-size bottles of 60 Tablets for 60c.

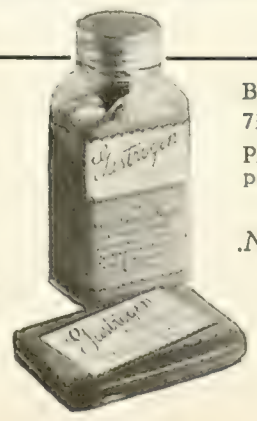
Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists:

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$$HCl+\tfrac{1}{2}CaCO_3=\tfrac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\tfrac{1}{2}CO_2+\tfrac{1}{2}H_2O$$



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-18
73 West Street, New York City

Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

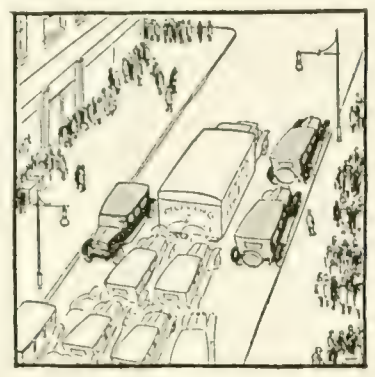
© 1928

[THE TRAFFIC TANGLE Continued from Page Forty-one]

worry of the police department, and they don't bother the average citizen until they make themselves felt particularly. And there is the catch. For the problem has presented itself vividly, not alone to police departments, which have been wrestling with it for a long time, but to other traffic experts and the common or garden variety of citizen.

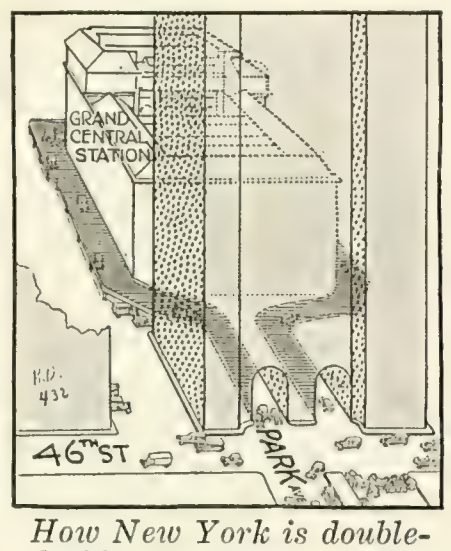
Using one's own car has become more or less of a bore. Traffic moves at such a snail's pace that one can walk faster. No matter what sort of vehicle we use to get home in the evening, we curse more or less softly at all sorts of delays to our progress. The downtown merchant complains about parking restrictions, saying they hurt his business.

All of us fume when we can't find a place to park a car, even for a limited time. We spend gallons of gas driving round and round, hoping that the next trip will reveal an opening. When we do finally find a place, it takes a shoehorn to get the car into it, and three hells and a damn when we wish to leave.



What curb parking does, especially when large trucks are permitted on main thoroughfares.

DOCTORS and other professional men who must keep their cars near at hand say that parking has become such a problem that it interferes with their business. The truck driver complains because he cannot get within a block of the curb where he wishes to make delivery. Then he double parks and makes matters worse.



How New York is double-decking around Grand Central Terminal, one of that city's worst congested districts.

The police complain because of the lack of observance of parking regulations and of the traffic tangles induced by a seeming desire of everyone in the city to come downtown at the same time in the morning and to go home at the same time in the evening.

If the average man were asked the reason for traffic congestion he probably would reply forcefully, if inelegantly:

"Too damned many automobiles!"

While the automobile must shoulder the greatest responsibility for traffic congestion, it by no means must shoulder all. The reasons for traffic congestion are numerous. Fundamentally the congestion is due to a greater demand for street space for vehicles than existing street areas can supply.

This discrepancy between the demand and the supply is attributable to several perfectly natural causes. Some of them are:

1. The natural increase in population;
2. Streets laid out in the days of horse-drawn vehicles, when traffic saturation appeared as far away as Saturn;
3. The increasingly larger number of vehicles used for commercial purposes, and the greater number of privately owned cars used for transportation;
4. Increased building of skyscrapers, with their small ground area and great capacity for tenants;
5. Concentration of business in the downtown area;
6. An insufficient number of through streets and the large number of vehicles passing through congested districts en route to a destination beyond it;
7. Daytime delivery and receipt of merchandise;
8. Lack of a comprehensive system of traffic regulation, both in regard to parking and moving traffic;
9. Lack of consideration of motor-car drivers for the other fellow.

One of the best arguments for having coal and building materials delivered at night, when traffic is at low tide.

AMERICAN cities have grown so rapidly that the natural increase in population has a vital bearing on street traffic congestion. In addition there is a tendency to restrict the population, especially in the daytime, to a small area, thereby intensifying the situation.

City streets in the older sections are of no greater area today than when the city was laid out, in many cases more than a hundred years ago; yet traffic carried on them has increased a thousand times in the last fifty years.

What would the city fathers of Manhattan a hundred or so years ago have thought if they had been told that their little city would one day encompass the entire island and continue to spread in every possible direction beyond it?

Manhattan Island, 12½ miles long, with its greatest width 2½ miles, has 1,877,000 inhabitants on its 22 square miles, according to a 1926 count. The most highly congested district is below Fifty-ninth Street.

A survey to determine the sources of day population in this district was made in 1924 by the Committee on Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs. There were 940,000 permanent residents

and 42,000 transients, according to the estimate. In a twelve-hour period there entered this district daily, from above Fifty-ninth Street alone, a total of 859,300; from Staten Island, by ferry, 39,200; from New Jersey, by all transportation means, 315,300; and from Brooklyn and Long Island, all transportation means, 745,900: making a grand total of 2,941,700 people concentrated in a district of 8.35 square miles.

This congested district in 1924 showed that there were 352,000 people to the square mile during the daytime, or 550 an acre. And that meant when the day was done they poured out of lofts, skyscrapers, and other buildings with but one thought in mind—to get home as quickly as possible.

These figures have no doubt all materially increased since the estimate was made.

During the twelve-hour period, 204,750 vehicles entered the district, exclusive of the street cars, elevateds, and subways. Those crossing Fifty-ninth Street southbound numbered 132,800 or 64.9 per cent of the total; those from New Jersey, 15,150 or 7.4 per cent; those from Brooklyn and Queens, 55,600 or 27.1 per cent; those from Staten Island, 1,200 or 0.6 per cent. The number of vehicles tabulated is equal to approximately half of the entire number registered in greater New York.

FIFTH Avenue, New York, gets a rare taste of traffic congestion all day long. Theoretically, it has room for three lanes of traffic in each direction. Actually, owing to vehicles parked next the curb, two moving lanes in each direction would be nearer the truth.

Every vehicle bound north or south seems to choose this broad avenue, principally because it has no street-car lines on it. There are periods of the day when one could, without being accused of having chamois blood in his veins, step from top to top of long lines of wedged vehicles with no danger of falling to the street.

Lest those in the hinterland imagine that the cars go hurtling along this show street, a compilation of vehicle speeds made for Fifth Avenue in September, 1926, shows that the average bus speed between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth streets was 5.15 miles an hour.

The fastest trip was made before eight o'clock in the morning, northbound, the average being 10.17 miles an hour. The slowest trip was at five-thirty in the afternoon, at a speed of 2.95 miles an hour.

Taxicabs did a little better, showing an average speed of 7.1 miles an hour. The maximum taxicab speed was 10.69 miles an hour, uptown in the morning, with a minimum of 4.79 uptown in the afternoon. Private cars approximated the taxicab speeds.

Here's the way New Yorkers moved along the avenue in vehicles from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. one day in June, 1926:

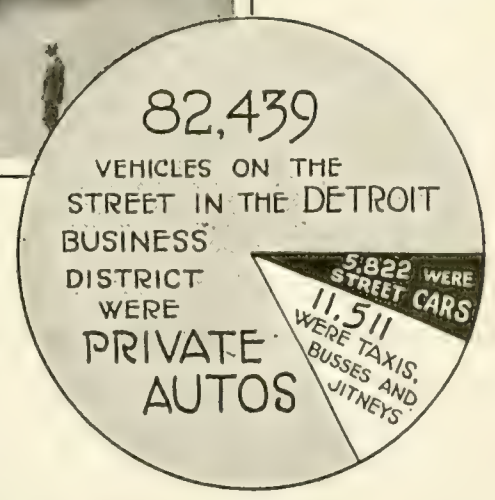
The southbound traffic past Forty-sixth Street, other than busses, was 10,730 vehicles, with 21,187 passengers; northbound the count was 9,651 vehicles, with 18,906 passengers. The total number of vehicles other than busses in the count was 20,381, or 88 per cent of the vehicle traffic, yet the total number of passengers carried was but 40,093, or 36 per cent.

During the same period the busses southbound numbered 1,443, with 36,838 passengers; and northbound, 1,326 busses, with 34,597 passengers. The total number of busses, 2,769, was but 12 per cent of the vehicle traffic, yet they carried 71,435, or 64 per cent of the total number of passengers, 111,528.

At about the same time another count was taken of taxis and it was found that 6,915 were loaded and 2,635 were empty. This latter figure is nearly as high as that for the busses which carried 71,000 passengers. The cruising taxicab—mobile parking, as it is called—adds almost as much to traffic obstruction as does immobile parking.

The report also says that Fifth Avenue, with its present roadway width, has virtually reached its vehicular traffic capacity during the maximum movement uptown between 6 P. M. and 7 P. M. In this time there passed a given point 755 vehicles to each actively moving lane, since busses and taxicabs taking on or unloading passengers reduce the potential third lane to zero.

For each passenger carried in a private automobile or taxicab there were twenty-one passengers carried in a bus. Figures may be dry at times, but they indicate in the present case that Fifth Avenue soon will have to decide between individual and mass transportation. No doubt other large cities would reveal the same general condition of traffic congestion, but lack of time permitted inspection of only enough cities to make a comparison typical.



Detroit is suffering from traffic growing pains. The scene above is of Washington Boulevard. At right, a chart shows the great prevalence of private automobiles over other passenger carriers.

Chicago, a city of 3,048,000, as of 1926 figures, has 341,468 motor vehicles registered. The street traffic committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce made a survey of the central business district, which comprises the territory bounded by the Chicago River on the north and west, Lake Michigan on the east, and Roosevelt Road on the south. The survey was made in May, 1926, under the direction of Miller McClintock, director of the Albert Russel Erskine Bureau of Street Traffic Research of Harvard University.

The count taken shows that during the twelve-hour period from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M., 1,693,506 people entered and left the district. Assuming that all who entered also left during the day, the total number of persons involved is 846,753, approximately 25 per cent of the population of the city in this area of approximately one square mile.

OF the 1,693,506 passengers carried, the elevated, steam suburban, through steam railroad, and electric interurban lines carried 709,688, or 41.9 per cent, and the surface agencies—street car, bus, and private car—983,818, or 58.1 per cent.

The 16,901 street cars carried 568,925 passengers; the 3,633 busses, 89,369; the 180,846 private automobiles, 325,524.

Street cars were only 8.4 per cent of the street surface vehicle total, yet they carried 57.8 per cent of the people entering and leaving by street transportation. The motor busses were 1.8 per cent of the vehicles involved, and they carried 9.1 per cent of the traffic.

Passenger autos were 89.8 per cent of the number of vehicles, yet they carried only 33.1 per cent of the traffic.

Detroit is a city of 1,429,271 population. There are 373,784 automotive vehicles in Wayne County, in which Detroit is situated, with 263,013 private automobiles in Detroit.

Detroit's Loop district is roughly three-quarters of a mile square. Arthur T. Waterfall, deputy police commissioner in charge of traffic, has just completed an extensive traffic survey of the city. The tallies show that in a typical twelve-hour day in November, 1926, the following intense traffic poured into the Loop: The vehicle total was 122,558, with passenger total of 448,925, divided as follows: private vehicles, 82,439, with 134,888 passengers; taxicabs, 7,265, with 12,022 passengers; jitneys, which are passenger cars into which seven people are crowded, 2,155, with 13,720 passengers; motor busses, 2,091, with 50,803 passengers; street cars, 5,822, with 237,492 passengers; horse-drawn vehicles, 982; commercial vehicles, 21,804. In other words, approximately 33 per cent of Detroit's entire population came into a district three-quarters of a mile square within a twelve-hour period! Does such concentration tend to cause traffic saturation? Rather.

AS an illustration of how city streets that were laid out a hundred years ago are carrying traffic that could not be foreseen, we may take Chicago as typical.

In 1830 it had a population of 3,000. A two-story building in those days was a skyscraper. Today there are office buildings in the central business district which draw daily into their doors more people than were then in the entire city.

In 1908, when the automobile was beginning to show signs of taking the jest out of congestion, there were just 3.8 automobiles for each mile of paved streets, the total number being 5,475, with 53,678 horse-drawn vehicles plodding their weary way. There were no major changes in Chicago's principal streets as to area, yet in 1925 there were 139 automobiles for every mile of paved streets.

The horse-drawn vehicles had shrunk to 17,965, and the automotive vehicles had increased to 341,468, the total vehicle count being 359,435, an increase of more than 600 per cent in seventeen years.

Skyscrapers do their bit toward traffic and pedestrian congestion. A twenty-, thirty-, forty-, or fifty-story building is erected on the site of a building of five or ten stories. What happens? The tenant list jumps from 500 to 5,000 or more, yet the ground occupied by the building is the same. These occupants all pour into the building at the rush hour in the morning and all pour out in the evening.

Several years ago a survey was made of the height of New York's buildings, and while the figures are not the latest, they are illustrative. Manhattan has more than a thousand buildings of ten stories or more, the tallest of which is the Woolworth, with its 60 stories and its height of 792 feet. There are several buildings which exceed 40 stories; fifty reach from 21 to 39; 175 are from 14 to 20; 822 are 11 to 13 stories.

The Metropolitan Life Building is 50 stories and 700 feet high; the Singer Building, 41 stories, with a height of 612 feet; several pierce the blue above 400 feet. New buildings which may go up 800 feet are mentioned.

One block, bounded by Broadway, Church, Cortlandt, and Liberty streets, provides room

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

ASPIRIN

For sore throat, there's a swift and sure way to soothe away the inflammation. Every singer knows the secret! Dissolve Bayer Aspirin tablets in pure water, and gargle. Nothing in the whole realm of medicine is more helpful in cases of sore throat. And you probably know how Aspirin dispels a headache; breaks up colds, relieves rheumatic pain, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago! Just make certain to get genuine Bayer Aspirin; it has Bayer on the box, and on each tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

For TONSILITIS *and* SORE THROAT

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

John!
You're Growing
As Thin As A Rail—

He used to be such a manly looking fellow with good features and a fine figure, but now his meagre flesh hardly covers his bones—He is absolutely skinny

Pretty tough on John to have his friends talking about him that way, but the health resorts and the Mountains are populated with just such Johns who kept getting thinner and thinner without trying to help themselves.

That's why every underweight man and woman should take advantage of McCoy's generous offer.

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this ironclad guarantee. If after taking 4 sixty cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your druggist is authorized to return the purchase price.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

McCOY'S TABLETS

[THE TRAFFIC TANGLE Continued from Page Forty-three]

for 20,000 tenants. If the population of the Equitable Building of thirty-seven stories could be turned loose on some vacant ground, they could set up a neat little city of 15,000.

The figures available for Chicago show that in the central business district there are forty-eight buildings with a population between 200 and 1,000; thirty-eight with 1,000 to 2,000; eight with 2,000 to 3,000; five with 3,000 to 4,000; three with 4,000 to 5,000; and four buildings that go above 5,000 in population. The daytime population of these buildings is 138,000, a city in itself much larger than any city in Illinois excepting Chicago.

These figures include only the tenants of the buildings, not the traffic which flows in and out, often as great in the course of a day as the building population itself.

THE American merchant is gregarious—he gravitates to the center of business and thus aids in building up a congested downtown district. He builds large stores and these further aid congestion. There are stores in the larger American cities whose door traffic shows the passage of 100,000 persons daily.

Just what downtown congestion will do for pedestrian traffic was shown when the Association of Commerce of Chicago made a pedestrian traffic count between the hours of 12 noon and 5 P. M. on a Saturday in May, 1927.

Within these hours a total of 91,320 persons entered the intersection of Madison Street and Wabash Avenue; 103,530 the intersection of Dearborn and Madison streets; and 79,690 the intersection of Clark and Madison streets.

State and Madison, proudly claimed by Chicagoans as "the busiest corner in the world," saw 49,250 persons cross the intersection in one hour, and during a fifteen-minute period 13,190 were counted.

And all this doesn't aid in reducing traffic jams.

Traffic congestion will continue acute in downtown areas as long as there are inadequate facilities for draining off the traffic at the end of the day, and for getting the same traffic down in the morning. It will continue as long as present parking regulations remain in force.

As most cities are constituted today, there are too many bottle necks through which traffic must pass before it is diffused into the outlying districts. There are no cities that could not with profit increase the number of streets leading from the congested district without car tracks, turns, or dead ends.

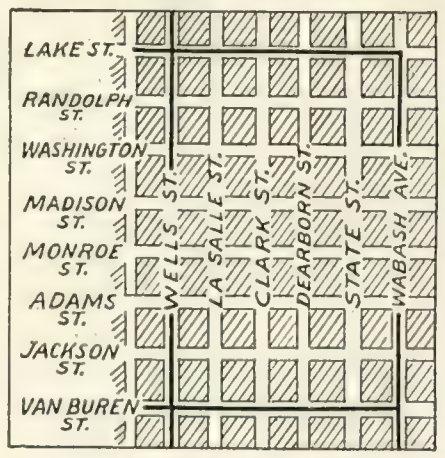
Council Bans Loop Parking by New Law

Curb parking of automobiles in Chicago's loop district will be abolished on and after Jan. 2, 1928, under an ordinance adopted yesterday by the city council. The final vote was 37 to 4.

If signed by Mayor Thompson, as predicted, and put into effect, the ordinance probably will be the most drastic and important experiment ever made to speed traffic in the downtown area, said to be one of the most congested districts of its size in the world. Traffic experts for years have urged the parking ban as the only effective means of relief.

Leaves Taxis Loophole.

Private automobiles, under the ordinance, will be allowed to stop at the curb only long enough to discharge or pick up passengers, special provisions being made to permit loading and unloading of trucks and for authorized taxicab stands. Ambulances, fire trucks and public utility vehicles, while on are excepted.



Chicago's Loop, one of the densest traffic centers in the world. The elevated roads (heavy black lines) give the district its name. (Above) Newspaper clipping foretells drastic relief measure which is now in effect.

AS if all the natural causes of congestion were not enough to drive car owners and police wild, trucking companies and merchants add to it by having deliveries made at the curb during the day. The effect of a huge two-horse truck or a five- or ten-ton motor truck sticking nonchalantly out into the middle of the street is enough to make any motorist slow up, and when he slows up to get around it, he jams all traffic to the rear.

The Detroit street traffic survey brought forth the information that although the longest time parking is permitted in the Loop district is one hour, 7,309 vehicles used the streets in one day for an average of three hours.

There are 3,753 parking spaces in the Loop district where one-hour parking is permitted, yet an hour survey showed the total number of cars parked for one hour was 4,715.

On the same day there were 1,838 cars parked in spaces where parking was prohibited.

If some of these overtime parkers had pulled out on time, someone else might not have had to drive around the block five or six times.

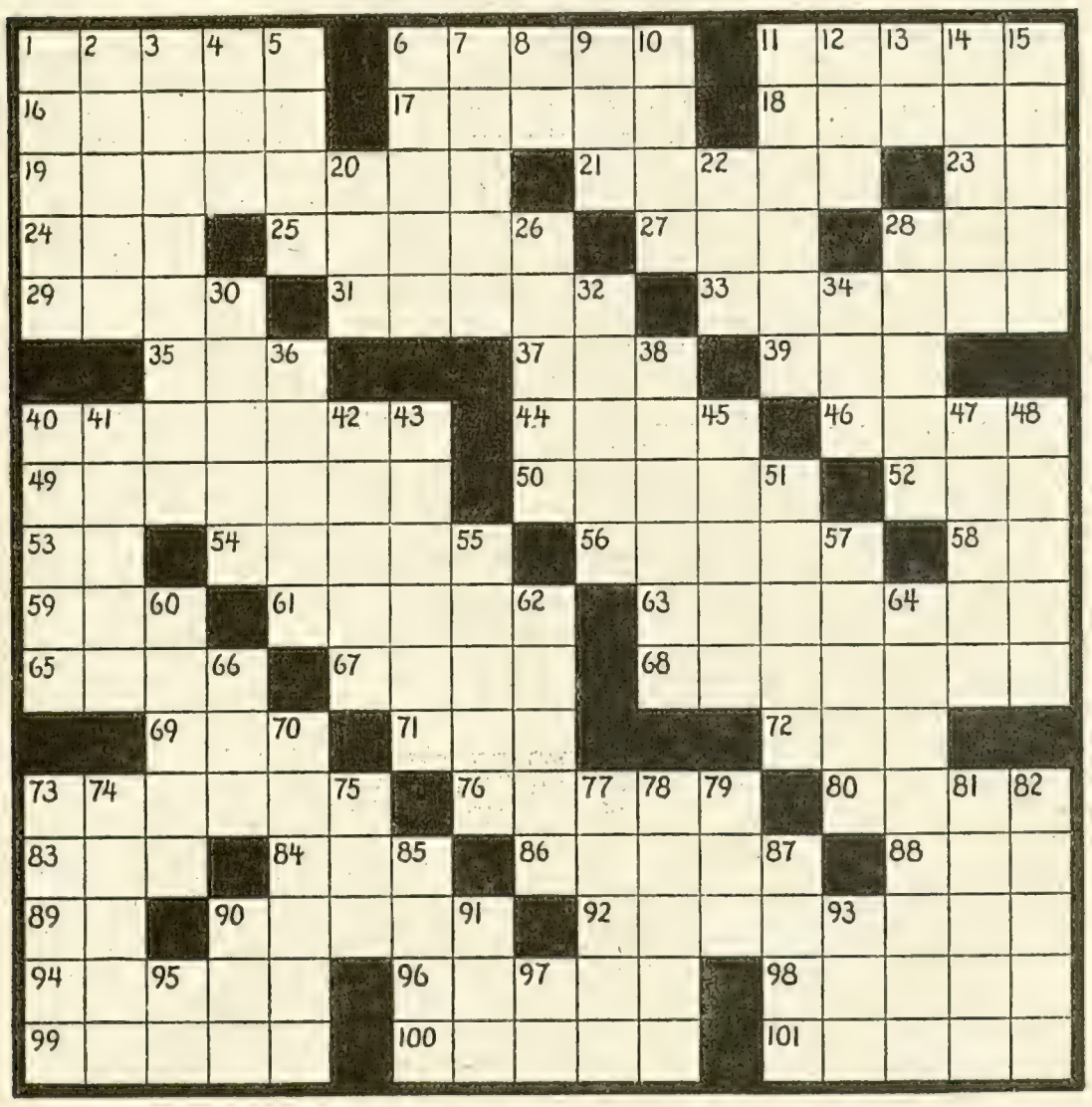
If car drivers can be brought to the point by an educational campaign where they will do their share toward reducing traffic congestion, conditions will be improved greatly, but they will not be cured.

The cure is a matter of combining all agencies—drivers, police, city planners, regional planners, building owners—a matter of "all for one, and one for all."

In next week's LIBERTY Mr. Sturm will discuss relief measures for traffic congestion—a number of which are proving successful in various cities.

STAGGERED CENTER PUZZLE

HERE are many old cross-word-puzzle friends surrounding two strangers out of the very distant past, at 49 and 50 Horizontal. The perfect interlocking of all words in the vicinity of the newcomers should disclose their identity without delay.



HORIZONTAL

1 Tubes
6 Ethical
11 Not freshly made
16 Growing out
17 Oval
18 Pertaining to tone
19 Tending to cure
21 Penetrate
23 A note of the scale
24 A constellation
25 Aroma
27 Observe
28 Allow
29 Woman's name shortened
31 City in Germany
33 Entice
35 Conducted
37 To drowse
39 Iniquity
40 A hermit
44 River in Germany
46 Coffin cloth
49 Son of David
50 Brother of Rome's legendary founder
52 Spawn
53 Letter of Greek alphabet
54 Hot wine punch
56 Perspiration
58 Symbol for samarium
59 Letter of the alphabet
61 The wife of Abraham
63 Lessened
65 Vend
67 A bristle
68 Expungers
69 Assistance
71 Put in place
72 Japanese coin
73 Sweethearts
76 Word of frequent occurrence in the Psalms
80 Buttonlike fastener
83 Anger
84 Over
86 Vales
88 Compass point
89 Mother
90 Wait
92 Pertaining to the brain
94 Roman highways
96 Companion piece of a fulcrum
98 Lord paramount
99 Taut
100 Fewest
101 Veins of ore

VERTICAL

1 A nut
2 To accustom to
3 Running side by side
4 Letter of the Greek alphabet
5 Collections of articles belonging together
6 Stirs
7 Cooking chambers
8 The sun god
9 Devoured
10 Part of a telescope
11 Makes obdurate
12 Rocky pinnacle
13 One indefinitely
14 Newer
15 Select class
20 To freeze
22 Beverage
26 Meaning
28 Pertaining to the moon
30 A fruit
32 Knots
34 Rim or margin
36 Silver coins
38 Sedate
40 Slaves
41 To awaken
42 Garments of Roman senators
43 Variant of No. 2 Vertical
45 Rougher
47 Unsuccessful contestant
48 Goes before
51 Forms of sodium
55 Satisfies to repletion
57 Tricks
60 Vassal
62 Detested
64 Gathered about a center
66 Prevaricate
70 To doze
73 Boundary
74 To declaim
75 A wave
77 Intertwines
78 Watchful
79 Possessive pronoun
81 Custom
82 Deletes
85 Small brook
87 Barter
90 Metric measures of area
91 Small mound
93 Combining form: life
95 Printer's measure
97 One of the United States (abbr.)

H	A	R	B	O	R	E	G	R	E	T	S					
C	L	I	E	N	T	E	L	O	A	R	S	S				
A	R	O	M	A	A	S	H	F	E	A	S	T				
R	A	N	N	O	B	L	E	S	T	R	U	E				
I	C	E	D	G	E	E	S	E	U	S	E	R				
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Answer to last week's puzzle

Get rid of money worries *for good!*

TWO MEN were talking in a clubhouse reading room.

"Everything's going pretty well with me—*now*," said one of them. "I make enough money to pay the bills, enough even to take a vacation now and then. But I sometimes wonder how it would be if anything happened to me. I know perfectly well the house might be sold, my son taken out of school . . ."

The other man smiled.

"That's just the way I was fixed," he said. "And then a funny thing happened. I answered an advertisement and got hold of a copy of the Phoenix Mutual 'Prosperity Plan.' Maybe you've heard of it. I filled it out.

"I was paying 6% interest on our mortgage at the time. The Phoenix people showed me how by paying only about 1½% more I could fix it so the bank would hand the home over to my wife clear of debt.

That was the end of that worry.

"Then they made a special arrangement that will put Jimmie through college. That fixed *that*. And just recently they fixed up what they call an 'income agreement'—and now the family will have an income of $100 a month after I'm gone.

"So the only things I had been worrying about are taken care of—and all because I filled out that little piece of paper!"

• • •

WOULDN'T you like to make *your* life plan financially foolproof? Wouldn't *you* like to get rid of money worries for good?

You can. The coupon at the bottom of this page will bring to you, free, the remarkable Phoenix Mutual "Prosperity Plan."

Sending for it is the first step towards real independence—protection for you and your family no matter what happens—an education and every advantage for your children—leisure and comfort for yourself in later years.

There's no obligation. Send for your copy *now*.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. *First Policy Issued 1851*

TO GET THESE · · · · MAIL THIS

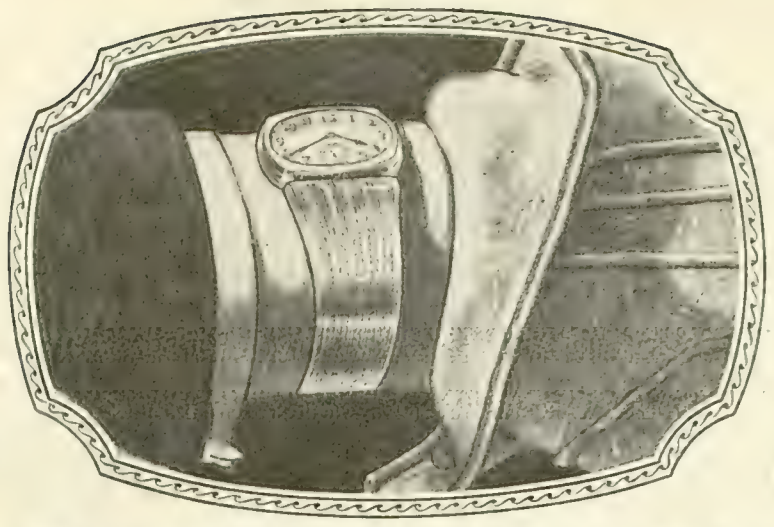
HERE are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1 RETIRE with an income when you are 60 or 65.
2 LEAVE your home free of debt.
3 SEND your children to college.
4 CREATE an estate.
5 MAKE SURE your income will go on even though you become totally disabled.
6 LEAVE an income for your family.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
315 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, my copy of your "PROSPERITY PLAN."

Name .....
Business Address .....
Home Address .....
City ..... State .....
Date of Birth .....



The model illustrated is The Prince. Sold by Jewelers Everywhere in 14K Gold Filled at $4.50

Other designs also in Sterling Silver and Solid 14K Gold from $3.50 to $23.00

This Distinctive Metal Strap
— absorbs shocks and jolts!

The new Legion Watch Strap brings to you a style and convenience that can be had in no other strap being worn today! Attractive and smart in design, it enhances the appearance of the most expensive watch. Being thoroughly flexible, it adjusts itself immediately to your wrist—does not irritate the skin and cannot absorb perspiration. And, besides all this, it protects your watch from the abuse of shocks and jolts—something that **no other strap** can do!

The LEGION *Strap*
Sterling Silver, Gold Filled or Solid Gold

Step into your Jeweler's and try the Legion on your own wrist. See how it holds your watch gently but most securely—note the cushion of air and how the Strap itself acts as a "shock-absorber" to guard the accuracy of your watch. Glance at the wide variety of designs and then select your favorite according to the particular quali y you prefer.

Our interesting Free Booklet describes the Legion and Legionette in detail and illustrates all the latest designs and styles—send for your copy today!

Manufactured by
GEO. H. FULLER & SON CO.
Established 1858
29 E. Madison St. Chicago, Illinois
Factory—Pawtucket, R. I.

The Legionette FOR LADIES

The LEGION WATCH STRAP

Send for FREE BOOKLET

Before you brave wet weather—take out

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

Protect the delicate membranes of your throat with the safe, gentle medication of Smith Brothers Cough Drops! Quickly, they soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

A delicious precaution! 5c Two Kinds: S. B. or Menthol.

Stuff and Non-Scents

By EILEEN BOURNE

HUSH! Come a little closer. This is very private. And most likely what I'm going to discuss doesn't apply to you at all. It isn't a pleasant subject, but to remain in ignorance is far worse than to face facts frankly.

As a matter of fact, neither body nor breath should have a trace of perceptible odor. Either uncleanliness or some unhealthy condition based on neglect is responsible. Therefore we should never rest content until we have remedied the abnormality. Certainly the number of people who haven't fairly convenient ways of keeping clean is negligible.

Doesn't all of Europe poke fun at the United States for its bathtub civilization? Didn't a recent business survey of thirty-seven communities prove that 84.8 of the people in them had bathtubs? Yet, apparently these porcelain vessels are too often kept sacred for Saturday-night rituals.

They should be introduced into the daily scheme of living. All health authorities agree that the daily bath is necessary for health, self-respect, and consideration of others. Remember that, unbeknown to us, the entire body is constantly giving off perspiration.

It dries so quickly that, except in hot weather or after hard exercise, we do not realize its presence. But the slightly saline film of dried moisture on the body must be washed off every day if all danger of its making itself known is to be avoided.

Some people have to deal with something worse than this absolutely normal perspiration. Sometimes the sweat glands work overtime. This occurs chiefly under the arms, along the soles of the feet, and in the palms of the hands. The cause of such superactivity of the glands is often a depletion of vitality, improper elimination, or a highly nervous condition.

Just because none of these troubles are acute we are apt to let them go on dragging us down in a welter of unpleasant symptoms. Whereas sound medical attention, a change of diet, more rest, out-of-door exercise, and cold morning showers to tone up the skin would probably effect a complete cure.

Local aids there are, too, which ought not to be neglected. Astringent powders, pastes, and liquids abound. It takes a little experimentation, however, to discover which one you like best and which is most effective without irritating your skin. Certain preparations are too acid for you—especially if you are under par.

Perhaps you will find the greatest satisfaction — especially for perspiring feet—in boracic-acid powder mixed with a little precipitated chalk and talcum. Removing the hair from under the arms by shaving or treatment is of great assistance in diminishing the odor of perspiration.

But remember not to use any form of astringent until twenty-four hours after that removal. If, by bathing twice a day and by using such deodorants, you do not free yourself entirely of this curse, you must consult a doctor about this abnormality. There is no question but that it may be cured.

AS for that other difficulty, bad breath, it is due either to an unhealthy condition in the oral cavity or to gases given off during the process of digestion. For this reason it isn't sufficient to use mouth washes and breath sweeteners.

Perhaps some infection of the sinus or tonsils or a decayed tooth is tingeing the breath with its poison. Not till the putrefied matter is removed will you cure the condition.

On the other hand, if intestinal gases are the cause, you must take up the one method of eliminating them. You must revise your living habits. No use pretending that a pill of any color will accomplish what a revision of diet, eight hours of sleep, and hard daily exercise will do.

We have to make a determined effort to fight sedentary occupations, late hours, high tension, and overstimulation. Modern city life does not of itself make either the disposition or the breath sweet. We have to be wholesome in spite of it and by force of will.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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The Mayor's BURGLAR

The Inside Story of a Counterfeit Copper

By

GEORGE S. BROOKS

Picture by
A. N. SIMPKIN

"WHILE he was thus a-fighting the dog, Weiss dresses himself and makes the arrest."

(Reading time: 8 minutes 15 seconds.)

"YOU asked me how that A. P. A. Dutch Kluxer come to be made inspector, while better men is captains. Yes, an' lower. Well," Police Captain Maney settled himself in his chair. "Well, I'll tell you. It's because fat fools like him have all the luck."

The Captain weighed within ten pounds of the heavyweight mark set by the inspector whom he slandered.

"To begin with," said the Captain, "we was patrolmen together twenty-eight years ago. We walked beats together over in the residential district on the West Side.

"Let me tell you," he continued, "the kind of a patrolman he was. We both worked nights then. And all night long this Weiss would be looking for lunches. Panhandling. Why, he'd be after five or six cooks at the same time, so they'd all be leaving lunches out for him. Yeah. I've knowed him to eat four lunches at four different houses.

"Then, being full of food like that, Weiss'd get sleepy. So he'd duck in places to take a nap. Sometimes he'd be sleeping from midnight, when he ate, until time for us to get relieved at four o'clock.

"The Mayor lived on Weiss' beat and there was a private greenhouse behind the Mayor's house. In cold weather the lazy bum would sleep in there. More'n once the Mayor's cook catched him at it, when she happened to walk in with a gentleman friend.

"I've heard it said, too, that he stole bottled beer out of the ice box at the Mayor's house. I knew for a fact that he drunk many a pint of cream after the milkmen come around in the morning. He would drink most of the pint, then tip the bottle over, so the folks would think some stray cat had been at it.

"Taking a drink of cream like that is all right once in a while, if there isn't any saloon or lunch room on your beat. I've even done it myself. But, understand, this Weiss made a practice of it. He had no more conscience than a billy goat.

"He was always a bad penny in the department, just as he is now. He always was, and he is, and he always will be a bad penny. He's the kind that give policemen a bad rep.

"About this time I'm telling you about, a smart burglar commenced working in this neighborhood where our beats was. And of all the burglars I ever was acquainted with, this burglar was the worst burglar. He didn't have no respect for nobody.

"He cleaned the Corporation Counsel's house, and an Alderman's house. Then what

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Lilac protects your skin

Open doors to infection

those invisible nicks

You can't see them—those invisible nicks of the razor that give germs and dust their chance at your skin!

So, apparently without warning, little infections develop.

Try this pleasant daily precaution: dash Pinaud's Lilac all over your face after each shave . . . You skin is *always* smoothly clear!

Pinaud's Lilac is a real antiseptic, yet it is healing, too. Its first quick tang is followed by a smooth coolness—refreshing, delightful! For the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander than ever.

You can buy Pinaud's Lilac at all drug or department stores. Buy it today! The genuine Lilac has the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

Lilas de France

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

did he do but get into the Chairman of the Republican County Committee's house and steal a watch, a diamond bar pin, and an emerald pin off the Republican County Chairman's wife.

"You got absolutely no idea what a mean burglar he was. It seemed like all he wanted to do was make trouble for us cops. There was one while it didn't look like there'd ever be any more promotions in the Police Department.

"All the time I was afraid this burglar would make the Mayor's house. Nights when Weiss was sleeping, I'd go over there on his beat, so's I could watch the Mayor's house. That's how worried I was.

"This burglarizing began in the early spring and got worse in the fore part of the summer. Detectives watched, plain-clothes men sat up all night, laying traps for him. But even a poor burglar, y'understand, is hard to catch.

"The people who have the best chance at him are the folks in the houses that the burglar goes through. It's always like that with a burglar. The folks in the house ought to rap to him easier than a poor cop out on the street.

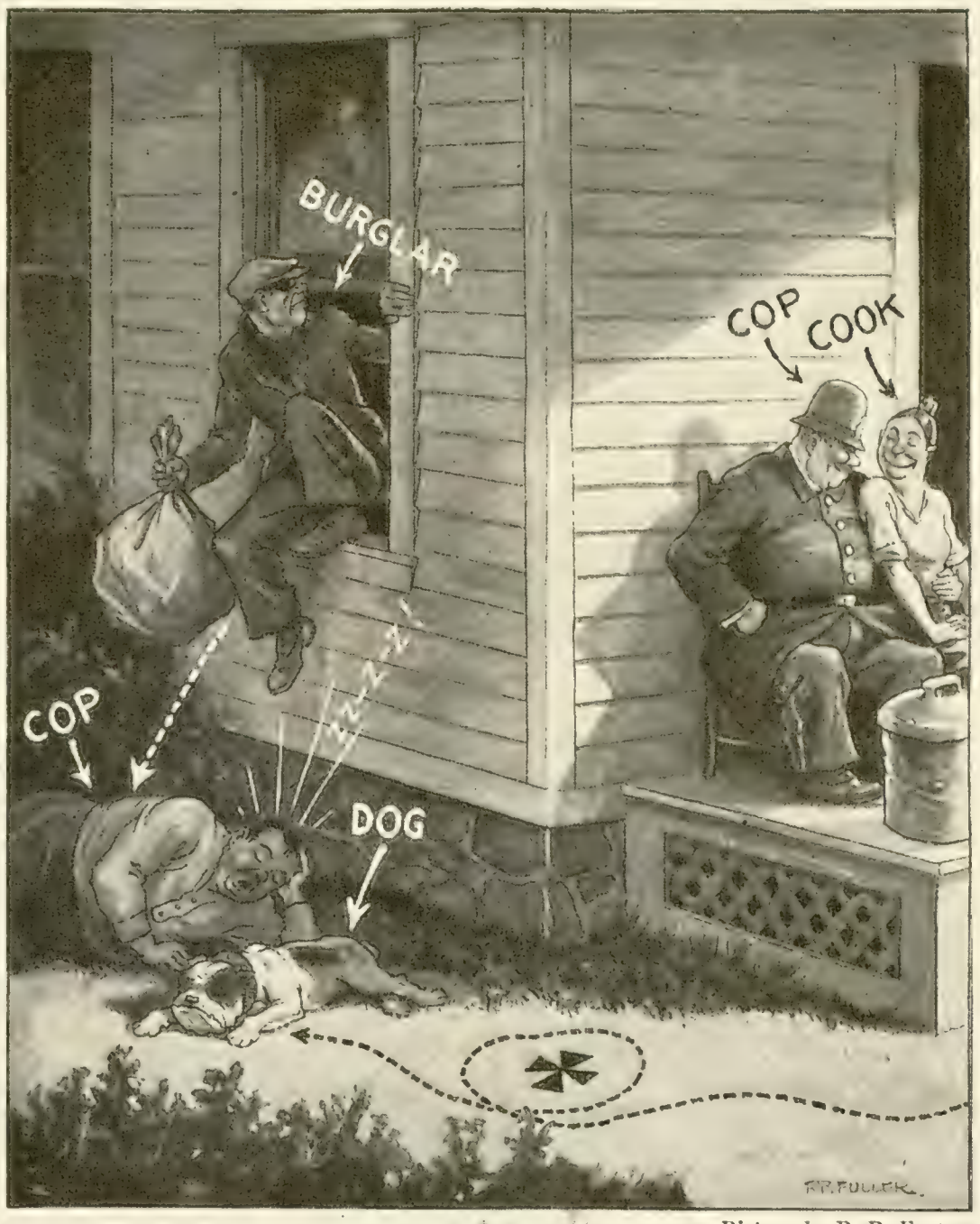
"However, lemme tell you: this here burglar worked so smooth and quiet that nobody hardly ever heard him. He took wallets right out from under people's pillows while they slept.

"The newspapers begun to print funny pieces about how bum us cops was. Some cooks on our beats quit leaving good lunches out for us, thinking we was no good. I tell you, newspapers can do a lot of harm.

"The cook at the Mayor's house quit leaving lunches for this Weiss, him that's the inspector now. She seen how little protection he give his beat. But Weiss knew a whole string of cooks, so he went on eating and sleeping just the same, when he should have been doing police duty.

"ONE hot August night, around midnight, Weiss come along to the Mayor's house, which stood on the left-hand side of the street, with a big yard around it and the Mayor's private greenhouse behind it. Weiss had had a big feed somewhere, where they had a party, and it made him lazier'n usual.

"So he goes up into the shadow of the house and takes off his belt, and gun, and shoes, and cuffs, and stick, and hat, and coat. He hides them in some shrubbery bushes and then he corks off to sleep in the shadow under the window.



Picture by R. B. FULLER

AN artist's idea of what the author had in mind when he wrote this story. You are standing in the Mayor's back yard. **X** *marks the spot where the dog buried the bone. The key to the rest of the picture is in the story.*

"Yessir, that's what he done. It seems, too, the Mayor kept a bulldog in that house. And the dog knew Weiss, account of Weiss hanging around the kitchen so much. This dog happened to trot out to bury a bone in the flower bed, and finds Weiss and goes to sleep beside him.

"That dog was no damn good, or he wouldn't have never slept with Weiss.

"AS luck would have it—you can't beat a fat Dutchman for having luck—that very night this burglar had seen me alert and active on my beat and poor Conroy alert and active on his beat, which beats were on either side of Weiss' beat. So this burglar selects Weiss' beat to work in. And he selects the Mayor's house, which Weiss and that dog was sleeping beside, to break in and enter fel-on-ious-ly.

"So, forthwith, that burglar went through Mayor Colonel Carmody's house and cleaned it. He cleaned it slick and clean of jewels, and money, and valuables, and curios. Then this burglar goes into the drawing room and raises a window and the screen, selecting the window which had a shadow below it.

"Then—believe it or not, it's the gospel—the burglar jumps down, as he supposes into the shadow, and he lands square a-top of this fat Weiss and the bulldog, as they slept.

"Yessir! That's what he done.

"Even then, he'd of got away from Weiss, account of Weiss being so surprised and logy, except for the dog biting the burglar. And while the dog was thus a-fighting him, Weiss gets his club, belt, gun, handcuffs, shoes, coat, and helmet, and cuffs, and dresses himself and makes the arrest.

"It's a lucky thing that that dog couldn't talk and tell the Mayor who really catched the burglar.

"WELL, the Mayor, and this corporation lawyer and the Aldermen and the County Chairman, they all congratulate Weiss personal and through the newspapers. What's worse, they give him a swelled head and made him a sergeant over the heads of better men. From a sergeant he become a lieutenant, and from that a captain. Now he's an inspector.

"All this Weiss knows of police duty you could put in your eye. He's just a Dutchman, fat and ignorant at that, and he's most probably a Kluxer and a A. P. A. But he never dares say 'aye, yes, or no' to me. No, sir. He knows that I know how he happened to make the pinch of that burglar.

"I told him once, at the Policemen's Ball, that he snored his way into his job. If he gives me any mouth, I'll tell him again."

Captain Maney paused.

"How did I happen to know?" he continued. "Well, as the lawyers say, that's an improper interrogation. But if I didn't tell you, most probably my wife would.

"That night, when Weiss caught the burglar, it so happened that I was setting on the back porch of the Mayor's house, courting my wife, who was then the Mayor's cook. And being as I was off my beat without permission, I couldn't say I helped Weiss catch the burglar, nor get no credit for that arrest."

THE END

How to Choose a HUSBAND

A Self-Starting Guide through the Matrimonial Wilderness

An Article by
DORIS WEBSTER *and*
MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

(Reading time: 15 minutes 51 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In an article published recently in LIBERTY, entitled How to Choose a Wife, the authors gave man a list of quizzes whereby he could determine the best type of girl for him to marry. Now the woman's side is published, so that she may enter the matrimonial lists equally qualified to make a perfect match.]

Pictures by
CARL
MUELLER

SCIENTIFIC inquiry has always been frowned upon. Galileo was put in jail for saying that the earth moved. Harvey was considered sacrilegious for discovering the circulation of the blood.

Against the vociferous objections of the older generation, the girl of today has undertaken heavy research into the nature of man—no, men. She utilizes all modern inventions like the automobile, the night club, and the telephone to aid her search for data. Criticism does not deter her. Her zeal is fanatical.

The following analyses merely point the direction in which young women of varying temperaments should carry on their investigation. The printed word cannot take the place of eye-to-eye and hand-to-hand scrutiny. Many a dancing shoe must be worn shabby ere a search ends.

All over the world this restless seeking for mates goes on, and it is a solemn thought that it does not always end at marriage.

So much advice is available to girls who are earnestly trying to fall in love that we make only two suggestions: first, study his faults; second, observe him when he is angry.

Under the first head list his failings and decide whether or not you can endure them; for, while his charm may disappear, his imperfections will remain. Decide whether or not you can live with him for fifty years. Do not make the common mistake of thinking that you can reform him, even in tiny matters like flicking cigarette ashes on the best china.

Taking up our second point, we advise careful study of his emotional reactions. What does he get mad at? Get a line on him when he is twisting his mouth into a sneer or booming through his whiskers. How are you going to handle him when he is raging or sulking?

The pleasant moods will take care of themselves; but you will have to learn not to talk to him when he is shaving, and to look after yourself if he forgets and leaves you out on the grass all night. It is not always moonlight; nor can a husband always have had just two cocktails.

One final piece of information we bestow upon questing damsels, and it will not do married women any harm to mull it over too. No human being can change another individual's personality.

Sometimes you can alter the surroundings and circumstances so that certain desirable traits are brought out and other characteristics not aroused, but change another creature you cannot, when he is old enough to marry.

You can alter your own attitude if you want to, but the probabilities are that you will be convinced that it is all his fault. If more people understood this fundamental law of human relationships, they would work more on themselves and less on others.

YOU will marry young, for you are not waiting for an impossible knight in armor.

To Find the Key Number

Answer each question "yes" or "no" to the best of your ability. If four or more questions of Group 1 are answered "yes," begin your key number with 1. If they are answered "no," omit 1 from your key number. In the same way add 2, 3, 4, and 5 to your key number if the majority of questions in those groups are answered "yes," omitting them if the majority are answered "no."

For example, if the majority of questions in groups 2, 4, and 5 are answered "yes," and the majority in groups 1 and 3 are answered "no," the key number will be 245. If all are answered "no," use key number 0.

When you have ascertained the key number,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Come, come, Junior. Be Mama's brave little man."

The "Oily" Nineties

Junior's strategic position is of no avail. Hiding will not save him from the noxious dose...and he's due for a different sort of hiding from Father if he doesn't take it. Today...Junior's juniors escape the wailings and whalings that generally went with old-fashioned castor oil...because they are given

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THE ORIGINAL
tasteless
Castor Oil
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Kellogg's is tasteless because it is the *only* castor oil super-refined by the Kellogg exclusive patented process. Untouched from refinery to you, it is never sold in bulk, nor in any form other than the original 3 oz. and 7 oz. bottles. We want to prove to you that Kellogg's is really tasteless. A convincing trial bottle will be sent you for 10c in stamps. Write for it today. Walter Janvier, Inc., 417 Canal St. New York, N. Y.

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417-421 Canal St., N.Y.
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me Trial Size Bottle of
KELLOGG'S TASTELESS CASTOR OIL
Name.....
St. and No. or R. F. D.....
City.....State.....

Bilious? Kellogg's will work wonders.

[HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND]
Continued from Page Forty-nine

look for the analysis and advice under that number.

GROUP 1

Can you be happy when ignored?

Have you had a generally comfortable life?

Does your family consider you of an equable temper?

Would you be undisturbed if you were left out of a secret society?

Do you avoid argument?

Would you willingly move your whole family to a strange place if your husband's prospects were better there?

Do you think it futile to try to reform your friends?

GROUP 2

Do you have more reliance on your friends' judgment than on your own?

Do you change your mind often?

Do other persons interfere with your life?

Do you like to have a friend with you when you buy a hat?

Do you want other people to attend to your business affairs for you?

Are you troubled when you do not follow your friends' advice?

Do you want to be shielded from trouble?

GROUP 3

Can you bear uncomfortable living conditions without unhappiness?

Do you make friends easily?

Can you give way in minor matters when you are right?

Is there variety in age and social position among your friends?

Do you like picnics?

Can you have harmonious business or social relations with uncongenial people?

Have you changed your views on politics, religion, or morals within the last five years?

GROUP 4

Do you desire an "address of distinction"?

Does china which doesn't match distress you?

Do you enjoy a day's shopping?

Are you unhappy when your friends have better things than yours?

Is a new car worth an extended family argument?

Would you like to be presented at court?

Does it spoil your good time when you've worn the wrong dress to a party?

GROUP 5

Do you keep the same friends for many years?

Are you saving money?

Do you go to the dentist before your tooth starts troubling you?

Put all your problems up to him, but not until after dinner when he has had his first cigar.

Are you usually satisfied with the shoes you buy?

Can you give up present pleasures for a future desire?

Are most of your men friends sensible?

Do you mend a hole in your stocking when it's little?

KEY NUMBER 0

You have in you the makings of a Joan of Arc or a Carrie Nation and your husband must be either an easy-going individual or a tyrant with a lash if there is to be peace in your home. You couldn't live harmoniously with an ordinary man, but you might get on with one who admired your strength enough to forgive you your frequent unwise use of it. Be good to the children.

KEY NUMBER 1

The best thing for you to do is not to choose, but to be chosen, for although you will deny it indignantly you are not a particularly good judge of character. If you have a suitor who adores you, consider him seriously.

Your own contributions to a happy marriage are your willingness to accept people as they are and your unworldliness. The thing you must guard against is your desire to run everything — and not too efficiently at that.

KEY NUMBER 2

The trouble with you is that you do not know what you want. The danger may be that in selecting a husband you may confuse yourself with so many arguments that you will be as tangled as a kitten after playing with the yarn. Try to let yourself go and do not marry unless you are really in love, for a deep affection is the only thing that will keep your marriage from going on the rocks.

Even affection may not be enough, for you will want to be captain of the ship without taking the responsibility for getting it into port. Your best quality is that you are economical. Try to marry a man who has money, but who is ambitious to make much more.

KEY NUMBER 3

Can't you discover a poet—one who has not yet arrived? A man who is sensitive to beauty and who would not weary of your craving for attention would make you an excellent husband, especially as you could adapt yourself to his probable scarcity of worldly goods.

Unworldliness and adaptability are your best qualities, and somewhat make up for your lack of—may we call it common sense? You insist upon being all in all to your husband, which might make you trying to a man who wanted a great deal of independence. You have a good chance, however, of being happy because of your readiness to take root in new soil.

KEY NUMBER 4

You want what you want when you want it and usually you get it immediately. When you have gotten it, you very often do not like it.

This is not because of a discontented disposition so much as from hasty choice. Now, if you select a husband by this careless method, you are going to be in trouble. Remember how difficult a woman finds it to return or exchange a man after she has married him.

KEY NUMBER 5

You may not be a large woman physically, but you are mentally. You are the kind that runs organizations efficiently and sees to it that everyone in the organization knows his duty and does it.

You will not change, so you must be careful to marry the right man—one who admires your appreciation of the really worth-while things in life and who will not find your missionary spirit trying. You might make an excellent wife for a minister, but not if his parish were in a large city.

Perhaps a man doing social work among those submissive enough to accept criticism meekly would find you an ideal mate.

KEY NUMBER 12

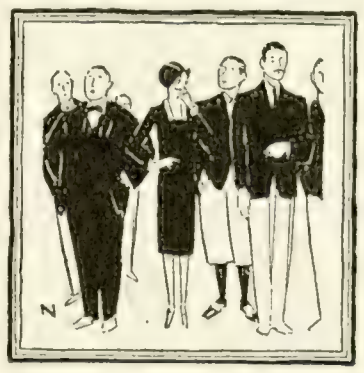
You have grasped the great truth that nothing matters when you have had twelve children and been dead 100 years. If you can find a man who feels the same way, you will have a satisfactory marriage.

Avoid men who want household matters to run like machinery or who wish to climb socially, for you are not especially interested in the first nor limber enough for the second. You are best in routine life and in an accustomed environment.

KEY NUMBER 13

Your judgment is so strongly colored by what you want that you might not be able to get an impersonal view of the man you consider marrying. You are one of the few people who might do well to ask advice of disinterested outsiders.

If you take it—that is, if you avoid an obviously unsuitable marriage—you are likely to be happy; for, though you like to lead your own life, you are also willing to let your husband lead his. Moreover, you will not demolish the bank account with a fur coat.



KEY NUMBER 14

You cannot have a husband who satisfies you entirely, for you have conflicting wishes yourself. If you get one who lets you have your way, he will fulfill one of your deepest needs.

You mustn't expect to have also a good house, perfect service, a smart car, and two lovely children, the older one being a boy. You are not, however, a discontented woman, even when life refuses you many things you want.

KEY NUMBER 15

You are a person of good sense who would not marry a man because of his neat mustache any more than you would buy a house for its attractive latch. Your only possible danger is that in your zeal to do good you might marry a man to reform him.

By all means choose one already reformed and naturally of your own temperament, for neither love nor marriage will change you.

KEY NUMBER 23

Choose a man who knows how to take good care of a woman, for you can't take care of yourself. Put all your problems up to him, but not until after dinner when he has had his first cigar. If you consult him before you make your mistakes, you will save yourself some bad hours.

Avoid men who expect a woman to look after herself and flee from those who want to put their heads on women's shoulders to be comforted. You are the old-fashioned type. You can even stand a kindly tyrant.

KEY NUMBER 24

It looks very much as if you might turn into one of those wives who are something of a trial. You will want your husband to be thinking about you when he wants to be thinking about something else, and you will be, oh, so hurt when he forgets to give you something very, very nice on the anniversary of the day you made up after your engagement was broken off.

It is to be hoped that you are pretty enough to win forgiveness for your captiousness. Marry a strong, ambitious man who will like the way you lean on him and who will take pleasure in giving you the thousand and one things you want.

KEY NUMBER 25

You will pick a good husband if you decide for yourself. You are in danger of being unduly influenced by someone who speaks firmly but not wisely to you. Quietly select your own hats, husband, and cooking utensils. Give in to others, if you wish, on politics, religion, and such matters. You will make a good wife and a happy one for almost any man who shows you a good deal of attention.

KEY NUMBER 34

You are by no means ready to marry, for at present you care too much for the things you think a husband will give you and consider too little his side of the bargain. It is possible, however, that you may change, your most hopeful characteristic being a certain mental flexibility.

Put off marriage until you have more sympathy for men and realize that their work takes out of them a great deal of that healthy strength that makes a brisk young man one of the most charming sights in the world.

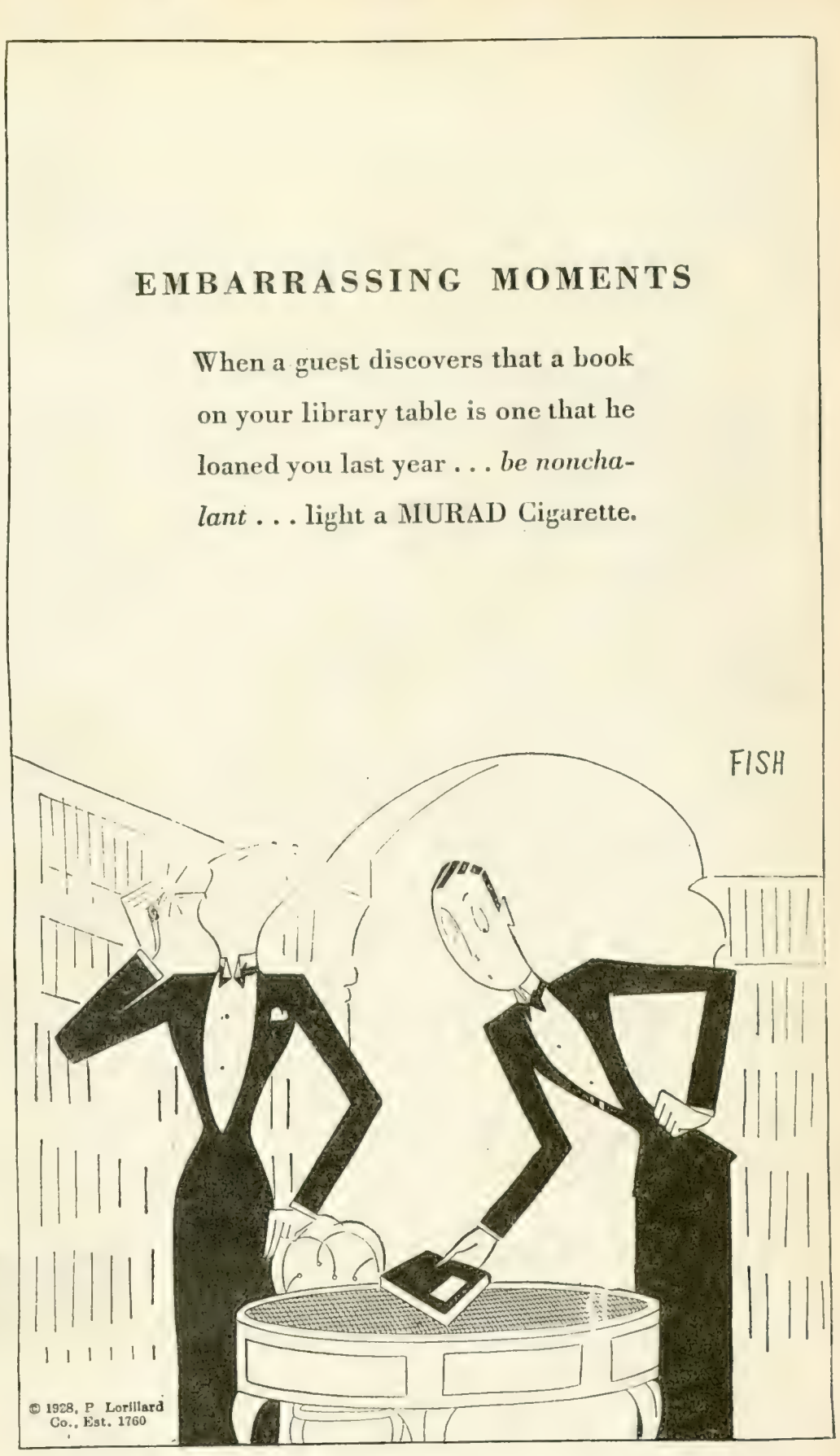
KEY NUMBER 35

Luckily for you and for your husband, your decisions are usually wise and unselfish. Be sure the man you marry is willing to have you exercise this ability of yours

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When a guest discovers that a book on your library table is one that he loaned you last year . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.

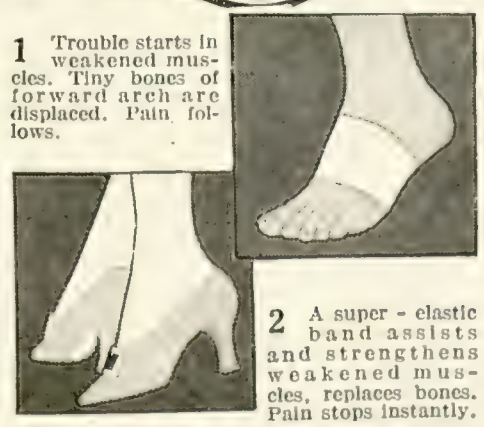


FOOT PAINS Ended IN 10 MINUTES —or costs you nothing

RECENT scientific findings show 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles. Now a way is discovered to assist and strengthen these muscles. Results are almost immediate. That burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended. Pain stops in 10 minutes when an amazing band is used, called the Jung Arch Brace. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. You slip it on, that is all.

Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear stylish shoes comfortably. The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band. Nothing stiff to further weaken and cause discomfort. Nothing to mis-shape shoe. Results are permanent. Soon band may be discarded. Feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists urge it widely.

Test it 10 days. If not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free book on foot troubles.



1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

3 You walk, stand, dance with ease. Wear stylish shoes in comfort. Feet get permanently well.

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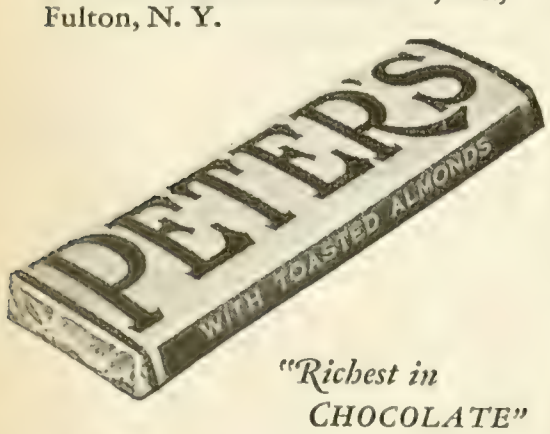


"Richest in CHOCOLATE"

"Richest in CREAM"

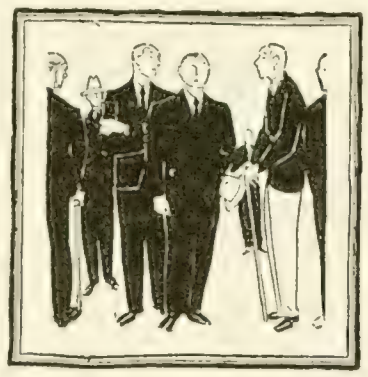
[HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND] Continued from Page Fifty-one

in mutual affairs. Avoid a man whose ego demands that he be master at home as well as at business.

Be on your guard not to intrude your excellent advice where it is not wanted. Your common sense is the finest dowry a wife can bring.

KEY NUMBER 45

You will choose an excellent husband, and it will be well that you don't hear people saying, "He's too good for her." Afterward you will choose the house, make the vacation plans, and take charge of spending the money.



Your not unreasonable excuse will be that you are good at choosing houses—as well as husbands—and making plans. By all means select a man of a wealthy, conservative family who is used to the idea that women must have what they want.

Then, with your perfectly good efficient mental equipment, work out a plan determining what are your affairs and what are his. Don't tell him about this, but use it to help you to keep in your own back yard.

KEY NUMBER 123

You are likely to make the best of a bad husband if you have such a one, just as you make the best of all the unpleasant occurrences in your life. Your general technique is good and you are more content with little than are most women. If your head ruled your heart, you would obtain more luxuries but less love. Be sure to find a man who will not take your mistakes very seriously.

KEY NUMBER 124

Your marriage will not be likely to end in the divorce court, but only because you would feel that any other marriage would be just as bad. At least you have some foundation there for picking up and going on. You have a fine philosophical way of making the best of your mistakes, but perhaps that is why you make so many!

You argue beforehand, "I may be wrong, but it won't matter much anyhow. I'll try anything once."

In choosing a husband, be a little more cautious, and do not accept him simply because you like the way he helps you into a taxi. Be sure that he also feels as you do on the importance of embroidered napkins and silver candlesticks.

KEY NUMBER 125

The hand of iron in the velvet glove is your style, and you are so skillful in your methods that few realize how often you guide others' destinies. You are capable of making a good husband out of poor material—with fine material you can do anything. If you and your husband pull together for a common goal, you will reach it speedily.

KEY NUMBER 134

You want to see success in objective form. A fat bank account or good real estate talks louder to you than a scientific discovery or a book, unless the book is a best seller. Consider whether your fiancé has a flair for success.

Unfortunately, you have no luck at picking a winner and you can't let other people choose for you. On the other hand, you are willing to accept the responsibility for your own mistakes. A complex personality is yours and you will keep your husband guessing.

KEY NUMBER 135

Yours is very likely to be one of those marriages that turn out excellently in spite of everyone's predictions to the contrary. You will not bother a man by querulousness, nor worry him with your extravagance. In spite of the fact that you want your own way, you usually manage to get it without turning yourself into a steam roller and flattening out anyone who gets in your path.

If you marry a man more conspicuous for his charm and good nature than for his business ability, you may work out an unusually happy marriage, especially if your interests are the same. In place of a sumptuous home, you may create one with a distinctive atmosphere.

KEY NUMBER 145

Your castles are not built in the air, but in well managed modern real-estate developments. You plan them wisely, carry out your plans well, and then—most admirable quality—accept them calmly from the builders in spite of the inevitable defects due to faulty human execution.

Does it not sound as if you would make an admirable wife for an ambitious young business man of your own type? Some women can marry men whose traits are the opposite of their own, but you should marry a man who is very like you, except that he yields the point when you insist that breakfast eggs should be boiled three and one-half minutes and not four.

KEY NUMBER 234

You demand a good deal of a husband in the way of house, clothes, trips, and the other things of life—and you also want an undue amount of attention. Are you prepared to give as generously?

You make the best of your many bad bargains in clothes and business arrangements, but will you be able to endure the necessary disappointments of any marriage? Make sure that some phase of it satisfies you supremely and be easy on the poor man when he falls down on your other demands.

KEY NUMBER 235

If you can get over that little-girl way of wanting to be the center of attention, you will make an excellent wife for almost any man. Your only trouble is that you might be a little plaintive if he wants to go out and play poker, without realizing that your plaintiveness is the cause of his desire

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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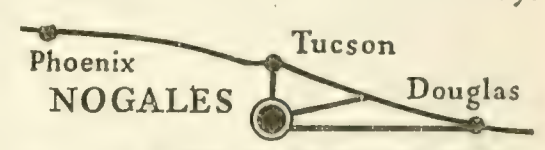

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For Sale at all Drug and Department Stores

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

to go out and play poker, as well as its result.

Marry a warm, generous man, with plenty of excess affection to give you, and then adapt yourself to him, with your unusual facility in that direction, and make him glad you did.

KEY NUMBER 245

When you buy a new set of china it is a good set, for you are interested, informed, and appreciative. You can be trusted to choose your own husband if you will go about the affair in the same businesslike fashion, not blinded by romance.

Make out a list of qualities you consider absolutely necessary in a husband, and if romance and glamour are necessary, write those down too. Then, in a quiet, ladylike fashion, go shopping.

KEY NUMBER 345

Is the trouble with you that your father gives you everything you want? Remember that if you expect your husband to do that, your range of choice will be disastrously cut, because few young men are able to afford an extravagant wife.

Fortunately, you have good sense and efficiency combined with the ability to make an unexpected right-about-face, so it is just possible that you could make a success of your marriage even if you were denied a French hand bag and a new evening cloak. Don't lose your ability to adjust yourself to new conditions. It is an important ingredient in making a happy marriage.

KEY NUMBER 1234

You like nice things, but you can endure it if they do not come up to your standard. Often they do not really suit, because you have not used sufficient caution and foresight in making your selection. For this reason you would do better to take a husband of whom both men and women speak well.

A HUSBAND cannot be both a body servant and a money earner.

If you can get one who is liked by even his own brothers and sisters, so much the better. You would make a fairly good wife for a poor man, but you would far rather have one who can afford good seats at the theater.

KEY NUMBER 1235

It doesn't matter at all whom you marry, provided he is not a downright brute, for you will brighten the corner where you are. The man is lucky who marries you. All you need to look out for is that he have sound judgment; for, though your own is good, you would be apt to set it aside if it conflicted with your husband's.

Notice whether the man you are thinking of marrying can take an impersonal view of such matters as an election. Can he, for instance, see that one party is likely to win even though he belongs to the other?

KEY NUMBER 1245

You are easy to get along with if you have what you want, so it is important that your husband should be a good provider. You will adore your home and keep it in beautiful order. You are able to let other people go their own way, provided they do not infringe on your rights. Be on your guard against crystallized opinions and iron-bound principles. Your husband may find them uncomfortable to live with.

KEY NUMBER 1345

You will marry young, for you are not waiting for an impossible knight in armor. You are more interested in his practical qualifications for the job of being your husband than in romance.

You are no wife for a scientist, poet, or reformer; but neither will you consider marrying any of them. Your indifference to romance means that you will lose some trips to the heights and be spared many dark moments in the depths.

KEY NUMBER 2345

Find a man who is going to be a success, for you will enjoy both the fame and the money. Your best way of testing his ability is to note whether or not he now puts through what he undertakes.

Does he finish what he starts? Small present successes are more indicative of future greatness than are glorious dreams. You must not hinder him by usurping more of his time and attention than necessary. A husband cannot be both a body servant and a money earner.

KEY NUMBER 12345

You need very little advice in choosing a husband because you are the type that is unlikely to make a poor choice. Moreover, if you did, you would make the best of a bad bargain and quickly adjust yourself to the limitations of your marriage.

You would be happier, of course, with a successful man, and it might be wise for you to avoid sentiment in your friendships with men who are not likely to set the world on fire. You are exactly the right wife for a prosperous young business man who wants to be one of the important men about town by the time his hair is gray.

THE END

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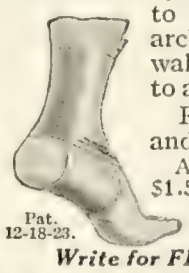

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Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

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WORD GOLF is the game of converting one word into another in a given number of strokes, or less, by changing only one letter at each stroke.

Here are two practice holes and we will caddy for you to show you how the game is played.

GOLF to BALL in 4 strokes

G	O	L	F
G	O	L	D
B	O	L	D
B	A	L	D
B	A	L	L

Note that only one letter has been changed at each stroke in these two examples. Hole No. 2 illustrates how it sometimes is necessary to discard a letter and later to pick it up. See the R in RAVE, dropped at the first stroke and restored at the last.

We will leave you on your own in playing the next six holes. See if you are a good enough golfer to beat par on any of them. FORE!!!

RAVE to RANT in 4 strokes

R	A	V	E
W	A	V	E
W	A	N	E
W	A	N	T
R	A	N	T

DARK to DAWN in 2 strokes

D	A	R	K
D	A	W	N

TELL to HEAR in 3 strokes

T	E	L	L
H	E	A	R

CRY to SOB in 3 strokes

C	R	Y
S	O	B

WILL to WONT in 4 strokes

W	I	L	L
W	O	N	T

ANSWERS IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

HEAD to TAIL in 5 strokes

H	E	A	D
T	A	I	L

Bear in mind that the $5 prizes are only for original WORD GOLF problems selected for publication in LIBERTY. No awards will be made for solutions.

Submit as many original problems as you wish and be sure that solution and name and address accompany each entry. Do not use obsolete or foreign-language words. Avoid proper nouns. Unaccepted contributions cannot be returned and LIBERTY cannot enter into correspondence in reference to WORD GOLF.

FIRE to HEAT in 6 strokes

F	I	R	E
H	E	A	T

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TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page 73)

1—In what country was the Battle of Waterloo fought?

2—Of what is putty made?

3—Do the Great Lakes come within the legal meaning of the "high seas"?

4—What is the Alhambra?

5—What are the three orders of Greek architecture?

6—What is the largest fighting ship in the world?

7—What is the normal atmospheric pressure on the body?

8—What three Presidents fought in the Revolutionary War?

9—Which continent has the greatest average altitude?

10—What is philology?

11—What countries border on Mexico?

12—Who has recently been appointed Governor General of the Philippines and whom did he succeed?

13—Which of the Great Lakes is highest above sea level?

14—What is the oldest inhabited city in the world?

15—What is coke?

16—What is the difference between a college and a university?

17—Is allspice a combination of spices?

18—What one-time Vice President of the United States was tried for treason?

19—Under whose administration was the Federal Reserve System instituted?

20—Who are the wealthiest people, per capita, in the world?

Suits and Coats for Winter Sports

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

WE are coming to have country week-end parties in the winter, so maybe it might be just as well to consider the proposition of assembling a wardrobe for them. Maybe if we had the wardrobe we might get the week-end, and then, if we got to thinking along those general lines, we might get longer than a week-end in some of the country resorts around near where we live, or even at Quebec or Lake Champlain.

Most of your wardrobe for such an occasion can be selected out of what you already have; or, if you haven't, you should have it, and if you have to buy some of the pieces, you can wear them afterward for so long as they shall exist. Let the wardrobe for one of these cold places, first of all, look as if you were not afraid of taking cold.

You remember, don't you, what an enormous matter it used to be to escape from the house without at least six thicknesses of woolens on? This was when you were at home in Brooklyn or New England or some place in the Middle West. Their winters inspired mother and grandmother with ungovernable fear.

You would have said they would be used to the long cold spells and would have just naturally evolved smart cold-weather styles. Just as you would have said the Parisians would have been the first to create chic rain clothes, since in their climate there is almost perpetual rain. Instead of that, they got up such fussy afternoon things that the rest of the world wouldn't wear them, and for that reason, instead of on account of the weather, they changed their styles. But this is another story.

Grandmother perhaps harked back in subconscious and even prenatal memory to pioneer days, when winters were not the joke we are coming to make of them now. Mother and grandmother would not have made a hit at St. Moritz, where first our modern styles showed signs that they were going to sweep the world.

Such a blue leather coat as the above is made like an officer's trench coat.

(Right) A costume of knitted fabric and a long coat trimmed with badger fur.

A skirt of beige tweed, a brown velvet jacket, and a striped sweater blouse.

This "working" sports suit is of dark blue gabardine, with short skirt or trousers.

Concerning the matter of how to wear your winter sports clothes—or how not to wear them—let us turn again to grandmother and recall how all of those six layers she hung on her—or on you if she got a chance—seemed to clutter around the neck. That is a distinct item in the detail of how not to dress today. Don't look cluttered up, but as free as the mountain deer, and as agile. If you really are afraid of taking cold, put on a suit of woolen underwear and keep the fact a secret. Don't wear a long scarf that sways with Victorian grace in every breeze, even when its path crosses your skating partner's movements.

If furs you must have, let them be in the form of linings. Wear a short neck scarf like the one in the third sketch. This drawing represents a little sports dress (so its owner, who bought it in St. Moritz, described it to me) in which you can hike or skate. It has a tweed skirt or sometimes a velveteen skirt—and often, of course, both.

Whatever the skirt, it is topped by a velveteen jacket, preferably of brown, with the tweed skirts in shades of beige, and one of the velveteen skirts matching. The costume is excellent, too, in corduroy. Under the jacket is a striped soft sweater.

But the suit next to it is the foundation for your country club or house-party week-end in the winter. It is a workmanlike suit to wear for skating and even for other exercises more formal.

We realize that the very keynote for the present wardrobe is something with breeches, and this is the costume that would have them. They would be in gabardine and would be accompanied by a sleeveless jacket, like the one in the drawing.

Such a costume would also carry a collateral of a short skirt, as we have shown it here, to wear when—and if—the breeches are not acceptable. The outfit makes me think of a man's sports suit which includes a set of long trousers and plus fours.

It should be accompanied by a sweater under the sleeveless jacket, and whereas the velveteen and tweed suit should have a rather smooth, thin look to it, this one should give the sense of thick woolly softness, topped by a high collar that turns back on itself.

First of all, the whole costume, whether worn with skirt or breeches, should look as if it came very easy. Those that I have seen around in this little eastern section of our country look a bit self-conscious and not perfectly at ease. So much for the working sports costumes.

OUR knitted fabric model corresponds to what might be an afternoon dress in town, and is suitable to wear to the country club or to neighboring houses for tea. It is a three-piece costume, the coat and skirt of which are made of one of those new knitted fabrics that everybody raved about through the late autumn as they returned from Paris. This one is in blue with a crepella blouse of a lighter shade that is made on the present Vionnet conception of a blouse which has got a surplice idea to it.

You will observe that the costume as a whole is not the plain, straight thing that its predecessors of previous seasons have been. The skirt ripples across the front in goring, which, unlike plaits, gives an undulating outline even in repose. The coat is easy and falls straight down the front. It is trimmed with badger fur.

Another adjunct to a winter holiday, brief or prolonged, is a leather sports coat. This one here is blue, and is a general utility wrap for all occasions, even for the evening if you can get away with the excuse that you couldn't bring much luggage, and all that. Of course you have to make an enormous joke of it, and indeed I shouldn't risk it too far. If an evening wrap comes handy, do, by all means, take it with you. You wear the belt of this coat quite snugly at the natural waistline.

I wonder if coats in general are going to get a little more like this one next year? We did have one awhile ago that went in at the waistline and then out. Then there was another with a belt not unlike this one.

Night-Blooming Paris Fashions

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, January 2.

THEY keep circulating night after night—the social joy-seekers in Paris. At the dinner hour the Ritz, the Michodière, Ciro's are filled with them. A little later you see them at the première of the New Paramount Picture Palace (American plan), the Moulin Rouge, the Casino de Paris. Much later—or earlier, depending on whether it is still evening or new-born morning—they dance in the various jazz emporiums that flourish in Paris.

And the entire circuit of the amusement seekers is a blooming fashion show, full of thrilling modes made and in the making. I said "blooming" on purpose and not because of Anglo-vernacular corruption of my good American tongue. This word fits most completely the new evening fashions that are seen in all the rounds of the fashionable world in Paris. Blooming best expresses the quaint, flowerlike quality of the smartest evening frocks seen this season. They look all the better because they contrast so strikingly with the artificial atmosphere that surrounds the amusements of the children of the asphalt.

Jean Patou flares the sleeves of this white jersey sweater and trims it with bands of shaded red.

Frocks with a definite "picture" character have more cachet and charm than those merely smart, wholly standardized gowns which look, at least, as if they were turned out by the hundreds from the same mold. They, the new fashions, are memory-stirring modes, and suggest that the wearers know all sorts of indefinable alluring secrets. It is up to the lady to live up to her frock—a thing which, if she is clever enough to choose such a dress, she can usually do.

It seems to me that these gowns, which demand some reticence and poise if they are to be worn well, are indicative of more graciousness of person as well as of clothes: an excellent attribute for both woman and wearing apparel.

Changes in fashions are on the way, and the evening modes are their forerunners. Particular women in Paris no longer wriggle themselves into narrow tubes of chiffon or crêpe, made dazzling by a few beads or draperies, exactly like that every other 1928 Eve is wearing. The smart evening gown is rather formal, very personal, and bids you remember that woman is a creature who lived and reigned in many epochs since the world began.

Our third model is one of the particular evening gowns to which I refer. It is from Louiseboulanger, the Paris couturier who was first to create the new type of frock that makes the wearer look "pretty as a picture," although this is far more than just pretty. It is character sewed into dress formation. The fabric is something very novel, a lace lamé, and this semitransparent brilliant gold material is placed over a foundation of rose-colored mousseline de soie.

The foundation has a short skirt, while the overskirt of gold lace lamé is so long, particularly in back, as to leave a bare inch between the hem and the floor. This skirt is cartridge-plaited on to the fitted bodice of lace lamé. The bodice is very simply trimmed with narrow bands of gold lace, and shirred a bit above the waistline, which is placed higher than the hips.

This frock, obviously, is not for the dance of the kind indulged in at night clubs and cabarets, but rather for the real ballroom or other evening parties that do not economize too much on space.

A dance frock of black chiffon, with ruffled skirt that dips in back, is a favorite of the smart Parisienne.

For more *ciré* affairs the kind of frock the Parisienne wears is that shown in our last sketch, an evening frock from Jean Patou. Patou makes this model of rose-beige taffeta. The blouse is trimmed solely with curved taffeta bands, and the amethyst necklace, worn around the neckline, is a new and smart detail. The taffeta skirt flares in circular movement at the left side from tucks, while the very large bow and its long sash end at the right side of the draped girdle create a nice balance.

The two hemlines of this gold lace-lamé evening frock from Louiseboulanger are a transparent fact—the foundation skirt just covering the knees, while the overskirt almost touches the floor.

Patou designed this frock with its flaring sashandleft-side circular movement.

Our second model, a frock of black chiffon, is the type of dance frock that women who start a good many Paris vogues are wearing this winter. Here the tango is one of the most popular dances, and this dress, with its ruffled skirt dipping to the heels in the back, is the prettiest frock imaginable for it.

ITS lines are evidently taken from those of the skirts worn by Spanish dancers, but transformed into the most aristocratic of models for the lady. The pink and black chiffon flowers placed at the hipline show the new location for this kind of decoration, which has fallen permanently from its former site on the shoulder. A round yoke of chiffon makes an effective finish to the blouse of this Miler Sœurs frock.

These models will give you an idea of the direction fashion is taking, which is certainly toward what is charming, picturesque, and personal in clothes.

The one exception to this change is the sports costume, which hasn't any past epoch to draw from, with the possible exception of Greece. However, Jean Patou, the greatest of sports costume creators, is doing something new even with sports clothes. He is giving them sleeves that flare, as the sketch illustrates, and he is proving that sweaters may have something different in the way of decoration.

This white jersey sweater is decorated with bands in several shades of red, over which Patou places triangles of white crêpe marocain. The skirt is of white wool.

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As a suggestion, here is a pleasant, practical method of preparing French Fried Potatoes:

Scrape and pare 1½ pounds Irish potatoes and cut lengthwise into long strips, about sixteen to a potato. Rinse, dry on a towel, put in a frying basket and fry in deep Mazola hot enough to brown a bit of bread in a minute and a half, 325 degrees F. Drain on paper, dust with salt and serve.

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Good Butter Substitutes for Cooking

By ETHEL SOMERS

A REAL and considerable economy may be attained by a judicious use of substitutes for butter. Among the satisfactory commercial substitutes we have oils (corn, cottonseed, and nut), medium fats (lard, oleomargarine, solidified vegetable and nut oils), and the very hard fats made largely from solidified nut oils (as peanut and coconut). These are all purified and rendered tasteless in the process of manufacture. The oleomargarines only are salted. The others require an addition of salt to the recipe when they are substituted for butter. (See proportions given in the table.)

Home-clarified fats are also worthy of the cook's attention. No particle of fat, unless it has been burned, should ever be thrown into the discard if one is practicing true economy.

Pieces of suet should be soaked one hour in salt water (1 tablespoon to 1 quart), drained and dried, and cut in ½-inch cubes before trying out. This is done by placing them in the top of a double boiler and heating gently over hot—not boiling—water.

When the fat is thoroughly melted, pour it through a double layer of cheesecloth and store in a closely covered jar in a cool place.

Collected drippings may be easily salvaged by melting and pouring the hot fat through a double layer of cheesecloth. Add an equal quantity or more of boiling hot water to the hot fat. Let stand until cool and remove the solid layer of pure fat which collects on top.

Bacon fat thus clarified is freed of its sediment and most of its characteristically strong flavor. Chicken fat so rendered is delicate enough to be available for use even in fancy cakes and cookies. Clarifying left-over fats in the home is a true economy.

Whatever the fat to be used in place of butter, there is a comparative ratio between its shortening qualities and those of butter. A knowledge of this proportion is essential to making a satisfactory substitution. By using the following table and examples of changed recipes given herein, it is confidently expected that the reader will be competent in the future to revise her own recipes. Economy in the use of fat is one of the easily practiced savings which may be a daily help to you in curtailing the food budget.

Comparative Table of Shortening Substitutes

For 1 cup of butter, substitute:

1 cup oleomargarine
⅞ cup lard
⅞ cup vegetable oil (corn, cottonseed, or nut)
⅞ cup vegetable fat (made by hydrolizing the above-mentioned oils)
⅘ cup clarified bacon fat (used only for *spiced* cookies, cake, and gingerbread; also for pie crust)
⅘ cup clarified drippings (used only for *spiced* cookies, cake, and gingerbread; also pie crust)
⅔ cup clarified chicken fat
½ cup suet

(Unsalted fats require additional salt. Use 1 teaspoon salt for every 2 cups of flour called for in the recipe.)

Substitution of measured quantities of the cheaper fats for butter in no way affects the cake.

Solid fats may be measured by immersing in a known quantity of cold water. Seven-eighths cup of oil equals 1 cup of butter.

Cakes baked with butter substitute grace even a party serving. Fluted cups for baking may be had in various sizes.

Gingerbread

(Before revision this recipe called for ½ teaspoon salt and 4 tablespoons melted butter.)

2 cups flour
1½ teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons ginger
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup molasses
1 cup sour milk
3¼ tablespoons melted bacon fat or drippings

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the sour milk and molasses. Add these liquids to the dry ingredients. Beat in the slightly cooled melted fat until the mixture is thoroughly blended. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes.

Chocolate Layer Cake

(Before revision this recipe called for ½ cup butter and 1/16 teaspoon salt.)

1¼ cups sugar
3 tablespoons water
½ cup (scant)* lard, vegetable oil, or solid vegetable fat
2 ounces chocolate
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour

COMBINE the sugar, water, and cut-up chocolate. Heat gently until melted. Add the shortening and mix until melted. Let cool. Alternately add the sifted dry ingredients and milk to the cooled chocolate mixture. Mix and pour into greased layer-cake pans and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Frost while hot with coffee icing.

*By ½ cup scant we mean exactly ⅞ of ½ cup.

Quick White Cake

(Before revision this recipe called for ¼ cup butter, melted, and ¼ teaspoon salt.)

1 cup sugar
¾ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites, unbeaten
¼ cup (scant)* vegetable oil or solid vegetable fat or lard melted
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup milk
1½ cups bread flour
¼ teaspoon vanilla

PUT all of the ingredients together in a mixing bowl (adding the melted fat to the milk before putting it into the mixing bowl to avoid any possible contact of the hot fat and eggs or baking powder). Beat vigorously for 2 minutes. Bake in two greased layer-cake pans in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Frost or spread with jam. Serve freshly baked.

*By ¼ cup, scant, of shortening we mean exactly ⅞ of ¼ cup.

Rolled Cookies

(Before revision this recipe called for ⅜ cup butter and ⅛ teaspoon salt.)

1⅞ to 2 cups flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar
⅓ cup vegetable oil, lard, or solid vegetable fat
2 tablespoons milk
1 egg
½ teaspoon flavoring—which may be vanilla, lemon, or orange and lemon mixed, or nutmeg

BEAT ½ of the sugar and shortening together until thoroughly blended. Gradually add the well beaten egg and remaining sugar. Beat the mixture thoroughly. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the flavoring to the milk and add the milk alternately with the dry ingredients. Work or knead the dough after each addition so as to keep a somewhat uniform mixture. Cut or knead in the rest of the flour and roll the dough out on a lightly floured board to ¼-inch thickness. The softer the cooky dough is handled, the more delicate cooky it makes. Do not knead in too much flour, but rather roll the dough as soft as possible. Cut out in any desired shape and bake on a cooky sheet in a hot oven (390° F.) for 8 to 10 minutes.

ICE-BOX COOKIES may be made from the foregoing recipe by rolling the dough into a long roll of the same diameter as the desired finished cookies. Leave at least overnight in the ice box and slice in ¼-inch slices. Bake as directed above.

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The Clock Strikes TWO

Phyllis Solves the Last of the Boardman Mysteries

A Serial by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

(Reading time: 20 minutes 35 seconds.)

PART TEN (CONCLUSION)

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

"I DON'T know," said Franklin to Blair, "how you and your—friend, Miss Hale, here, tricked my father into hiring her for this job."

He'd hesitated in a rather ugly way before selecting the word "friend," and she could see that Blair didn't like it.

"Oh, it doesn't matter what he says, or even what he thinks," she interposed.

Blair nodded, and in a rueful fashion Franklin did too. "She's perfectly right," he said. "I'm eliminated—along, I suppose, with my whole branch of the family. All the same, I'm glad I missed you with that pipe just now. At least, if I hadn't missed you I'd be feeling even worse than I do right now. I'm probably not cut out to be a criminal. Too damned hasty and too damned soft, before and after."

Phyllis saw a great light. "Was that," she asked, "how you burnt the Colonel's new will, and how you felt about it afterward?"

Both men started at the question. Blair, after a wondering look at her, turned back to his cousin. Franklin, after his first start, relaxed in his chair with an air of relief.

"Well, that finishes it," he said. "How did it happen? Did Father give me away? He's been losing his nerve hand over fist the last three days."

She hesitated over her answer, and before she decided what to say he went on: "Oh, well, it doesn't matter how it was found out."

Then he turned impatiently to Blair, who hadn't said a word. "You're in charge now, I suppose. What are you going to do about it? I guess it was a crime, all right, though I don't know much about criminal law. What are you going to do? Telephone now to the village for the constable to come and lock me up?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do," Blair answered. "I don't quite see that it's up to me to do anything. But then, I don't know yet what happened. I don't know what will you burned, nor how you came to burn it. I'd be glad if you'd tell me about it."

"Give me a cigarette, will you?" Franklin said. "My mouth's as dry as an old shoe. Yes, I'll tell you about it. So you will see how I did it. How you and your father looked to our side." He faced Blair squarely.

"You haven't seen the old man yet, have you? Well, Miss Hale has. She's had two or three days of him. My mother died of him, I think; and Father—Father was always worse afraid of him than any of us. The feeling was that he didn't like us; that he had a grudge against us, particularly a grudge against Father.

"Of course, the one idea—the thing that kept us all afloat—was that Grandfather couldn't live more than a year or so longer, anyhow, and that when he died we'd get his money.

"I never knew I had an Uncle Blair until I was pretty near grown up. Then Father mentioned him one day, a little uneasily. Told me how he'd quarreled with Grandfather and gone away, and how Grandfather had disinherited him. Whether he was married or not, Father didn't know.

"About ten years ago Grandfather sent for me in the middle of the night, thinking he was dying. He told me he wanted to make a new will, leaving Blair his full share of the estate. He had me get out the old will to copy the paragraphs from that that weren't to be changed.

"I did it. I had to do it. But I got madder and madder every word I wrote. Here was Uncle Blair, who'd gone away and lived his own life—no tyranny over him—due to get as big a slice of the estate as all the rest of us put together. We'd stood by, put up with the old man's whims and tantrums. Grandfather was being noble on the edge of the grave, where it wasn't going to cost him a damn thing.

"Well, I brought the will to him where he lay in bed. He insulted me before the village doctor and the nurse by making one of them read it to him to make sure I hadn't played him a trick. He held the paper in his own hands while it was being read to him, so that he could be sure he was signing that and nothing else.

"When he'd signed it and got it witnessed,

"I'll leave you now to go on with the scene I interrupted when I waked up," Franklin said.

he sent me back into the study to get a lighted candle and the old will I'd been copying from. He told me to burn it before his eyes.

"When I came back he was having a spasm and the new will had fallen to the floor. It was folded twice, ready to be put in the envelope. The doctor and the nurse were busy with him. I stooped down to pick up the new will, and had them both in my hand before I realized what a chance it was. I put the old will into his hands. He didn't realize that he'd ever let go of the new one. Neither the doctor nor the nurse had noticed. I burned the one I had in my hand—the one he'd just made.

"If he'd died that night I'd have been found out, since the doctor and the nurse had both heard the new will read and witnessed it. He sealed up the old one in a big envelope and signed the envelope across the flap.

"The next morning I told Father what I'd done. He gave me hell and said he'd have to tell Grandfather about it. But he kept putting it off, on one excuse or another, and I guessed at last that he didn't mean to.

"The letter Grandfather wrote to Uncle Blair two or three days later settled it. I walked in on Father one day, and found him with the letter in his hand, sealed up and addressed. He said he didn't know what to do about it. He wanted to do what was best for everybody.

"It made me mad, having him blow hot and cold. I ripped the letter open and read it to him. Grandfather told Blair all about the new will he'd made, and asked him to come back and make up the quarrel. That put it up to us either to burn the letter or to tell Grandfather I'd burned the will. Father wouldn't make up his mind, so I threw the letter in the fire.

"Father thought the best thing to do would be to find the old will and destroy it too. That would give Uncle Blair his share of the estate and it wouldn't involve confessing to Grandfather. We never could get hold of the will.

"Well, that's what we've been up against for ten years. Grandfather had the will in his possession somewhere. He might take it into his head any day to have it read to him. Naturally, we tried to hire nurses and secretaries for him whom we could get over to our side. That wasn't very hard, with Grandfather treating them the way he did.

"He got so suspicious that Charles began to think he was going insane. Charles didn't know anything about the will. He's been absolutely on the level all the way through. We hoped he was right, because if Grandfather did go insane he couldn't make a new will, no matter how he hated us.

"Well, that's how things were when Father got your first letter from the Philippines telling us that Uncle Blair was dead and saying you thought of visiting us. You can see what that meant to us.

"Edith was nutty about spiritualism, and it struck me that that might be the way to work on Grandfather. The only ghost we could hope to get him excited about was Aunt Flora, so I fixed up a story for the medium to tell Edith. It never made a dent in Grandfather, but it certainly stirred up Edith. When she heard you tell the caretaker at the town house that you were Colonel Boardman's grandson, she took it for absolute proof that Flora had been talking to her.

"I'D told the medium to say that some horrible calamity would happen if you came and if Grandfather saw you. When she saw you two talking in front of the house, she told Father, and Father came right to me about it. We realized that you and Miss Hale had put something over on us. Of course we tried to keep her from coming. She was cleverer than we were—I'll admit that. Give me another cigarette, will you?"

When he had lighted it, Blair's eyes sought his. "I want to know about this damned ghost machine that you tried to drive your grandfather crazy with."

"We weren't specially trying to drive him crazy," Franklin protested—rather half-heartedly, though.

"When we heard that you were in this country, and were sure to turn up here, no matter what we did, I took Herbert in on it. Father'd lost his nerve entirely. But Herbert came right to bat.

"Years ago, when he was just a boy poking around into things, he'd found a letter of Aunt Flora's, hidden under the false bottom of a jewel box in her room. He'd discovered the way to spring the lid. When he'd read the letter he put it back where he'd found it. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

remembered it now, and got it out again and read it to me.

"It was pretty rough on Father, so we decided not to take him in on it; but we thought it would fetch Grandfather, if anything would. So the medium told Edith all about how Flora died and directed her how to find the letter.

"But Grandfather simply shouted Edith down when she tried to read it to him.

She went over to where he sat and kissed him.

"THAT left me pretty near desperate; but it didn't faze Herbert. He's horribly clever at mechanics and electricity and things like that. It seemed he'd made a trick telephone. When you take the receiver off the hook it acts like an ordinary telephone. When you put the receiver back on the hook there's another independent circuit. He changed the transmitter, too, so that it works both ways.

"He spent weeks on the thing, just for fun. He made it, he told me, to give Edith a thrill. He was going to fix it so that she could hear ghosts talk when she was in bed at night. It was already installed in her room the day Grandfather came to town and engaged Miss Hale.

"That night, after the theater, when she told Herbert she wouldn't drive down here with him, he came down by himself and put Edith's phone in Grandfather's room. Grandfather was in town that night, of course."

"Perfectly diabolical!" Blair commented.

"What did you expect it to do? Literally frighten him to death, or drive him insane?"

"Neither," Franklin assured him coolly. "We thought it might get him interested enough in Flora's ghost to pay some attention to Edith and to what the medium said. If he began telling about funny noises he heard when he was all alone in the middle of the night, it might convince Charles that he was really insane. As a matter of fact, it doesn't seem to have had any of those effects.

"It's been rather convenient, though. We got Charles to go down to the ice house and listen when you"—this to Phyllis—"went to sound out Grandfather for him yesterday morning. That's how he knew you were holding out on him. I suppose he coughed or spoke or something—he didn't know the thing worked both ways—and that's why Grandfather yelled at him."

He got slowly to his feet. "Well, there's nothing else, is there?"

"I want to know about Elizabeth," Phyllis said. "I don't believe she was in on it."

"You're right," he told her. "She wasn't in on it at all. Herbert persuaded her to come down here to his shop that night to help him with some experiments he was making with acoustics. That was plausible enough. He has been experimenting for quite a while, trying to improve the way of making phonograph records. The shop is soundproof.

"He had her down here for an hour or two, making funny noises, singing, declaiming, doing all sorts of things. He told Elizabeth to keep quiet about it because it was an important invention he was working on and had to be kept secret. Elizabeth had no idea that she was playing at being Aunt Flora's ghost."

There was a silence which Blair finally broke.

"You'd like me to believe, then, that your father had nothing to do with the ghost machine. That leaves you and Herbert, then, as the only ones who were in the conspiracy all the way through."

FRANKLIN got to his feet a little uncertainly and, supporting himself by the back of the chair, faced them.

"The money end of the conspiracy, as you call it, didn't interest Herbert a bit. Outside of liking a little mischievous fun now and then, the only thing he cares a damn about is acoustics. When you two got away from him yesterday afternoon, he came right in here, wet as he was, and worked an hour before he went up to the house. That's how he got his chill. As far as I'm concerned, I'm perfectly willing to be the exclusive goat. I'm through, anyhow.

"I'm not about to blow out my brains or jump in the lake," he went on, with a grin. "I've had enough of this damned place, that's all, and I'm going to clear out.

"You can tell Father he'll find Herbert's car in the garage at Lafayette. I was getting ready to go when Charles sent me for the oxygen. I thought, as long as I had to come back, I might as well come down here and confiscate the ghost record. When I saw that you'd butted in here, too, and were on to everything, I lost my head and took a crack at you. That's down to date. Do you mind telling me what your line's going to be?"

"My line?" Blair asked.

"Whether I'm to be a fugitive from justice or not. How hard are you going to bear down—aside from the money end of it?"

"I'm not going to bear down at all," Blair told him. "I don't care how far you go or how long you stay away."

Franklin smiled another of his wry smiles.

"Well, I'll leave you now to go on with the scene I interrupted when I waked up."

Phyllis noted that Blair accompanied his cousin to the door with a look suggesting that he'd like to kick him out of it.

What *had* they been doing? Blair had taken her in his arms as soon as he came in with the pail of water. And he'd kissed her and called her a darling. It had seemed natural enough at the time. They weren't, of course, on that kind of terms normally, and if Franklin had come to a little sooner than they'd realized—

"I wanted to take another punch at him," Blair said, coming back from the door, "for that last crack he made. But it doesn't matter what he thinks. Lord, I'm glad he's gone! Aren't you?"

He sat down close beside her on the chest, facing her, and with a little laugh pulled her up to be kissed again.

A little vigorously she pushed herself away from him.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you angry because I didn't kick Franklin out?"

"Of course not," she told him. "I don't care what *he* thinks. It's what you think."

He echoed that perfectly blankly.

"Yes," she insisted. "It's only a little more than two days since you asked me if I mightn't be a cousin of yours. So you must think—well—that I'm the sort of girl that's pretty easy to pick up. And—and I'm not, really."

He sat stupefied and dumb. He was faintly aware that she was talking nonsense, but she was powerless to stop unless he stopped her.

"It was just—well, you did seem as if you wouldn't misunderstand things. And, of course, I liked you, naturally. And I worried about you because I thought they were going to try to do something horrible to you. And—and we *had* to try to be alone together, in order to talk. But everything's settled and coming out all right for you. And it must be awfully late—nearly morning—so I think I'll go back to the house."

He just sat there. He might have been a 180-pound sack of sand.

"If you'll move," she said snappishly, at last, "I can get up."

He came to his feet all in one movement, somehow, with a suddenness that startled her.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I didn't realize I was making a prisoner of you."

Deep down inside, of course, what she wanted was exactly that: to be imprisoned by him. A halfway awareness of the nature of her wish exasperated her against him still further.

He opened the heavy door for her and, a little too obviously, stood aside.

"You needn't be so frightened," she said.

"Do you mind explaining what I'm supposed to be frightened about?" He was getting mad.

"Not in the least," she said. "It came over you suddenly, just now, that I might have taken—all this seriously." He didn't say a word. "And of course," she managed to add, "that's perfectly ridiculous." Her throat was getting funny.

THEY walked up the path to the house in silence, he a pace behind her. The sky was turning a pallid, God-forsaken sort of gray. Morning was coming. She wished it wouldn't. She didn't want to face another day.

Herbert's car no longer stood in the drive. Evidently Franklin had made good his promise. And Blair would probably go tomorrow.

He followed her up the steps and across the veranda to the front door. She tried it and found it locked.

"Perhaps we can get in the library door," she said.

He followed her all the way around the house, she trying every door they came to. They were all locked fast, of course. There wasn't an open window on the ground floor, either; and the only light they saw in the whole house was a dim one burning in Herbert's room.

When they got around to the front door again, she pushed the bell button. She couldn't hear anything ring, and there was no response. The house servants were all asleep, of course. The bell probably rang in their quarters downstairs.

At last she whipped round upon Blair. "Well," she asked, "can't you think of *anything?*"

He was looking at her. They looked and looked, staring into each other's faces. She laughed—or tried to.

"Oh, Blair, you idiot!" she cried.

That was all she had a chance to say for quite a while. He had her in his arms again. He wasn't a real idiot, though. He didn't try to find out why she had quarreled with him.

"I suppose," he said at last, "I might manage to get in my window, by climbing up the trellis and making a sort of jump for the end of my belt. That was the way I got out, you know."

She vetoed that proposal vehemently. "I'm not going to have *you* smashed like Flora, only at the other end of the house. It won't be so very long till morning."

They found a big settee on the east veranda with a couple of cushions and one traveling rug—not a very big one.

"Well, that fixes you," he remarked. "I can tuck you up here as snug as you please. And it's about time, too. You're so cold I can hear your teeth chatter."

"What'll you do?" she asked.

"Oh, I'll keep moving around in the neighborhood," he said.

But he sat down beside her for a minute, first. It was very nice to be together like that.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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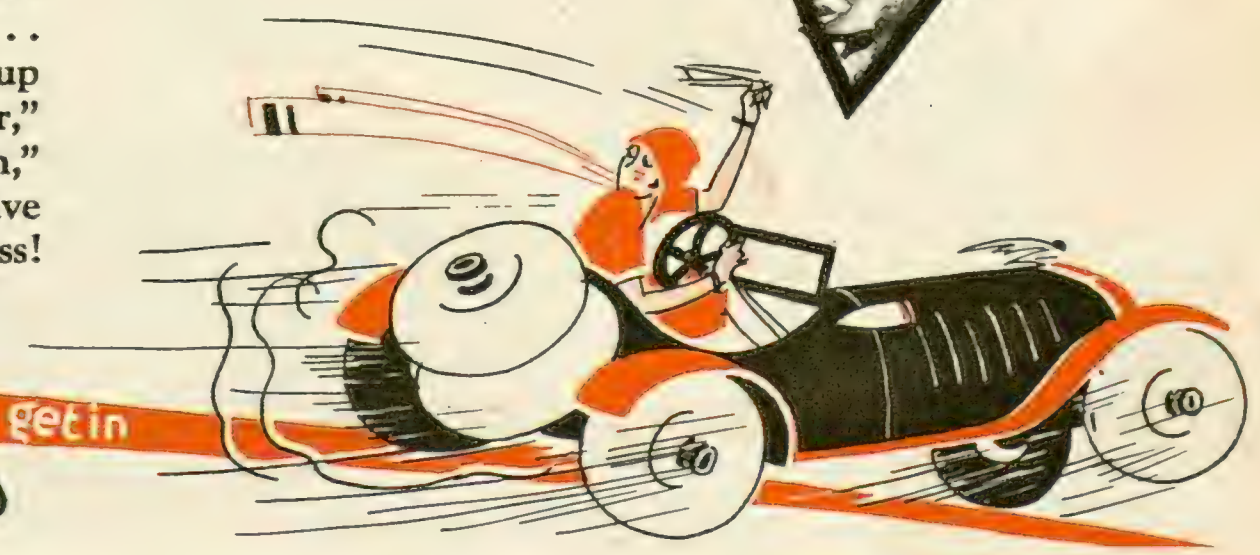


t ONE of the Stars -- Just ONE of the Hits -- that you get in

First National Pictures
They Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

Her hand rested on his knee and she made a discovery.

"You're soaking wet!" she cried. "How did you get that way?"

"That's how I broke into the ice house," he told her. "I went into the lake and climbed up the ice chute. But I'm pretty well dried out now."

"You'll get a chill," she predicted in a panic. "Like Herbert!"

She sprang up and began unfolding the rug.

"What's your idea?" he asked derisively. "To put me to bed and wander around till morning yourself?"

"No," she told him with a laugh. "Wait a minute. It doesn't matter, does it?"

She snuggled down beside him, her head in the hollow of his arm, and spread the rug, as far as it would go, over both of them.

"Nothing matters in the world but this," he said.

"We can see the sun rise from here," she murmured.

II

SHE didn't see the sun rise, though. Brusquely there were footsteps and a voice, thoroughly surprised, exclaiming, "What in the world!"

Even that, though, might not have fished her up from the depths of sleep she'd been sunk in, if her pillow, which never was a pillow, hadn't stirred suddenly, heaved itself up, subsided again, and then begun vibrating so that it tickled her ear, in the tones of Blair's voice.

"What?" he said. "What is it?" And then, as the other voice laughed, "Oh, hello, Elizabeth!"

Phyllis, whose eyes had come a quarter of the way open, let them drop shut again.

"What in the world," Elizabeth seemed to want to know, "are you two doing out here?"

"We've been—asleep," Blair explained, with what struck Phyllis as admirable lucidity.

The reply, though, seemed not fully to satisfy Elizabeth. "But how did you get here? Why did Phyllis come out like that?"

"She came out, more or less," Blair said, "to save my life. What she did was to assist in a conference I was having with your Uncle Franklin. Franklin went away in Herbert's car and we found we were locked out. She was so dead tired, having been without sleep for two nights, that I tried to make her comfortable here. I don't want to wake her up," he added, "if I can help it."

"Well," she heard Elizabeth say, "I think I'd cover her up if I were you."

A faint wonder what Elizabeth meant, a slow misgiving that she knew, caused Phyllis to sit up at last, swing her legs off the settee, and in the same movement huddle her silk bathrobe around her.

"Hello," she said blankly to Elizabeth. And then, rather idiotically, to Blair, "Why didn't you tell me I wasn't dressed?"

"I didn't notice," he said. Then he explained to Elizabeth: "It doesn't matter in the least. You see, Phyllis and I are engaged to be married."

"Phyllis!" Elizabeth cried. "Is that really true?"

"It's the first I've heard of it," Phyllis said dispassionately, biting down a yawn.

"Well," the other girl remarked, "even if you are, I think I'd go in the house, if I were you, and make myself a little more presentable."

"WHAT in the world," Elizabeth seemed to want to know, "are you two doing out here?" "We've been—asleep," Blair explained.

"We're going in," Blair told her, "as soon as there's anybody about to let us in. What are you doing yourself, prowling around at this time of the morning?"

"It's nine o'clock," she informed him. "I've finished my breakfast and I'm going off in the canoe to make a call."

PHYLLIS was vaguely aware that her lover found this fact rather startling. She didn't see the importance of it, herself. She put her head down again upon Blair's shoulder.

Before Elizabeth reached the end of the veranda, she stopped and came back.

"Are you going to get married pretty soon?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," Blair said casually.

"We are not," Phyllis murmured.

Elizabeth ignored the contradiction, if she heard it.

"And is she going to quit her job as Great-grandfather's secretary?"

"At once," Blair assured her. "Today."

"Don't be silly," Phyllis again drowsily interposed. "I can't possibly leave until he can find someone else."

"Well, I can find him someone else," Elizabeth said, "in about three-quarters of an hour. That's why I was asking. He's an awfully good secretary and Great-grandfather really liked him quite well the other time. Perhaps, if you can persuade the family to be good this time, we can get Phyllis off."

"Are you telling me," Blair demanded, "that you're engaged too?"

"Oh, more or less," she said, and with that she really did go.

"I hate to do it, darling." This was Blair's voice rattling Phyllis' ear again. "But I've got to."

He picked her up, balanced her on her feet, kissed her, and led her into the house, up the stairs, and to the door of her room.

"Now go in and have your sleep out," he commanded her.

"Will you be here when I wake up?" she asked.

"Wherever you wake up, I'll always be there," he told her.

III

THE Colonel knew who she was the moment she knocked at his door, and instantly, as she entered the room, greeted her with a question.

"What sort of a time of day do you think this is to be reporting for work?" His tone wasn't ill-natured, though; rather jocular.

"I don't know what time of day it is," she told him composedly. "I let my watch run down last night. Is that tea you're having?"

He was sitting up, exactly as usual, in his big chair before the fireplace, his tea table before him. Haller was hovering imperturbably in the background. It was all as if nothing had ever disturbed the placid routine of his days.

"Naturally it's tea," he growled, "since it's five o'clock."

"Five o'clock in the afternoon?" she asked.

"Haller," the old man commanded, "get another cup for Miss Hale. It's plain enough she needs something."

"I suppose," she ventured, as the man went on his errand, "since Haller's come back to you it means that Herbert's better."

"Charles says he's out of the woods," he grumbled.

She was fascinated by the sight of the neat slices of bread and butter on the tea tray. "I don't care so much about the tea," she remarked, "but I would like some of that bread and butter. I don't know how long it is since I had my last meal."

"Go ahead," he told her. "Are you perfectly sure you know what day it is?"

"I think it's Sunday," she said.

"You're a pretty secretary!" he scoffed.

"Well," she reminded him, "that's what I told you I was when I applied for the job."

He made a distinction. "You told me you were a pretty girl, not a pretty secretary."

He sat chuckling while Haller, having returned with her cup, was pouring out her tea. He had something to say, but held it back till after he'd dismissed the manservant.

"It's evident you told me the truth about that. It was Thursday afternoon we had that talk and according to you this is Sunday. But this new grandson of mine tells me he's al-

ready asked you to marry him."

"Did he?" Phyllis asked. "Did he really tell you that?"

"Yes. What do you mean? Hasn't he asked you?"

"Of course he has, if he says so. I don't remember that he did, exactly. I thought I remembered hearing him tell Elizabeth we were engaged, but I was so sound asleep, both before and after, that I wasn't sure I hadn't dreamt it."

"Confound your nonsense!" the old man cried. "I don't wonder you pretend you don't remember. What do you expect me to think of a performance like that?"

"I can't expect you not to think it's rather outrageous," she told him soberly. "Greedy and grasping and horrid. And I don't believe I can explain why it isn't."

"As a matter of fact, you don't care a damn what I think."

"I don't know exactly how much a damn is," she said, "but I think I care more than that."

Something he heard in her voice brought a change into the sightless old face he turned toward her. "I may be getting soft headed in my old age," he remarked, "but I really believe, my child, that you do."

SHE relaxed a little and sipped her tea.

"Anyhow," she said at last, "I'll stay here and be your secretary until you can get someone to take my place."

"Oh," he assured her crustily, "you're already supplanted."

A vague memory stirred in her. "Elizabeth's young man?" she asked.

"How do you know about that," he demanded, "if you've been asleep all day?"

"I heard Elizabeth say something when I was almost half awake. Is he really coming back to be your secretary?"

"Incidentally, to be my secretary for a while. Primarily, he is coming to be Elizabeth's husband. That," he added gravely, "is my attempt to make it up to Flora. She's extraordinarily like Flora. I read my daughter's letter today—had young Blair read it to me—and my answer to it, the only answer I can make, is to make sure that the old tragedy shan't be enacted all over again. She's young and she may be mistaken; but I was old even forty years ago, and I was mistaken too."

He was silent for a while. Then, in his more familiar manner and with a dry grin, he added: "That brand-new grandson of mine has spent the last hour or so trying to convince me that I'm mistaken again and that he knows my business better than I do."

"Not about Elizabeth!" she cried.

"No, not about Elizabeth. I've got something more important than lovers and love-making to think about. You heard what I told my son Thomas last night, didn't you? That I was going to make a new will?"

"Yes," she said. "A new will that would punish him and the rest of them for having tricked you about the old one."

"That would be a pretty natural thing to do, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I suppose it would be *natural* enough," she conceded.

SHE didn't add anything, and after a moment he asked, "Is that all you've got to say?"

"I didn't know you wanted my advice," she told him. "I agree with Blair."

"How do you know you do? He hasn't talked to you about it, has he?"

"No," she said; "but I know why he came to see all of you. It wasn't because he hoped to get anything out of it. It was because he wanted to make up a terribly useless old quarrel. He thought it would be jolly to discover a grandfather, if he was still alive, and an uncle and some cousins, and to visit an old house he'd heard his father talk about as home. Blair says he's got money enough as it is. If you leave him all yours, you'll leave him enemies instead of people who might be his friends."

"I suppose you think," he grumbled, "that they've been punished enough in having had to live with me all these years."

She thought of something and laughed.

"You think that's funny, do you?" he snapped.

"No," she told him. "I happened to remember something. If I marry Blair you *can't* leave him all your money. Don't you remember telling me that I'd never have any interest in your will, no matter how long and faithfully I worked for you? You told me that was a promise."

"You're an impudent young jackanapes," he growled. "If you stayed here much longer I'd disinherit Blair again for taking you away. You'd better marry him and let him carry you off tomorrow, as he plans."

"Is that what he plans?" she asked innocently. "He hasn't told me anything about it, you see."

"You're off to see the world. That's his idea. Europe—what's left of it. He says he'll come back sometime—two or three years from now."

He spoke in his familiar scoffing manner, but she fancied she heard something else behind it.

"He doesn't have to dash away like that!" she cried impetuously. "He can just as well wait and have a real visit with you first."

"Damn it!" the old man shouted at her. "Are you burying me too? 'First!' Before I die, eh? Young idiots! I'm likely to outlive the pair of you."

"Here he comes after you, now. Don't you know his step when you hear it? Go along. Meet him in the hall out there. I've had all the nonsense I can stand for one day."

"You'll have to stand a little more," she said—and went over to where he sat and kissed him.

THE END

Home Again!

Lil's Return to Domesticity

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"LIL?" This was Mrs. Morse's voice over the telephone, quite wrathy, due to two wrong numbers. "My, I thought I'd never get you; first I had Wilson's Garage and then the freight office. When did you get back from New York?"

"Wait a second!" Lil cried. "Bow-Legs has got something stuck in his throat." And she relieved her gagging mut of a slimy cardboard bottle top which was wedged between his jaws.

Then she said sweetly: "We just got back on the noon train. May we have supper with you and Pop tonight? I'll bring all the menus and programs I saved for you."

"Come along, dear, about six o'clock," her mother invited, wondering if her avalanche of self-invited relatives would ever cease. "We're going to have stew, because it's Thursday. And rice pudding—that's so elastic. You and Sandy had better live on simple food for a few days, after all the rich *à la's* you probably ate in New York."

With lobster, éclair, mushroom, anchovy, sweetbread, and shrimp memories, Lil rather thought so herself.

"Listen! I'm in a pay station. I spent two nickels. The first one never came out. I gotta complaint to issue." This was a queerly accented voice which suddenly broke into Ma and Lil's telephone duet.

"Get off this line!" Ma called. "Your wires are crossed."

"My wires? What about your own?" the voice squawked. "Please exit!"

"Then I'll see you at six," Mrs. Morse told Lil between impatient mumblings of the strange voice. "I'm just crazy to see all your souvenirs, and all the things you bought. Shoes and such. Pop and I are going away for a week, so we want to plan about your coming Sunday to take care of the house."

"All right, dearie," Lil agreed, knowing this would save a week's household bills for Sandy. And they both clicked off—Ma to order stew instead of a five-pound chicken for roasting, Lil to her piled-up-for-a-week chores and sewing.

It seemed nice to be home again after New York's hubbub, its tempting shop windows, and a day's tiresome train trip. It had taken Sandy's last twenty-dollar bill to buy a supposed-to-be Oriental rug from a sidewalk auction room. A banjo clock, clothes-tree, and crib were coming by express collect.

"We've run over our February budget a bit," Sandy had told her, as they enjoyed a heavy waffle breakfast in the diner at his firm's expense, "but I've *nearly* signed up that Mr. Bennett—so by March we'll be on Easy Street."

"That'll be nice," Lil had said, although he'd often mentioned their proximity to this mirage since their marriage. And she rather wondered if she should have given up her job quite so soon. "But we shouldn't have spent so much money," she added.

Now, as she sat sewing, waiting for Sandy, she wondered where they would put the crib. The little entrance hall seemed a logical place, as far as floor room went, but there wasn't much air! Perhaps they'd have to screen off the pantry and call one end the nursery!

Five-twenty: Sandy's key in the door, and a familiar whistle!

(*To be continued next week*)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Omnipotent Mother

Little Mary had just been told by one of her older friends that there was no Santa Claus.

"Well," said Mary pertly, "my mamma says there's a Santa Claus."

"Are you sure your mamma was telling the truth?" asked her friend.

Mary tossed her little head and replied emphatically:

"What my mamma says is true, even if it ain't true."—Ben Cothern, Box 454, Moore Haven, Fla.

Seen Through a Child's Eyes

I was seated at my dressing-table one day, putting on my make-up. Presently I noticed that my small son, who had been playing near by, had stopped and was quietly watching me.

"Well," I asked smilingly, "how do you like it?"

"Gee, mother," he replied, "I wish you'd fix me up like a clown too!"—Viola Bicksler, 711 Locust St., Toledo, Ohio.

You Can't High-Hat Me!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

I started to run, as I thought that was the best thing to do just then.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 14 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Well, anyway, I have two new hats. One new hat usually cheers a lady up when she's feeling low. And I did have one GRAND time when I had them all chasing me around that shop trying to rescue the second one.

But I'm not saying so much about it around here today. I hope it stays hid behind that box in the closet for ever and EVER. I guess it wouldn't have been very be-com-ing, anyway. That hat is a very, very ten-DER subject. But not much more ten-DER-er than a certain spot on me of which I also won't say much about, either.

Auntie looked me over yesterday. "That hat you're wearing," she says, "is awful. Put on your coat and we'll go downtown and see if we can find something more re-SPECT-able.

We didn't go in a taxicab this time. Perhaps because we were trying to be re-SPECT-able. We walked a couple of blocks. That is, when we weren't running. I love to make Auntie run. Her breath comes in short pants. She makes a noise like Peter, Bobbie's collie. Only Peter wags his tail in between runs. Auntie wags—well, you know what they wag at you, not with you, like Peter's tail.

Finally we came to a big hole in the sidewalk. I didn't want to go down it. It was so dark. I couldn't see if the hole had any other end. But there was one. We found it after Auntie dragged me down steps and steps and steps.

There was a stand down there with magazines and newspapers. One man ran up and grabbed a paper when nobody was looking and dashed away before he could get caught. More men did too. A lot of men did. And there was a cage with a man in it. He was behind a window. Everybody ran up and passed something to him or said something. Whatever he said back made them run faster than ever.

Everybody running and running. I guess that's where I got the idea that ended so dis-as-trous-ly for me later.

Auntie didn't go up to the window. But she let go of my hand and pushed me ahead of her to go through a gate. I went through easy. It didn't hold me in its arms the way it did Auntie. It held her until she put something in its mouth. Then it made a click like it was satisfied and let her go.

While she was doing this I was through already. So I thought I'd just run back and come under it again. Which I did before she could grab me. I guess she thought I was planning to run up the stairs and back home. She flew back through the gate after me. But I wasn't going home. I was just wanting to run around and around the gate.

A man got in my way just as I was going under the second time. I caught hold of one of his legs. He was pushing me so hard I had to grab hold of something. We came out together.

I caught hold of one of his legs. He was pushing me so hard I had to grab hold of something.

But Auntie was over on the other side by this time, yelling at me and the man. I was holding on to the man harder than ever. I was afraid to let go. Auntie said she didn't have another nickel in change, and would the man please hand me over to her.

"She ought to be handed over to the police," the man said. "I missed my train." And Auntie said, "How too bad. I'm sorry."

Auntie grabbed me tight and told me if I made another move away from her side I'd get something besides a new hat.

Well, she and I ran up to the cage with the man in it. She slipped him something out of her purse, and before I knew it we were running away from the window just like all the others had done. We didn't stop running until we got into the train.

At last we got settled down, after Auntie got through panting. We were getting along quite friendly again until I asked her what was that the lady had on her head. The lady smiled, and Auntie smiled at her sweetly and told me it was a hat. And the lady said, smiling some more, "Do you like it?" And I said, "No." Because I didn't like it.

"Look at the little baby getting a bath up there," Auntie said, jerking me back down in her lap. And I said, "Where?" She pointed to a picture up high. And she kept me occupied looking at pictures away up over everybody's head until we got out of the train.

We came to a big, big store where all the people seemed to be trying to get in our way. We pushed, too, until we came to an elevator, which we got in. It made me feel like ginger ale inside when it started to go up. We had a long ride, and when the door opened we fell out right into the part where all the hats were.

A nice lady came up to Auntie, smiling. She said, "May I assist you, madam?" And Auntie said, "Yes; to get this little girl a hat." And the lady patted my head and said, "My, what a nice little girl! What kind of hat would you like?" And I said, "Two hats." And the lady said to Auntie, "Ain't she bright?" And Auntie said, "Not always."

WE tried on a blue hat and a brown one, a green and a tan one, and lots of other ones. Auntie said we would take the blue and I could wear it home. But there was a white hat I liked because it had a big pink bow on it. Auntie said it was too big for me and I should be content with the one I had on. The white one was in a case so it wouldn't get soiled.

So, while Auntie was giving the lady some money, I had a chance to take it out of the case, which was part open.

When Auntie turned around and saw me with it in my hands, she let out a scream. The clerk let out another. I started to run, as I thought that was the best thing to do just then. I ran down the aisle as far as it went, and then I ran down another. A lot of people joined Auntie in the chase. I was laughing because I was so far ahead of them.

A fat man standing by his wife yelled: "Go to it, Red! You can beat 'em!" He was clapping his hands and roaring. But Auntie wasn't laughing. Nor the saleslady. They were screaming to be careful of the hat.

I had just rounded the last corner, away over on the other side of the store, when I tripped on something. Auntie was right on top of me.

"The hat!" Auntie cried. "You've ruined it. Oh, you've RUINED it!"

I didn't 'tend to. I just fell on it when I fell. And it wasn't as bad hurt as I was.

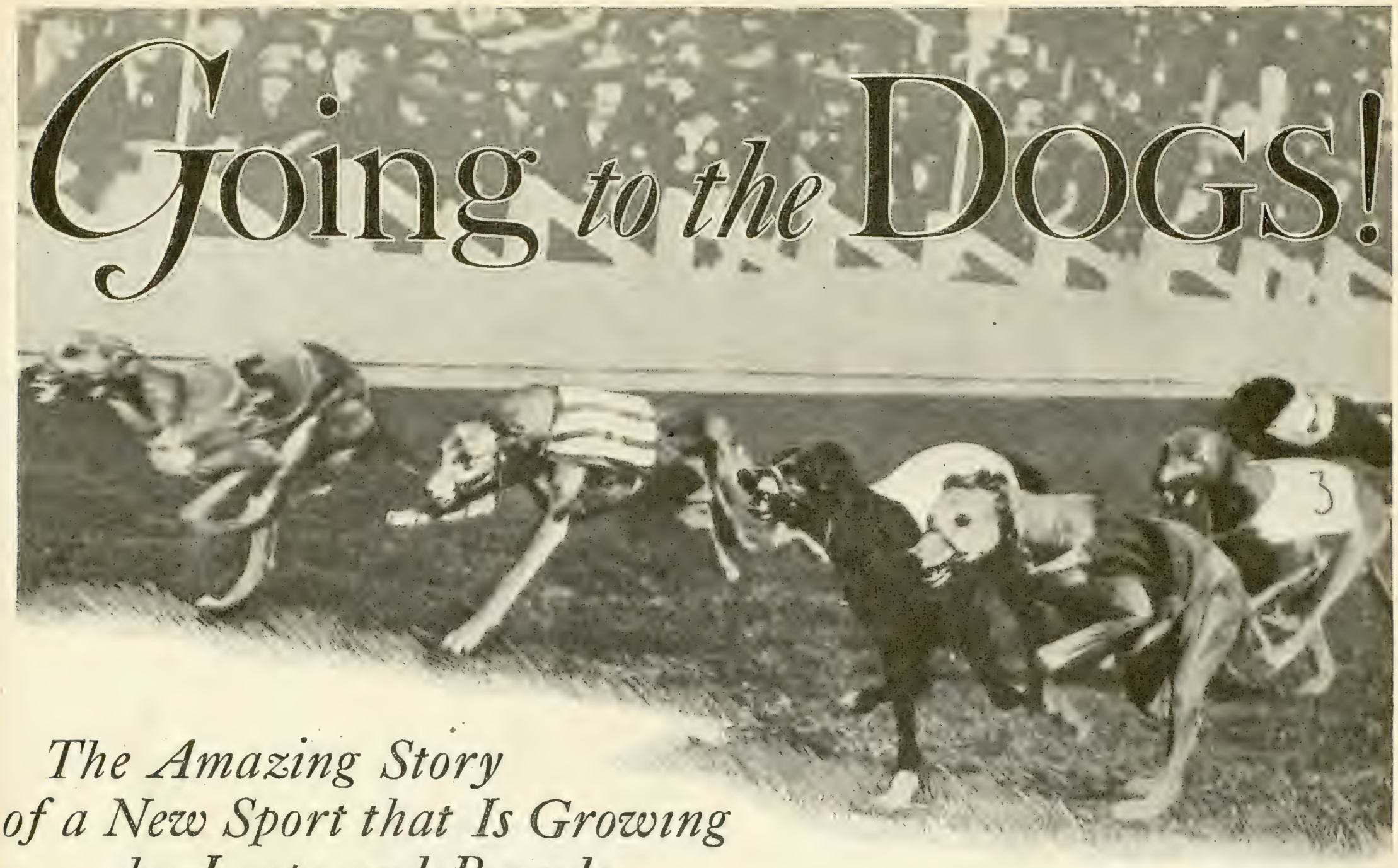
"Now I'll have to pay for it," Auntie said.

And I had to, too—when I got home.

And that's how I have two new hats, and one of them I hope stays hid behind that box in the closet for ever and EVER.

Another story by Toni will appear in next week's LIBERTY.

Going to the Dogs!



Int. photo

MUSCLES tensed, these fleet greyhounds are showing their stuff on the Harringay course in England.

The Amazing Story of a New Sport that Is Growing by Leaps and Bounds

An Article by

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 11 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE history of sports contains nothing to equal the sudden and world-wide popularity of greyhound racing. From Los Angeles to Berlin, the craze to watch the slim dogs run and bet on their speed has spread so swiftly that almost every plane of society has been affected.

England offers an arresting example of what I mean. Beginning last June, Britons were given their first season of dog racing—that is, the running of greyhounds in pursuit of the electric rabbit. The sport was introduced at Manchester by a group of Americans, and consequently the native was skeptical at first.

Nevertheless, the four months' season which ended on October 22 saw an attendance in England alone of 10,000,000 persons. More than $5,000,000 was paid for admissions to the fourteen tracks in England; and from these and the four courses in Edinburgh, Dublin, and Belfast, the government collected $50,000 a week on the entertainment tax.

Betting in England was estimated at untold millions of pounds; the number of bookmakers on the eighteen tracks was put at 1,000, for pari-mutuel betting is not permitted in the British Isles; and more than ninety companies, with an authorized capital of $5,500,000, have been registered for the purpose of helping to slice the dog-racing melon next summer.

In London, where there will be six tracks next season, the mammoth stadium in Wembley Park has been taken over for a dog track; and 120,000 paid admissions watched the coursing one night in the White City.

While these paragraphs attest to the unprecedented popularity of the new sport, something must be said about other strata of society affected by it.

The interests behind horse racing in England are frantic. The motion-picture theaters; the roller-skating rinks; the music halls and dance pavilions; the amusement parks; the backers of whippet racing; the pubs and the small night-restaurants once frequented by men and women who now munch Yankee hot dogs while watching the other dogs run—all these interests have been complaining loudly about the inroads on their receipts.

Employers are writing to the *Times* because of the office pools which distract the workers; the workers are often broke; and the sport, like all pioneering ventures, has run wild, until officialdom is now planning to deprive the Greyhound Racing Association of many of its rights and practices and put the companies under a sort of supercontrol board with government supervision.

Of course, the changes in social activities and neighborly interests brought about by the nocturnal pastime have been profound and baffling to editors, psychologists, employers, and reformers.

France, Belgium, Spain, and Germany have likewise surrendered to the craze; and in these countries similar problems are fixing the attention of the authorities.

As for the United States, the racing of the dogs has become a national vogue, and conditions approaching the foregoing will soon become problems here. Typical of the popularity of dog racing is the situation in Florida, where last winter ten tracks were built for the sport.

That it was a favorite diversion until the State Supreme Court killed the tracks by holding that the certificate (pari-mutuel) form of wagering was a violation of the Florida anti-gambling law, is shown by the story of the course at St. Petersburg.

The St. Petersburg Kennel Club built a track just outside the city limits; and although the winter was somewhat stagnant because the deflation of the real-estate boom kept thousands of Northern tourists away, nevertheless a curious sight was to be seen every night after the last race.

Between 1:30 and 2 o'clock in the morning three automobiles and two motor cycles carrying men armed with machine guns and rifles, would race from the park down Fourth Street to the Central National Bank in the heart of the city. There a night watchman admitted the arsenaled crew, and from $20,000 to $50,000 was cached in the track owners' safety vaults. The rake-off from the betting amounted to more than $200,000 a week—in that one little town!

SINCE the present-day system of dog racing is identical in all countries, it may be interesting to read the story of greyhound running in America, where it began, and to show the difference between horse racing and dog racing.

Horse racing, masking its real *raison d'être* —which is wagering—under the bland claim that it was improving the nation's thoroughbred stock, struggled for decades, and still struggles, for a place in America's sport sun.

Just as it settled at last into a state of suf-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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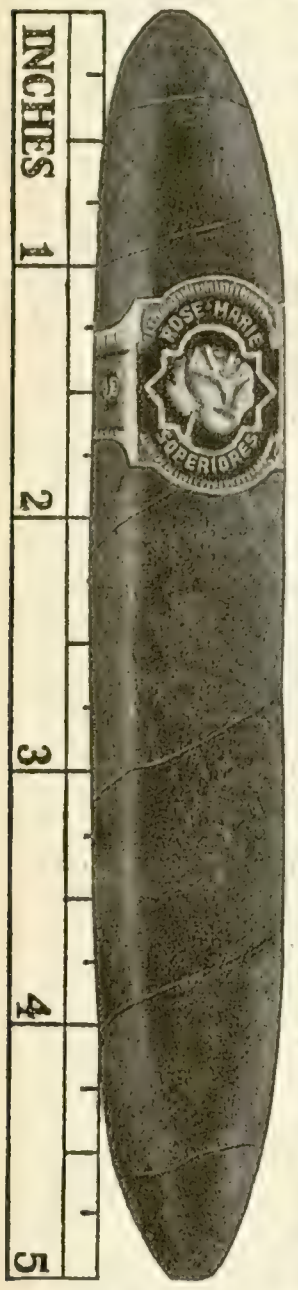

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

[GOING TO THE DOGS! Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

ference in certain liberal communities, the game of greyhound coursing was introduced at Erlanger, Kentucky, by O. P. Smith. Horsemen bitterly regard this pastime as a parasite, a species of sport shark following in the wake of their pioneering griefs and fattening on their expiring carcass.

At first the English whippet-racing idea was followed; that is, live rabbits were used on a straightaway course. But the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals promptly interfered.

A quarter-mile oval track was then provided and an effort made to assuage the opposition by giving the hare such a long start that the dogs could not possibly catch it. But the rabbit had a stupid way of hurdling the outer rail and streaking across country, the yelping pack promptly following it into the next county.

The live hares were definitely given up with the invention of the electric rabbit. Smith acquired the patents to the electric rabbit, and so firmly did this ownership intrench him in the dog-racing field that he was able to dictate to the sport. "See Smith; he has the rabbit rights!" became a commonplace in the early days.

The electric rabbit is merely a dummy covered with a rabbit skin and provided with a little tail-light to fix the dog's vision. It is attached to an iron rod, which protrudes a foot or so from a groove which runs around the outside plank wall of the track. The dummy is guided at a tantalizing but uncatchable speed by an electric motor controlled from a little power house.

This, then, is dog racing: Six or eight skinny hounds are placed in little chutes in a big box at the starting barrier; the deceptive target of their primitive appetites is run once around the track to test its smoothness of operation; and when it passes the barrier on the second trip the dogs are loosed.

The first three to circle the course and pass the judges' stand are the winners. The races are run at any distance up to a quarter of a mile or a bit more.

The hounds are chasing three things: the exciting whir of the electric apparatus; the object which they mistake for a succulent morsel; and the sight of the light globe which they soon learn to associate with rabbit fare.

The differences between horse racing and dog racing are, mainly, the differences between horses and dogs. A horse hasn't any sense; he has only memory; he obeys by rote. He runs solely because he is urged; and the more he is incited by his master's voice and spur and whip, the faster will he run.

A dog runs today, as he ran a million years ago, for just two reasons: he runs after his food, or he runs to escape being the food of something else. But a dog has sense, and, having it, miserable man can teach him his own human traits, among them cheating.

A dog, for instance, will not run if he is punished. Perplexed, he will cower. His attention is distracted, and he will lose a precious fraction of a second in a race trying to make up his mind what his master sought to impart when he pinched him so cruelly on a tender spot, or twisted his tail, or slapped his face, just as he slipped him into the little chute.

That is, if a dog is a one-to-two shot, he can be intimidated or bewildered and made to lose the race. Or he can be given a copious draft of water just before he leaves his kennel, or fed a chunk of beef, and thus surfeited he cannot use all his coursing speed.

IF a dog is doped it has exactly the opposite effect from what it will have on a horse; for if a horse is given a hypodermic injection of nitroglycerin or strychnine, or if heroin powder is placed on his tongue, or if he be tormented by an application of ginger paste to his crupper, or is otherwise the helpless accomplice in man's schemes to defraud, he will run his head off.

Similar treatment of a dog will wreck his chances in the contest—because he wonders wherein he has offended his beloved but crooked master.

Dog racing is more popular than the so-called sport of kings. The reasons are many. This is a democracy (*sic*) and we resent the aristocracy inherent in the running of thoroughbred horses. The investment in the track, the cost of the horses, and the general atmosphere of the expensive pastime bring sharply home to Mr. and Mrs. General Admission the aloed fact that they really don't belong, y'know.

Another thing: we love dogs more than we do horses. The former are easier to cuddle and more intimate; they lie at the foot of our beds; they fight for us; they creep into our hearts; if we are altogether all right we'll die for them.

More: Dog racing combines the possibility of satisfying that ineradicable human wish to wager—to get something for nothing—with the pleasures of night sport. The dog races don't interfere with our working hours; they solve the problem of "What shall we do tonight?" after movies and parties pall; by winning a bet we mix exciting suspense with profit in our natural hours of relaxation; and being close to the ground, the sport is closer to our democratic instincts.

Dog tracks, too, can be brought physically closer to us. You need a lot of space for the course, grand stand, stables, and for the parking of automobiles when you commence to construct a horse-racing plant. And it takes a lot of money. Dog-racing inclosures, stands, and paddocks can be numerous and accessible, because all you need, figuratively speaking, are a couple of hundred yards of ground, a few dollars' worth of lumber, a little electric juice, and six dogs.

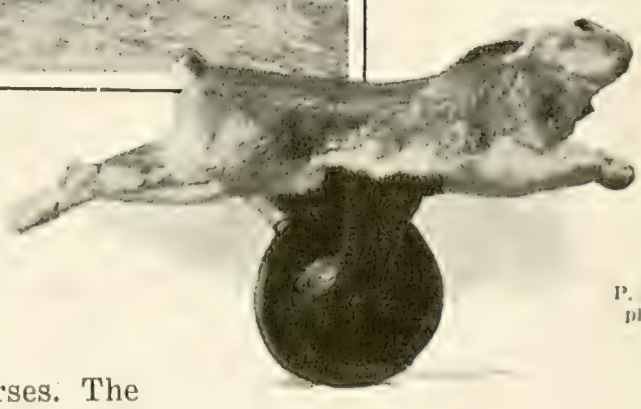
One horse track is enough for a town. You can have six or eight dog tracks around a city the size of Chicago. Furthermore, nobody is ashamed to wager a dollar or two on a dog race, whereas one blushes if one has only a little bank roll in the presence of a bookmaker or a pari-mutuel cashier at a horse track.

And women and children may bet on the dogs with little shock to anybody's sensibilities; while a woman or child struggling in a horse-racing betting pit somehow isn't so good.

The seven tracks for greyhounds around Chicago last summer afforded an interesting sidelight on the difference between the two sports. In 1926 there was one track, run by Cicero gamblers headed by Al Capone. It operated for two months under an injunction, a legal process also employed at that time by the horse-racing interests to insure the unmolested betting without which neither dogs nor horses can race.

The certificate form of betting was used by Capone's followers. That is, you paid two dollars, or whatever you wished to wager, for a "share" in a dog, and if your dog won you split up the shares owned by other betters in the losing animals.

Int. photo



P. & A. photo

THE start of a greyhound race at St. Petersburg, Florida. (Right) The lifelike mechanical rabbit that forever just eludes the pursuing hounds.

When the Kentucky Jockey Club interests of Louisville turned their eyes on Illinois, Colonel Matt C. Winn, director general of the club, took a leading part in the construction of three tracks in the State, and in the drafting of a racing bill which the Illinois legislature passed last April.

Racing is permitted, under this legislation, from May 1 to October 1. Each track pays $100 a day in advance for the stated duration of the meet; and a man appointed by the State, but paid fifty dollars a day salary by the racing association, is stationed at each track to supervise the betting.

THE betting may now be either pari-mutuel or certificate, bookmakers being barred. In an effort to kill the canine competition in Illinois, the racing bill provided that races could be run only between sunrise and sunset. But the sponsors of the measure were threatened by the dog-racing interests, and finally the word "horse" was inserted in the bill to cover the daylight racing.

Immediately a flock of seven dog tracks descended on Chicago. They were identified by the names of the places where they were erected—Ogden, Laramie, Homewood, Lawndale, Thornton, South Shore Kennel Club, and Fairview.

Opponents of dog racing found at these tracks many arguments against the sport, such as the fact that dogs are run under different names at different tracks; that it is easy to be crooked in a greyhound race; that gamblers and hoodlums can afford to control dog racing; that the rake-off is far greater because it is more difficult to supervise, even when legalized; and that by infecting the whole family with the gambling fever, manifest evils are multiplied—and so on and so on.

The evolution of dog racing from the genesis of O. P. Smith's Kentucky venture to the present net of greyhound tracks spreading all over the world came about in this wise: So powerful did Smith wax by virtue of his "rabbit rights" that dog owners had no recourse except to send their animals where Smith directed and under conditions which he outlined.

Of course, certain master minds went into a huddle and began to buck the canine octopus. The International Greyhound Racing and Breeding Association was formed in 1925. In it were such men as Walter Hagen, Emil Fuchs, Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Miller Huggins, a Guggenheim or two, and several other gentlemen whose sudden passion for improving the breed of greyhound was equaled only by an identically passionate interest in the emoluments accruing to dog-track owners in Florida.

They were the first to assault the powerful Smith, and presently everybody took a hand in the fight, until, when the whistle blew, Smith was out and the long-named association and other interests were in. Whether the greyhound breed has improved or not is beyond this chronicler to report. I can say, though, that they certainly increased the number of greyhounds throughout the world.

P. & A. photo

"They're off!"—a scene on the Hialeah, Florida, track, showing the judges' stand.

Wide World photo

WAILING WING, winner of a race at the White City, London, receives the Visitors Cup from the Duchess of Sutherland.

There is a posed solemnity about the whole proceeding at a dog track that is delicious to a cynical partisan of horse racing, and vastly impressive to Mister I. Q. Adenoid and the Missus as they stand, goggle-jawed, clutching their certificates, the little pasteboard passports to the Land of Cockaigne!

The band plays on the little clubhouse veranda. The next race is five-sixteenths of a mile. The huge box containing the eight small chutes is wheeled into the track from the inner oval. The crowd, mostly working people and hard-eyed nighthawks, swirls dizzily to and fro at the cashiers' windows.

THE judges look righteously important in their little pagoda across from the middle of the grand stand. Men and women and children mill around the paddock behind the clubhouse, ogling wisely at each other and at the eight hounds in their stalls having the little numbered blankets adjusted to their withers. Nobody, of course, knows anything, but every ear lobe quivers when a wise-cracking tout murmurs audibly to a pal or to a prospective sucker.

The bugle blares and the mob surges to the rail. Presently up the stretch appear eight men leading the octet of rangy coursing dogs. The throng sighs and eagerly appraises the shallow flanks and slender legs of the animals. A steward steps down and gravely inspects each dog—by the mystic process of laying his hand on its head and looking wise!

Then the hostlers, each in puttees, soiled riding pants, and dingy silken blouses and caps of the same color as the little blankets, lead the dogs back to the chutes. The starter takes his stand about thirty paces in front of the wire-mesh box, holding a red flag aloft.

SUDDENLY there is a whine and a rumbling whir as an electric motor speeds up. Then along the inner edge of the outer rail, near the ground, a stuffed rabbit with a tail-light makes its appearance. It swings smoothly along in its groove around the track, gathering speed.

The dogs, seeing it disappear around the first turn, begin to yelp madly and hurl themselves against the mesh. The throng becomes rigid and breathless as the rabbit swings along the further rail and races toward the chute box from the rear.

Then the rabbit whirls past the starting point and past the man with the red flag. He shouts and drops the signal with a swish. The chute door snaps open, and eight long, lean greyhounds leap from their berths and fly up the track after the dummy. The hostlers push the big box back into the inner field.

The dogs, now in a pack, reach the first turn and begin to string out. Some of them are wise in their racing lore and leap through openings among themselves to the inner rail, which they hug jealously as they turn into the back stretch. The people begin to scream the names of their selections. The rabbit keeps ever just ahead. The dogs strain savagely to overtake it.

They turn into the home stretch, their thin, arched chests almost furrowing the ground as they bound violently down the straightaway toward the finish wire. In a moment it is over. The hostlers have climbed into the track and are spread out across it to catch their wards.

The mob relaxes, the wild intensity departs from lips and eyes and fingers, and everyone turns to watch the big board beside the judges' stand, where the winning odds will presently be posted. A minute later a few detach themselves from the throng and rush to exchange their tickets for cash. The majority look sheepishly about and tear up their little pasteboards.

Then they study their programs and hasten to do it all over again. And do it again the next evening, and the next, and the next!

THE END

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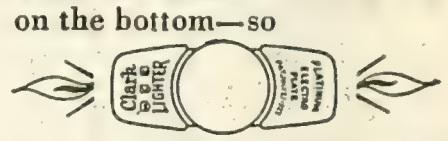

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MOVIE

Strange Lives of Children Who Work in the Camera's Eye

An Article by

GLADYS HULETTE

(Reading time: 11 minutes 55 seconds.)

MY first job in the movies was a great disappointment to me. The director did not want a little girl at all. He wanted a little boy.

I was seven years old and already was a seasoned actress. When only three I had made my début as a flower girl in an opera in which my mother was principal contralto.

All starched and curled, I stood before that movie director in 1911. My heart was broken, though not a curl was out of place.

"But," insisted my mother in her soft English voice, "Gladys makes a wonderful boy."

"Can she act?" demanded the director, looking down on me severely.

Could I act? Every ruffle on my starched skirt bristled. Could I act!

"Gladys," said mother, "please do the first act of Gismonda for Mr. Ranous." Mr. Ranous was a director at the famous old Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn.

I did Gismonda, imitating the actors I had seen play in it when mother was in stock the season before. Raising myself on tiptoes, I became the haughty queen.

Elegantly I swished back and forth with an imaginary train, declaring in a voice broken with sobs that I would marry the man who saved my child from the den of lions, where, by a sad mischance, it had fallen a few minutes before.

Then, dropping the rôle of *Gismonda*, I stepped back and made an entrance as the low-born hero, carrying the rescued child in my arms.

I threw myself at the feet of the now invisible queen and delivered the child and a speech full of burning love, while trying to keep the ends of my blue sash out of some tobacco juice on the floor.

But when I came to my final impersonation, the high priest, I felt I was at my best. Fixing the queen and her prostrate lover with an eye of awful grandeur, I raised an imaginary crucifix high in the air!

Jackie Coogan's tears and wistfulness attained a value of $20,000 weekly before he became an ordinary big boy.

P. & A. photos

In a deep voice, using all the power of my childish lungs, I slowly pronounced the curtain speech with terrible effect: "Your oath, my daughter, your *oath!*"

I could see that Mr. Ranous was impressed. It was a great trick of mine, imitating the accents and gestures of grown-up actors. Almost always, after Gismonda, I got the job we were after.

Mother, I could see out of the corner of my eye, had little scarlet patches on her cheeks. I knew she was counting on that job. The season had been very bad and we needed the money.

Theatrical children often have responsibilities far beyond their years. It is not always the fault of their parents. My early start in the business was because my mother was forced to return to the stage after the death of my father. It was inevitable that a little girl, playing about in her mother's dressing room, should find her way to the footlights.

I soon grew to share her triumphs and disappointments. Whenever she was troubled over our rather uncertain finances, I worried too. It was a great moment in my small life, and I was very proud, when I was engaged for a part and could help her out.

But when Mr. Ranous engaged me to play in his picture, I was disappointed. I hated to play a boy.

Next morning, all arrayed in the clothes of the little lad who lived across the hall from us, I began my first day in the movies. I was not given as much to do as I expected.

All our scenes were played on a little country street in Flatbush, not far from the studio. I was put in with a crowd of real boys, tough little youngsters who had never acted in their lives.

To them it was all a huge joke. As soon as the camera started they ran in front of me and almost knocked me down. I fought desperately for a little space in view of the camera. It was all in vain.

I was pushed, jerked, and mobbed off the scene before I could get my breath. Mr. Ranous remembered me sometimes, and gave me little bits to do, but for the most part I was completely overrun.

At the end of the day I was tired, bruised, and in tears. I felt I had been a complete failure and that they would never have me again. When mother was handed a five-dollar check for my day's work I was amazed! It seemed such a tremendous lot for the little acting I had been able to do.

Even when I became the best known child actress on the screen a few years later, I only received ten dollars a day. The most popular child actor, Jackie Coogan, has earned as much as $20,000 a week. More in an hour than I received in a month!

No wonder there is a mad scramble among parents to get their children into the movies!

PEOPLE often ask me how to get their clever youngsters on the screen. Why, I'd scarcely know how to go about it myself nowadays. In Hollywood, child prodigies are as thick as violets. The casting offices are crowded with mothers and their little ones of all ages and sizes, colors and creeds.

The glittering rewards of precocious geniuses lure many a silly mother with a cute child to stake her all to get to Hollywood, with the blind faith that her baby needs only to be seen to become a star.

Babies are irresistible on the screen. They don't have to act. They can steal a scene from the best actor by simply playing with their toes or some such delicious foolery. Many adult stars will not act with babies for that reason.

Kidhood

But the mother who expects her child to become a second Jackie Coogan must remember that Jackie was on the vaudeville stage for several years and acquired a definite technique in acting.

Most of the really wonderful children of the screen—Dolores and Helene Costello, the Gish sisters, Mary Miles Minter, the Fairbanks twins, Viola Dana, and Shirley Mason—had stage training first. Some began as dancers, as did the Angelus sisters, little Betty Bronson, and Lois Moran, who achieved fame in Stella Dallas.

Both dancing and stage training help tremendously in giving poise, grace, and assurance.

Training is even more important now than it was in the early days when we screen children were growing up with the profession.

Way back in that five-dollar-a-day period, picture making was cruder and more care-free. I don't remember a single actor in pictures who boasted a car, or could even run one.

It was a great event when one of the leading ladies at the Vitagraph purchased a small car, but she had married well and that accounted for it.

MY first real part was as the little daughter of the new leading man, Maurice Costello. Mother and I were very impressed, particularly when we noticed that Mr. Costello did not go about with a hammer and nails and put up scenery, as all the other actors did.

It seemed to us that everything was done by the actors. Miss Florence Turner made costumes, engaged mobs of extras, paid salaries, kept account books, and played all the feminine leads.

I was in great awe of Miss Turner. I thought she was the greatest actress in the world.

Though I have seen many great actresses since, I never have adored them as I did Miss Turner. My highest ambition was to grow up and make costumes, pay salaries, keep books, and play heroines on the screen.

Yet, even with this grand ideal, I also had a great longing, sometimes, to be just an ordinary little girl, playing out of doors in the sunshine like other children, instead of depicting the sorrows of ragged waifs, or weeping to order over a dead mother's grave.

Because I had the knack of looking tragic, I was usually chosen to act pathetic rôles. Just as I was, the little emotional actors of today are admired for their lacrimal exhibitions. Why not? Childish tears have a golden reward at the box office.

I saw little Frankie Daro in a preview in Hollywood not long ago. The picture was a sordid tale of the underworld. Frankie dragged himself about on crutches, and wept heartbreaking tears over his eldest brother, sentenced to die. He was marvelous.

His performance equaled Jackie Coogan's in The Kid, and I think he will take the place Jackie has outgrown.

That is my opinion as an actress. As a human being, I'm sorry for him. I hated to watch the child wrestling with emotions he could scarcely understand.

Moreover, the scenes that flashed by in a moment must have taken hours and days to rehearse and photograph. Frankie must have "emoted" incessantly. He is slated for a lucrative, but rather harrowing, career on the screen.

The happiest children in the movies are the ones in the Our Gang comedies. None of the lonely grandeur of the child star for them! It's a treat to see them cavorting around the Hal Roach studio in Culver City. You would think they owned the studio, and they almost do.

I played opposite Charley Chase in a comedy and the Our Gang set was next to ours. Little woolly-headed Farina engaged in a battle of wits with Charley Chase during an interval between scenes.

Charley teasingly pretended to doubt Farina's ability as a comedienne.

"You ain't so grand, Mr. Chase," countered Farina quickly. "You got to have fake mustaches to make people laugh. I makes 'em laugh because I'se a *good* actor, see!"

Long before the days of the Gang on the Roach lot, there was at the old Vitagraph a gang of children who have since grown up—the Costello girls, Zeena Keefe, and little Paul Kelly, who was so tragically involved in the death of another actor, and then, there was my rival!

She was a little girl with golden curls, younger than I, and the cause of my first real heartache. She has long since dropped out of pictures. But she came to the Vitagraph and slowly, but surely, usurped my proud precedence as a child actress.

Everybody said she was wonderful. She had worked for the great D. W. Griffith. The actors stood around and watched her scenes admiringly, as they once watched mine. I couldn't watch her. I was afraid she really was good and I didn't want to know it.

THE Edison studio in the Bronx sent for me about that time, and saved me from what would have been a most inglorious defeat at the hands of my young rival of the golden locks.

"After all," I said to mother, "it must have been her hair." But I saw her in a picture one day, and she really was wonderful!

Don't ever think that child actors don't suffer just like their elders when the glory of their tiny careers is swept away by others, or they begin to grow lank and awkward, overnight it seems, and nobody wants them any more.

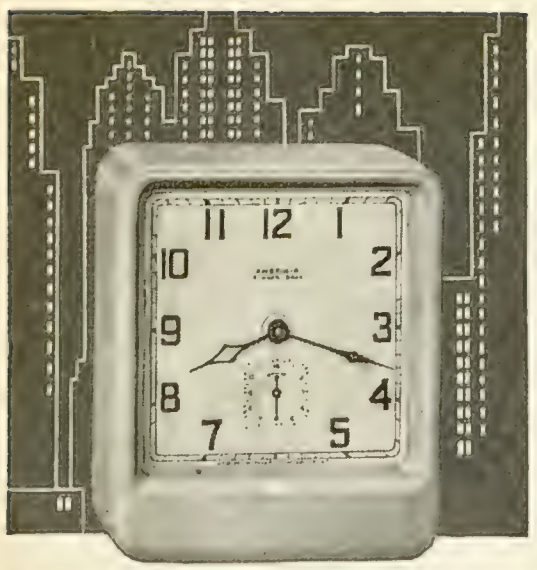
Many times, after I began to grow, I'd crouch down in my chair, trying to look small to the director, unhappy because I felt it was a lie!

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Melbourne Spurr photo

Gladys Hulette in Jack and the Beanstalk, when, as the first child star, she received ten dollars a day.

THESE are probably the happiest children in the movies. They are the famous Our Gang, Hal Roach's laugh provokers.



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

At Edison, I played Alice in Wonderland, one of the first pictures in which trick photography was used. In a doubly exposed film, I was made to change from a tiny creature not as high as a toadstool to a giantess who pushed over a house. I was as thrilled during the making of it as the children who later viewed it.

When it was released, my name appeared on the screen—a great innovation at that time—and I became the first child star of the movies!

I was very proud. My name on the screen! I couldn't quite keep it a secret. The first person I told was the man who ran the soda store in the vicinity of the studio. Then the woman who came to clean was informed, and finally a subway guard. That was as far as I was allowed to go. Mother quelled me.

After Alice, I did Jack and the Beanstalk, another trick picture. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason were at the Edison at the time. Both were clever little actresses, but the rivalry that existed between us was friendly. It never made me feel as badly as I did about the pint-sized blonde who drove me from the Vitagraph.

Not all picture success depends on golden curls and pretty dresses. In Tol'able David, I revolted against wearing pigtails and dowdy clothes, but it proved one of my greatest successes.

Baby Peggy, though not a beautiful child, had a piquant charm that earned her $2,500 a week.

In my first Hollywood picture I was featured with her by Universal. Most of my scenes were to be with Peggy, and I was anxious to see her; but her father, or "Mr. Baby Peggy," as they called him, informed me that Peggy was resting and could not be seen until she was required on the set.

A WEEK later, director, actors, assistants, electricians, and property men assembled, waiting for Baby Peggy to arrive. A little girl of four walked on the set, accompanied by her father and mother. She spoke to no one. No one spoke to her.

"Isn't that Baby Peggy?" I ventured to ask the director.

"No," he said; "that is Peggy's double."

I looked puzzled.

"Peggy only works four hours a day," he explained. "We do all our close shots with her. After she goes home, we finish up the long shots with the double."

Conversation stopped. Baby Peggy was arriving, escorted by her entire family—father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother, and little sister. A tiny chair, a replica of the canvas camp chairs used for directors, but painted pink, was marked with her name in gold letters.

Her father led her to it immediately. She greeted the director and then sat perfectly still, looking neither to right nor left. She was saving herself for her scenes.

Way off in a corner, the little double sat on a rickety old chair, not permitted to intrude on Peggy's precious four hours, entirely unnoticed by the other little girl, though both were only four.

She glued her eyes on Peggy, somebody whom she never would dare to talk to or to touch. Her little face shone with envy and with awe.

Mr. Baby Peggy approached me smilingly.

"I want to introduce you to my daughter," he said, and escorted me to Peggy's little pink chair.

IT was somehow like meeting royalty. Peggy smiled at me, and gave me her tiny hand. Mr. Peggy explained the part I was to play in the picture, and Peggy, only half understanding, looked at me wisely with her jet-black, eager little eyes.

Meanwhile the little double had been called on the scene to stand for Peggy, and save her the tiresome business of having the camera focused. Then, when everything was set, she ran back to be shrouded in darkness, while Peggy rehearsed her first close-up in the picture.

It was all very serious. Peggy did not get the scene right at first and her father spoke sharply to her. She looked startled for a moment, and watched her father's face with confused, frightened eyes. She adored him, but dreaded to displease him.

I noticed later that Peggy did her best work in the picture when her father was absent and the director, a good-natured blond giant, knelt at her feet, kidding and coaxing her into the swift, roguish expressions which were her chief charm on the screen.

He made it seem like play for her. Her father made it work.

When you realize that fortunes are invested in productions starring children, you understand how much depends on a child's play of expression—artless, fleeting, but much more effective than the most carefully thought-out piece of acting technique.

After the first day, Peggy's family dropped off in attendance. Only her father and her grandfather appeared on the set each morning.

Her granddad, a rather Spanish-looking, plump little man with roguish eyes, was the treasurer of Peggy's finances. Once or twice Peggy's mother and her sister, a year or two older, would roll up in their shining limousine to watch Peggy work.

THE sister bore very little resemblance to Peggy, and there seemed to be a lack of sympathy between them. The only time I ever saw Peggy display temperament was once when her mother and sister dropped in, on their way to a party.

Peggy had been working hard all morning. As she rested between scenes, her sister boasted about the party, and Peggy's eyes glowed. When they started to leave, it was too much for her.

"I want to go, too, daddy!" she exclaimed.

His look subdued her, but still she coaxed:

"Why can't I go, too? She can go." She pointed resentfully at her sister. "Why do I always have to work?"

Peggy was quelled immediately as she started to whimper. Her mother and sister left, followed by the longing glances of the $2,500-a-week child star.

Fifteen minutes later, Peggy had forgotten all about the tragedy of missing a party in the riotous delights of a bathtub scene. Divested of her pocket-handkerchief-sized lingerie, she sported in the warm perfumed water, decorating her ebony hair and button nose with fluffy tufts of soapsuds.

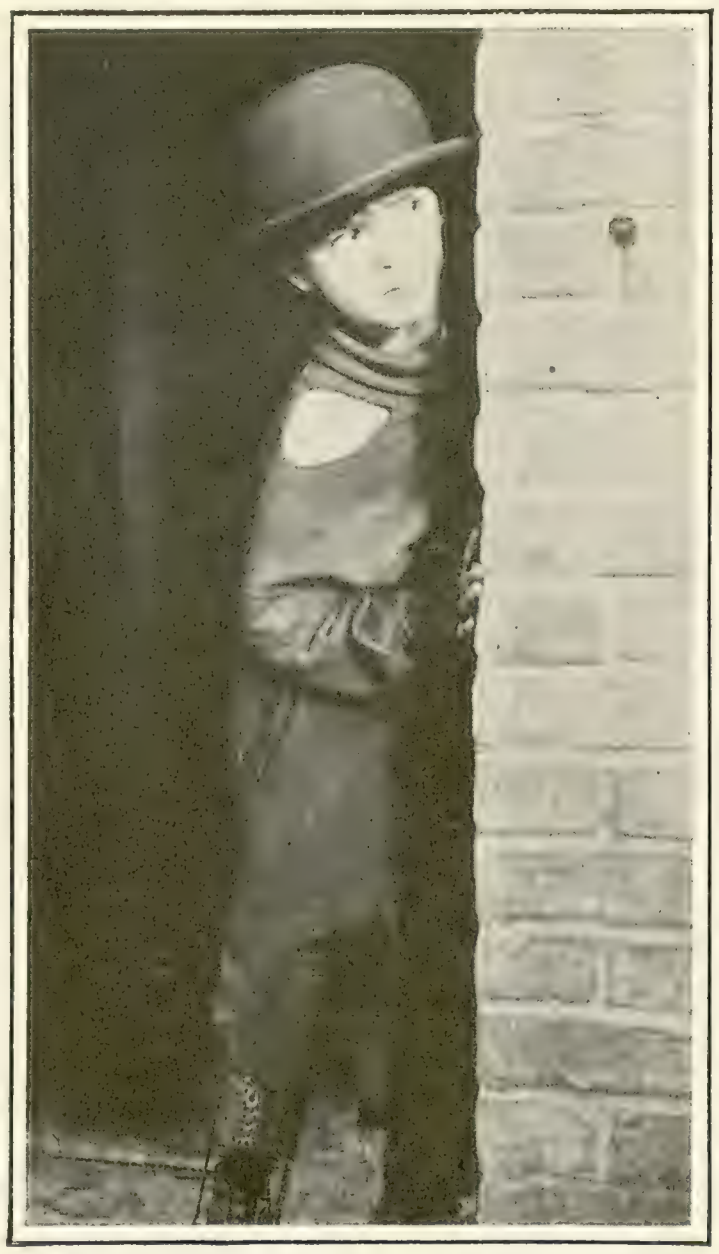
She covered my face with wet kisses and soap, and only a timely fade-out saved me from a complete and public bath. She had a great deal of spirit, and one felt that nothing could ever break it.

Her brief child stardom is over. She is now in comparative obscurity in vaudeville. No one knows what her future will be.

Perhaps, like Wesley Barry and Baby Marie Osborne, she will drop out and be forgotten. Perhaps she will grow up and flare into success for a few years like Mary Miles Minter. Like Dolores Costello, she may leap into renewed fame overnight.

One never knows what will happen to a movie kid!

THE END



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The Lead is absolutely free from grit or even the slightest coarseness; remarkably smooth and long lasting.
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"Little Latin Words"

Here is a letter which seems interesting enough to be taken away from Vox Pop and given a place by itself.

NORWICH, CONN.—Your editorial in a recent issue entitled "Soldiers' Field" is very interesting, especially as a plea for the use of simple Anglo-Saxon words in preference to "grandiloquent" Greek and Latin terms. But I should like to point out that it emphasizes at least two popular fallacies:

That Greek and Latin words are "big words," and—

That since Anglo-Saxon is the language of our everyday speech, it is quite possible and preferable to avoid the use of Latinisms entirely.

I quite agree with the editor when he says that "*simple* names, *preferably* of Anglo-Saxon *origin,* are better than *difficult* Greek or Latin *terms*"—yet I would call his attention to the fact that, in the very sentence in which he says this, he has used, as indicated by the italics, no less than five words of Greek and Latin derivation.

I don't doubt at all that the editor knew he was using many words from the older sources, but he probably had no idea that he fell back upon 125 Greek-Latin words to express the thoughts in his short editorial. Practically all the descriptive, the graphic and powerful words in the article go back to the Latin. Not a single one of the thirty-five sentences in the editorial—not even those of four words—is free from the use of Latin terms.

The very title of the article, as well as the title of the magazine itself, is a Latinism—"soldier" being derived from *solidus*, a piece of money, hence applied to the pay of a soldier.

Anyone who sets out to do it will soon find how extraordinarily difficult it is to speak an average-length sentence without recourse to Latin words. Our debt to the older tongues is not to be held lightly.

Equally with the editor I would deplore the use of pompous ways of expressing oneself where simple ways are possible. But "big" words are not always pompous, and strangely enough (to the popular mind) "big" words are not always Latin words nor vice versa. The editor has written a straightforward, simple, and forceful editorial—in spite of the fact that it bristles with Latin words. A great deal, indeed, of his simplicity and forcefulness is due to his use of such powerful little Latin words as—

plain, pure, place, fine, close, area, city, urge, stage, clerk, letters, papers, records, public, common, sense, quite, large, ideal, simple, perfect, example, effort, agree, adopt.

How *would* he have been able to say what he did say without the use of these aids?

Without question the simplest way of saying a thing is the best way, but our language, the richest of all in the world, would be sickly and poverty-stricken were we to rule out the Latin and Greek in it in favor of the Anglo-Saxon.—*Thomas G. Brown, Department of English, Dartmouth College.*

POEMS *YOU OUGHT TO KNOW*

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

By RICHARD LOVELACE

[Richard Lovelace (1618-1658), soldier, dramatist, and poet, wrote some of his best verse while in prison during the English Civil War. Another volume of poems appeared the year after his death. The few pieces by which he is well remembered were published in 1649.]

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 54

1—Belgium.

2—Powdered chalk and boiled linseed oil.

3—Yes; by a Supreme Court decision of 1893.

4—The palace and fortress of the Moorish rulers of Granada, Spain.

5—Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

6—H. M. S. Nelson of the British navy.

7—At sea level 14.7 pounds per square inch. It gradually decreases with altitude.

8—Washington, Monroe, and Jackson.

9—The Antarctic Continent.

10—The science of language.

11—The United States, Guatemala, and British Honduras.

12—Henry L. Stimson, a former Secretary of War, who succeeds the late General Leonard Wood.

13—Lake Superior; 602 feet.

14—Damascus.

15—The residue from coal which has been used in the manufacture of gas.

16—A university includes a college and one or more graduate or professional schools.

17—It is the prepared berry of the pimento tree, supposed to contain the flavor of several spices; hence the name.

18—Aaron Burr.

19—Woodrow Wilson's first administration.

20—The 1,500 Osage Indians who, in the last ten years, have received about $180,000,000 for gas and oil from their Oklahoma lands.

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VOX POP

It's a Weekly for Everybody, Intellectuals Not Barred

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—I see a bird writes you from Houston, Texas, and says: "Your editorials are chauvinistic. We intellectuals continue to buy only because of Mr. Ralph Barton," etc.

Say, this bird haits himself. I wonder whare in the H— he got those words.

We intellectuals. Oh H—!—"*Doc.*"

So They Say

NEWPORT, N. H.—I notice in one of your recent issues someone from

Kansas City, Missouri, said that the story, "A Woman Who Did," shocked her modesty and that she is a modern girl. Don't you believe it. The modern girl *hasn't* any modesty.—*Frank Mason, Jr.*

Wants Face Lifted (Out)

NEW YORK, N. Y.—LIBERTY! LIBERTY! At last my patience is *gone!* I thought it was over. But no. There they are again. Those Love o' Lil covers!

Why don't you give your poor faithful readers a change *once* in a while? Oh, *please,* can't you let us see a new face pressed against the pane next week? And at least once a week thereafter.—*Katharine.*

A Budding Orator

POINT PLEASANT, W. VA.—Let's have a story about West Virginia—the beautiful State of West Virginia. You have had stories about every place but West Virginia. The mountains of West Virginia would make a good background for a story.—*Bill Curvey—aged 13.*

Eternal Vigilance at the Price of LIBERTY

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Poor Elliott White Springs! His miserable article, "How to Throw a Party," was about equal—all wrong and no sense.

Anyway, LIBERTY is a good magazine—but I don't know what it is good for. It always takes up about four hours of my time every week. You see, I don't want to miss the first good story you publish.—*G. Ivan S.*

More Symptoms to Come

DENVER, COLO.—That Elliott White Springs party who wrote "How to Throw a Party" really ought to be watched, as a protection to society. Oy, such a brain storm!—*Art F. Tellin.*

Our High and Dry Navy

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—The writer did not serve with the R. A. F. and does not know any of these "war birds," but he did serve with the American Naval Air Forces in France for seven months.

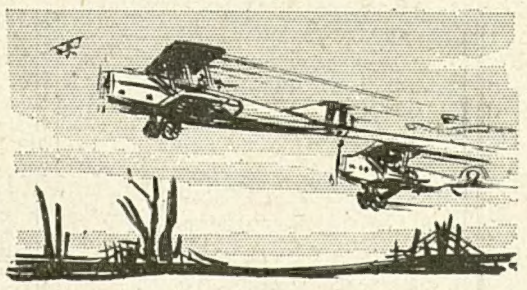
During that time he never heard the word "binge." Neither did he know any American flyer who overindulged in the liquors which these "war birds" are trying to make famous.

He has known of a few mechanics who tried to drink France dry, but they did not remain air mechanics long. They were given other occupations; usually K. P. or road building, often under guard.

We thought too much of our pilots to give them machines repaired by drunken mechanics and too much of our machines to intrust them to drunken pilots.—*F. P. Archer—Formerly Chief Special Mechanic (Aviation)—U. S. N. R. F.*

Written Before He Heard About Frank Luke

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I noticed that you are now going to give us another "flying story." The greatest flying



story ever told—a story of an American ace.

"The Red Knight" was really thrilling—thrilling because it was true. It had quality.

Now don't spoil it with some cleverly written bunk about one of our American flyers who never existed.

With the possible exception of Lufbery and Rickenbacker, we have none to compare to Richthofen, Guynemer, Ball, McCudden, Bishop, Fonck, and numerous others.

I'm afraid if you try to make your air stuff any more thrilling it will be applesauce.—*L. W. M.*

Let the Canadians Argue It Out (Safety First)

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.—It must be true that two Australian gunners, and not A. Roy Brown, brought down Richthofen, because Lieutenant Frank A. Stead—who wrote to Vox Pop—and the rest of the Aussies say so. They are a cocksure lot. You can't argue with them. They are always right.—*J. Franklin.*

A Brown Study

NEW YORK CITY—It's too bad to see a fine and brave fighter like the airman Brown still so bitter against the foes he helped vanquish. I am of English blood away back on both sides of the family, but I did not get any great kick out of the constant reference to "Huns" and the use of other uncomplimentary names for the German aviators whom Brown was fighting.

That is the only fault I see in Brown's splendid articles. He was a nervy, dashing fighter, and he would bulk a much bigger man to me now if he wrote with just a little bit more charity.—*H. R. Holcombe.*

A Witness Takes the Stand

LINCOLN, NEB.—I have just read, in Vox Pop, Lieutenant Frank A. Stead's report on who shot down Richthofen.

I happened to see this scrap, and also viewed the body and the plane. If those machine gunners had hit him, naturally there would have been bullet holes through the bottom of the plane, and I couldn't find a one. Richthofen had a bullet straight through the heart, from the back.

It would take "some shootin'" for a ground gunner to do that. Brown is the bird that brought the Baron down.—*I. L. R.*

Further Testimony

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Having served overseas with the Royal Air Force, flying single-seater fighters, or scouts, I was particularly interested in "War Birds"—and even more interested in the stories of Richthofen.

It so happens that "Wop" May—whom Richthofen was chasing home when Roy Brown shot him down—was a particular friend of mine. May's story to me, shortly after the Armistice, is completely in accord with Brown's story as you published it.—*H. D. Caliarmid.*

A Tough Antagonist

SANTA FE, N. M.—Those Richthofen articles! I've read three. Captain Brown kills the Red Ace in the first, then the second, and still again in the third. Looks like Richthofen is going to be killed to death.—*Carl B. Livingston, Assistant Attorney General.*

Canadian Faith

TAMPA, FLA.—Brownie, old boy, it looks like the Aussies are painfully unaware of a Brown Camel striding across the desert near Corbie after a Red Night.

Personally, I think you pulled the stopper out of the bottle—meaning, you are the boy on the job who I take off my hat to.—*W. A. Read, 8th Bn., Canadian Engineers.*

This Settles It!

DAVENPORT, IA.—If Roy Brown did not get the Red Knight, Lincoln did not free the slaves.—*G. H. W.*

The Last Word

FOSSIL, ORE.—I see in your Vox Pop that Bob Houts, Ken Reimer, and Phil Schmidt suggest that Gene Tunney publish an article, "I Outran Them All."

From the way Dempsey looked after the fight, he must have caught up with Tunney.—*F. D. Palmer.*

Sorry! Our Mistake

DETROIT, MICH.—Lieutenant Lester J. Maitland's article, "Planes Across the Sea," made delightful reading. But why spoil a good thing by publishing pictures with subtitles a little off?

One of your captions said that Colonel Lindbergh was the *first* to fly the Atlantic. Colonel Lindbergh himself, in his first talk when he arrived back home, made reference to Messrs. Alcock and Brown, two Britishers, as the first to make a nonstop flight between America and Ireland.—"*Detroiter.*"

[EDITOR'S NOTE: To save other Vox Poppers the trouble, we note here that Whitten Brown, who flew with Alcock, was an American.]

No, It Means "In Rong"

PORTLAND, ORE.—In Vox Pop we had a letter signed William, I. R. (yes, former Kaiser Bill).

Does I. R. stand for "I Ran"?—*Geo. C. Arrowsmith.*

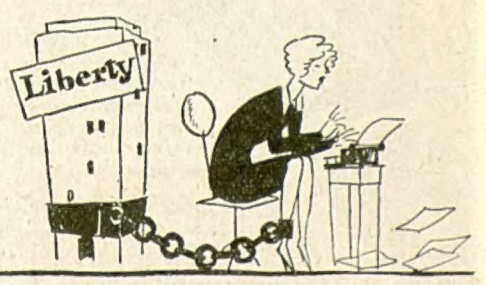
What'll He Do with His Spare Time?

LANSING, MICH.—Some time ago one of your many readers mentioned, in Vox Pop, that he was not able to finish any story in LIBERTY on account of the time limit allowed.

I find that after reading your last issue I have thirty minutes and twenty-five seconds not used. I will be glad to give this additional time to that reader. Perhaps he may complete at least one story.—*R. L. M.*

The Pearl in the Oyster

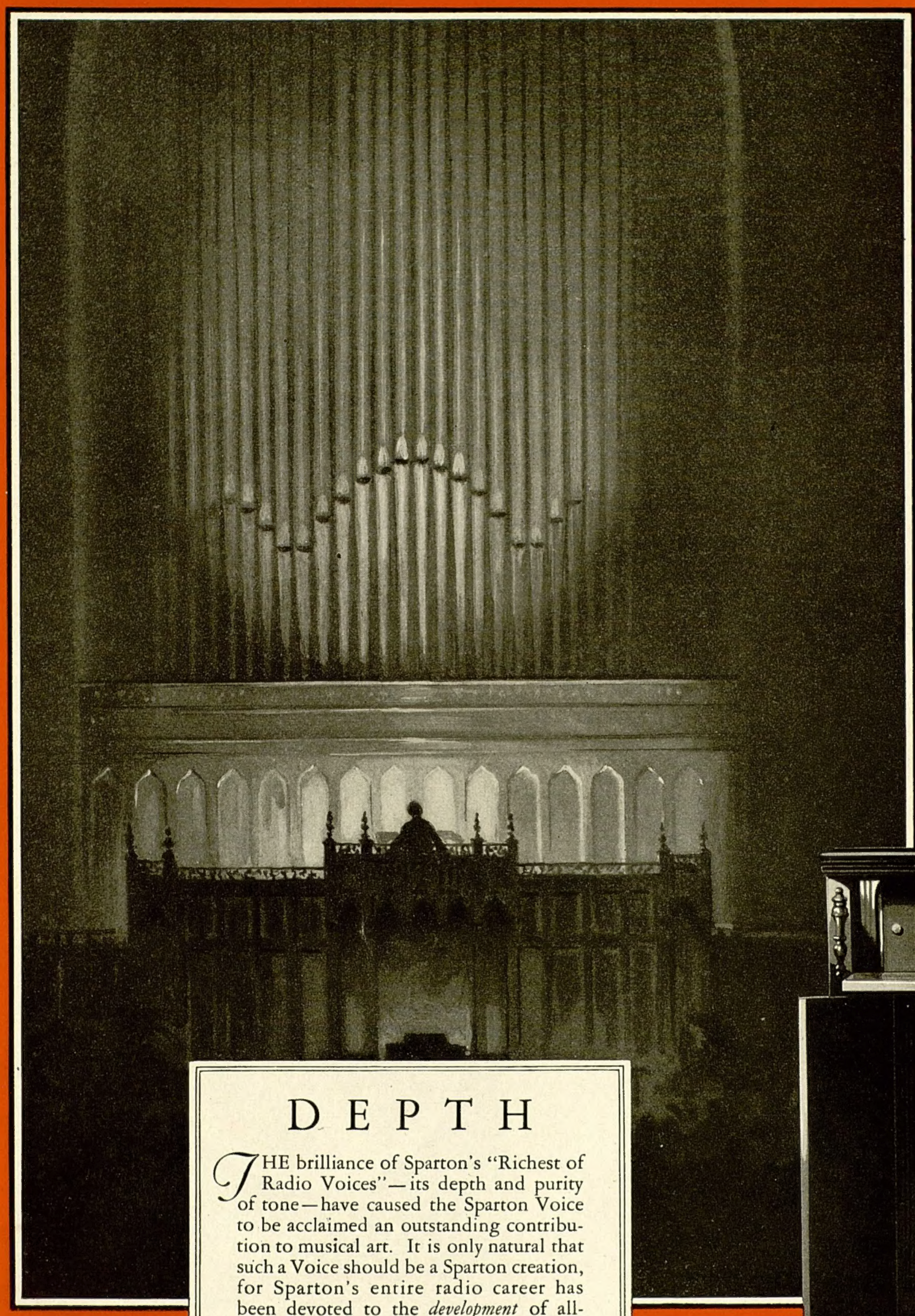
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your rag is getting unbearably rotten. Surely

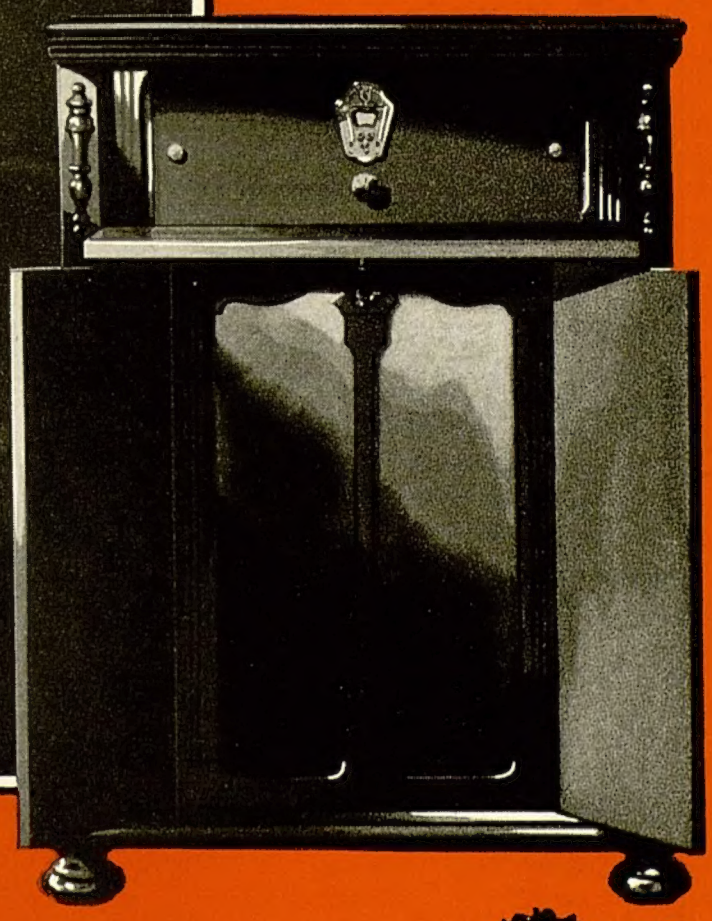


you must be buying your stuff cut-rate, or else it is donated to you. Your only genuine writer is Viña Delmar, and it surely is little credit to her to have her stories sandwiched in with the rest of your monstrosities. Take a ninety-nine-year lease on the gal—please—and I'll try to live that long to read her stories.—*Dorothy Harlan.*

Vox Popcorn

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Whenever LIBERTY gets too awful, my nickel buys a bag of popcorn—that gives me just as much of a disturbance—only in a different place.—*Susan F.*





DEPTH

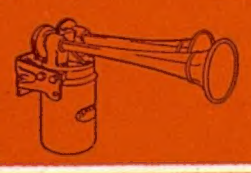
THE brilliance of Sparton's "Richest of Radio Voices"—its depth and purity of tone—have caused the Sparton Voice to be acclaimed an outstanding contribution to musical art. It is only natural that such a Voice should be a Sparton creation, for Sparton's entire radio career has been devoted to the *development* of all-electric reception, reaching new heights in the much discussed present models.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO., JACKSON, MICH.
Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind

SPARTON RADIO

"The Pathfinder of the Air"

Sparton Radio is made by the organization that for 27 years has maintained Sparton automobile warning signals as leaders in the fine car field.



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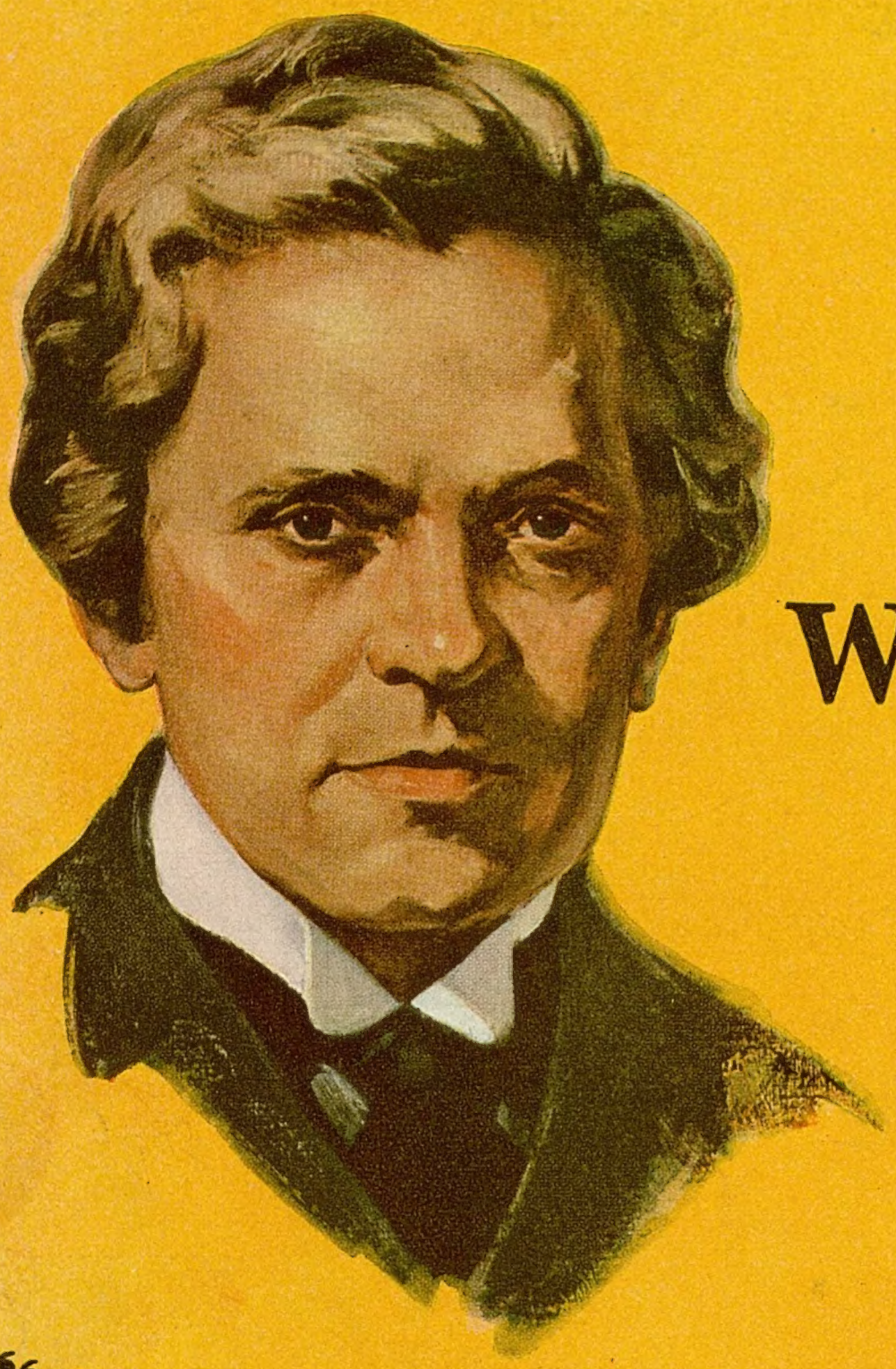

DAVID WARFIELD

"Take care of your voice — *smoke* LUCKIES"

David Warfield

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.